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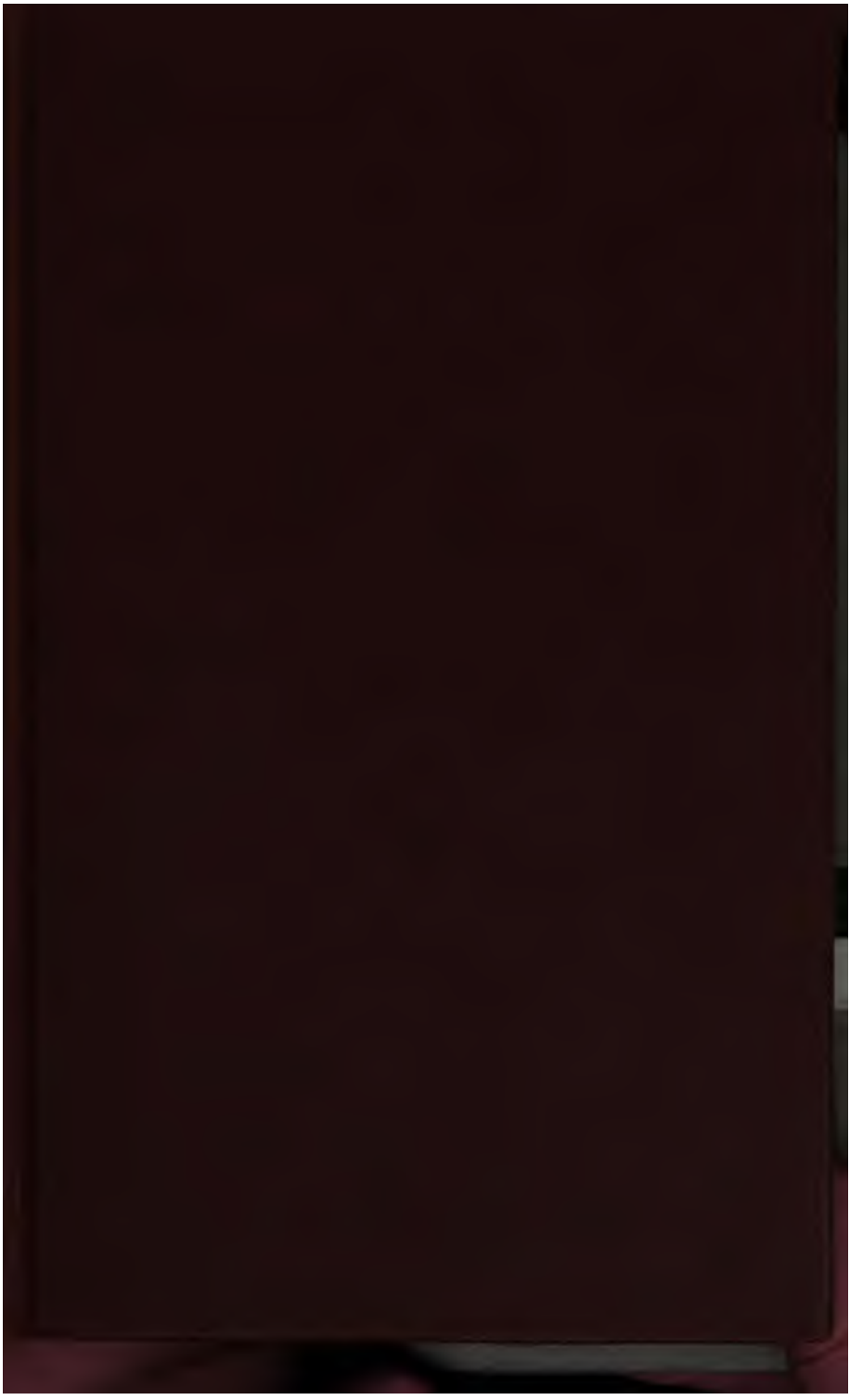
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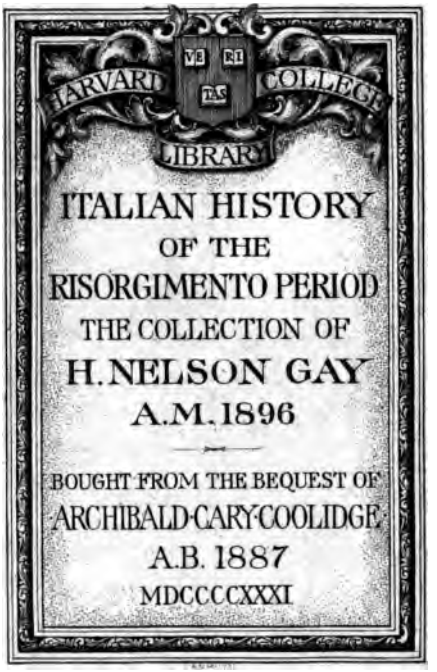
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JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN ITALY,

AND ALSO IN PART OF

France and Switzerland;

THE ROUTE BEING

From Paris, through Lyons, to Marseilles, and thence to Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Mount Vesuvius; and by Rome, Terni, Perugia, Arezzo, Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, Padua, Venice, Verona, Milan, over the Alps by Mount St. Bernard, Geneva, and the Jura, back into France.

THE SPACE OF TIME BEING

FROM OCTOBER, 1828, TO SEPTEMBER, 1829.

CONTAINING

A Description of the Country, of the principal Cities and their most striking Curiosities; of the Climate, Soil, Agriculture, Horticulture, and Products; of the Prices of Provisions and of Labour; and of the Dresses and Conditions of the People. And also some Account of the Laws and Customs, Civil and Religious, and of the Morals and Demeanour of the Inhabitants, in the several States.

BY JAMES P. COBBETT.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT 11, BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

Ital 2148.30.40

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JOURNAL.

October, 1828.

21*rst*. Fontainbleau.—Start this morning from Paris for Lyons, coming through *Villejuif, Fromenteau, Essonne, Ponthierry,* and *Chailly;* and sleep here to-night. Go in the evening, as soon as we arrive, to see the royal *château* at this place. It is a magnificent old building, one really fit for the residence of a prince. The garden is in that formal style of laying-out which so much prevails on the Continent: long, straight gravel walks, bordered by rows of trees which, from a long succession of careful trimmings, have been made to look like so many *live walls;* fountains; and miniature lakes, with weeping willows leaning over their green margins, and swans floating on their waters. These lakes, or *ponds* rather, and their appertenances, would be admired any where; and the *tout ensemble* of the scene is indeed beautiful and grand; but the close clipping of the rows of trees, trees which would be so much more ornamental in a more natural shape; not to condemn such a violence as this is, would be tacit injustice towards the superior taste of our English gardeners.—The *grapes* of Fontainbleau are justly celebrated. They are

remarkably thin-skinned and sweet; and, though some people say that we have as good grapes from our hot-houses, I certainly never saw any fruit of this kind so fine in England. The best grapes at this place are now selling at fourpence sterling the pound.

22*nd.* JOIGNY.—Come to this place through *Fossard, Villeneuve-la-Guyard, Pont-sur-Yonne, Sens, Villeneuve-le-Roy,* and *Ville-Vallier.* The king is now staying at Fontainbleau, on a hunting excursion; so that we have to pay one additional post both on entering and on quitting that town; and this, it seems, is always the custom in a country town where the king may happen to be. It is not merely for the *honour* of the thing, as one might suppose, that his Majesty's neighbourhood thus increases the traveller's expenses: there is, they tell us, a partial scarcity of fodder and other things, occasioned, for the time, by the demands of the royal retinue.—Too much cannot be said in praise of the noble forest of Fontainbleau. Great as is the distance which you have to travel through it, it is a piece of scenery that an admirer of forests may view a hundred times with equal pleasure.—Hay-making going on (second crop of meadow-hay) between Sens and Joigny. They are now making lucerne-hay also; and this they truss in the fields before it is carted.

23*rd.* AVALLON.—Come to-day through *Basson, Auxerre, Saint-Bris, Vermanton,* and *Lucy-le-Bois.* A country of vines, and the greater part of it very hilly. Fine views, and apparently capital land. The wine of

the country hereabouts is more than commonly good: you may have a *litre* of it, about three English pints, for less than threepence of our money.

24th. AUTUN.—Come through *Rouvray*, *La Roche en Breny*, *Saulieu*, *Pierre-Écrite*, and *Chissy*. Not so many vines, and country less hilly. Much scenery here to put us in mind of England; the fields being well fenced with *live hedges*, the lack of which the eye of an Englishman may naturally regard as a defect in any country.—I believe I must have to retract an observation which I made, a few years ago, in a "RIDE IN FRANCE," with regard to the use of *potatoes* by the French. They do, as I am told here, eat a great deal of this root; and they boil it, as with us. Cakes made of buckwheat, after the American fashion, is also a food of the country people in this part of France.

25th. MACON.—To-day through *St. Emilan*, *St. Léger*, *Bourgneuf*, *Châlons-sur-Saône*, *Turnus*, and *St. Albin*. Hilly, all the way. Much corn-land. Indian corn grown here, in apparently large quantities; and a good many fields of turnips, of a sort of *red tap*. Cultivation good. Fine water-meadows in the valleys.

26th. LYONS.—Through *Maison Blanche*, *St. George de Rognains*, *Anse*, and *Limonest*. This city is, all circumstances considered, a very fine one. Its population is about 100,000. The central part of the city is almost immediately on a point of land, where the rivers *Rhône* and *Saône* join together in one stream, which renders the situation peculiarly advantageous. You

approach Lyons on a descent of considerable distance, which gives you a good view of the city and its environs. It is more English-like, on a distant view, than any place I have seen in this country. It is not a mere compact mass of buildings; but the place has an agreeable irregularity about it, and the beautiful hilly country around is sprinkled with nice-looking houses. Lyons seems to be increasing in size; great numbers of houses in the neighbourhood have the appearance of being newly built.—The *Hôtel de l'Europe* is a fine hotel, and as dirty a one as need be. The furniture in the *salle à manger* decorated with *tapestry*, and that not of an inferior kind; four looking-glasses, each of which contains not less than forty feet square of glass; the sides of the room of finely-carved wood; rich window-curtains; side-tables with marble slabs. To consist with all this, the dining-table is dirty, never, to all appearance, having been either washed or scrubbed; and down one of the splendid looking-glasses may be too easily traced the streams of the major part of a bottle of beer, which, as the waiter says, spouted up to the top of it *il y a quelques jours* (a *few days* ago)!

27*th*.—There are two theatres in Lyons; and the larger of them is by no means a mean house; to this one we go in the evening, and see the "*Femmes Savantes*" pretty well played. But what a different style of play-going is this from that of an English town, and how inconsistent with the propensity to *show* of the French people! The ladies, in that part of the house

which we call the "*dress* circle," seem to have studiously left their best dresses at home. If they have done this for the sake of economy, the motive is indeed justified in reason; for the finery must be of a stubborn hue which should come off none the worse for being worn in a place of assemblage so dirty. This, however, is not the motive: there is no fashion for *dress* in the French theatre. Most of the ladies wear large bonnets; and when they feel it agreeable to disencumber their heads of these, the bonnet is flapped over in front of the boxes, and dangles towards the pit from one of its ribbons.

28*th.*—We take our places in a *bateau*, to go down the *Rhône* to *Avignon*. For this passage, the mere carriage of us, we pay 12 shillings sterling each person. It is at the traveller's option to go hence to Avignon by land or by water. Many prefer the river, on account of the badness of the road, which, I understand, is very rough. The going by water, *down* the Rhône, may be very quick, as the current is so rapid. But the objection to the river is, that it is, in parts, so shallow that nothing but a flat-bottomed vessel is fit to navigate it. Our *bateau* is of this description: it is a flat-bottomed, open boat, or barge rather, of about sixty-five or seventy feet in length, constructed in a style so rude, and having so little appearance of accommodation or comfort in it, that nothing but the hope of a short passage, and fine weather to make it in, would induce genteel folks to embark in such a vessel, at all. Our party, with some other English travellers, have a separate part of the boat to themselves.

The fore half of the room is occupied by the commander and his crew, with about thirty people of the country who are going to Avignon; and immediately in the stern is an Englishman's travelling carriage. The vessel is worked with long oars, which are required more to keep her in due course than to add to her speed.

29*th*. TAIN (on the bank of the Rhône).—We start from Lyons early this morning, bringing to, for a short time, at *Chamon* to breakfast; and sleep at Tain to-night.—A cold, cutting, north wind, which is generally felt here at this season of the year: they call it *la bise*.—It is curious to observe the mingling of the two streams, the Rhône and the Saône; the former being so very clear, and the latter comparatively so muddy. The scenery down the river is mountainous; the mountains increase in height as we descend, and are irregular in shape, and very rocky. Cultivation, principally that of vines. The wine here is excellent.

30*th*. ST. ESPRIT (on the bank of the Rhône).—We get on board again before daylight this morning; breakfast at *Valence*; and sleep here to-night.—The banks of the Rhône are exceedingly interesting and romantic: chains of mountains, wild and sharp-pointed, a large part of them bearing nothing, and consisting of nothing but rock. Some convents, and ruins of old *châteaux*, which have a fine effect as seen from the river. The villages, too, are most singular; they are so many dirty little crowded old-fashioned towns: how little resembling our idea of a *village*! The stream of the Rhône is strikingly

beautiful, though it requires constant care to navigate it without running aground; it is varying in course at every instant, winding about with great rapidity, and with a brisk succession of deep and shallow water, splashing eddies, and rippling shoals. The impetuous current pours along in defiance of incessant obstacles, and dashes over or around whatever stands in the way of its career. It does seem, in a manner, to be *devouring* the land it runs through. The *Rhône* is said to be so called from the Latin *rodere*, to eat, or gnaw; and hence this river has been apostrophized by PETRARCH,

> Rapido fiume, che d'alpestra vena
> *Rodendo* intorno, onde 'l tuo nome prendi, &c.

The wind to-day so severely keen, that one must *feel* it to know what it is like. My thermometer (which is of *Fahrenheit*) stands at 50. We have a slight covering to our bark, consisting of tarpawling spread on some hoops bent across the vessel; and we have some charcoal burning in a large pan. This is a style of travelling that one might expect to meet with on the Ohio or on the Swan River; but we did not look for this with Frenchmen, on the Rhône. They have endeavoured to establish a steam-boat between Lyons and Avignon; but it was found either that the river was in some parts too shallow, or that the rapidity of the current was too great. There appears to be nothing like a regular packet-boat for the public here. The boat which contains us is more frequently laden with logs of wood than with travellers.

Our apartment in the boat is divided from that of the French passengers by a partition of thick canvass, which, luckily, is not sufficiently impervious to prevent our participating in the mirth of our neighbours, who have, all this day long, been kept in a roar of laughter at the jokes of one of their party. This wag, or *farceur*, as his countrymen would call him, poured forth his sallies in the genuine dialect of this part of France, the *patois Lyonnais* or *Provençal;* and if his wit was sometimes too vulgar not to betray a lack of learning, its extravagancies showed that nature had amply furnished him with imagination. It was too much to expect, being so nearly in the presence of this gentleman as we were, that we should come off without one jest at *our* expence. It happened, to-day, that some of our party were playing at cards, and that an unexpected turn-up in the game gave rise to a loud laugh: "*Aha!*" exclaimed the farceur, cutting short the thread of a story he had just then in hand, and pausing as if to wonder at any thing like *gaiety* in such sedate people as the English, "*Aha! il paraît que les Goddems s'amusent!*" (it seems the "*Goddems*" are having some fun); then, putting his eye to a small aperture in the hanging, and turning back to his companions, he explained to them the cause in a tone of moderated surprise: "*Ils jouent aux cartes*" (they are playing at cards). How much less of the *bear* there is in a Frenchman's ridicule than in that of an Englishman; and how much more numerous are such sprightly fellows in this country than with us!

31*rst.* AVIGNON.—The wind to-day blowing almost a hurricane; so violent that there is danger of the covering being blown away from the boat. We get off about ten o'clock, and have a severely cold jaunt of it.—There are several fine bridges across the Rhône; one of them is a swing bridge, much like that lately made over the Thames by Hammersmith. We are hardly more than well off this morning, when the hat of one of our crew is blown into the water. They stop to pick it up, in spite of the well-known danger of sticking fast; and we have to wait during three quarters of an hour, vainly endeavouring to get the boat away from the strand again, such is the force of the current. Succeed, however, at last; but not, of course, before we have repeatedly wished all shill-I-shall-I, chattering Frenchmen, and all their flat-bottomed boats (except *one*), at the bottom of the Rhône!—A good many boats coming up the river. Most of them are laden with large cargoes of chesnuts, the famous *marrons de Lyon*. For these boats to ascend the Rhône, it requires many days to go a hundred miles. They are drawn along by horses: we see as many as thirty horses or more to every two or three boats.—The country more and more picturesque as we approach Avignon, where we land in the evening.

NOVEMBER.

1*rst.* to 10*th.*—We are detained here all this while in consequence of illness.—The country immediately round Avignon is agreeable. There are a

good many olives, though but of a small size. The *Hôtel de l'Europe* here, kept by Pierron, is a deservedly celebrated house; the charges are very reasonable, considering the superior entertainment afforded. It is said to be one of the best hotels in Europe.—Avignon is situated immediately on the Rhône. The town is not large, nor is it elegant in the inside. It is encircled by a handsome old wall, however, round which, on the outside, there is a road to drive, and a promenade shaded with rows of trees. The ancient palace, formerly the habitation of the Popes, stands on an elevated situation, just within the town, and overlooking the river.

11*th*. ORGON.—Fine weather (69)*. We set off to-day, with a carriage and pair of horses, for *Marseilles*. Road horribly bad: we are seven hours and a half going about twenty miles. Orgon a small place.—A flat country, and seemingly good land. Corn; much vineyard; grass land; and some lucerne.

12*th*. ST. CANAL.—Fine weather (65). This is another small town or village. A short day's journey again, coming, literally, a slow walk all the way. The road, it appears, is never good here; and it is now unusually bad,

* I have, throughout my Journal, kept as correct an account as I possibly could of the sort of weather and of the temperature of the air. It is *Fahrenheit's* thermometer that I carried with me. The figures in a parenthesis, which I put at the beginning of my notes of each day, are intended to mark the highest *degree* at which the thermometer stood during the day-time of the twenty-four hours.

owing to heavy falls of rain. Much of the land very barren; a good deal of mountain of mere rock. Some vines and olives; many mulberry-trees (for the silk-worms); and walnuts. An uninteresting and somewhat wretched-looking country.

13*th*. AIX.—A little rain, but mild (63). Come to-day only about ten miles. Country much the same as yesterday. Some olives along here, and a great many almonds. No *châteaux*, no gentlemen's houses seen from the road: not the least appearance of *riches*, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. One cannot help wondering at the small number of dwellings, of any description, that meet the eye here. The labouring people throughout this part of France look healthy, and, judging from their faces, seem to be well fed.—They have an odd way in this country of clipping the coats of their horses, mules, and asses. All the upper half of the animal's body, including half the neck, and the upper part of the head, with the ears, has the hair clipped off close; and the shortened hair is left so smooth, so completely free from the traces of the shears, that, at first sight, one might suppose the thing to be a freak of nature. It is for ease in cleaning, and quick drying, that this operation is performed.

14*th*.—Some showers of rain, but very mild (63). —This place is the capital of the part of France called *Provence*. It is situated in a plain, and is an agreeable place enough, particularly in its main street, the houses of which are large and well-built. Aix con-

tains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. There is a cathedral; and just outside of the town stands a large college, which has been abdicated by the Jesuits, who lately occupied it, but who have been obliged to yield to the awful hue-and-cry of the "*liberals.*"

15*th.* MARSEILLES.—Fine day (67).—A short day's journey to this place from Aix.—Much rocky barren country. Vines, olives, and corn; but a great part of the land very shingly and shallow. The *sun* seems to do the work here.—The immediate approach to Marseilles exhibits a fine view. We are for some time descending towards the city, having the Mediterranean in full sight. Very fine vines and olives around the city, the entrance to which presents an animating scene of business and bustle. The houses in the principal streets are high and well-built; streets straight, well paved, with flagged walks (*trottoirs*) for foot-passengers; a thing not met with in many French towns.—The weather is so fine that we dine with our windows open.

16*th* to 21*rst.*—Fine warm weather, with a few showers of rain. (From 56 to 67.)—We are at the *Hôtel Beauvau*, a good house. The windows of our rooms are immediately overlooking the *quai*, a theatre of wares and traffick, which has more life, and less of the disgusting about it, than any other like object that I have ever looked on. The prospect is quite spirit-stirring. But, then, the sky under which all is going forward is delightfully clear; the sun is shining its brightest and serenest upon every thing in view; and the

atmosphere is entirely free from that smoke in which the cities of England are everlastingly smothered. For a place of such trade, this city is surprisingly clean. The people, too, are good-looking. One would hardly believe, from merely English experience, that a large seaport could be so agreeable. The French have not much taste for *towns*; at least, their taste is not like ours: our French friends here marvel at our admiration of Marseilles, and seem to count the *cleanliness* of it as no weighty consideration in its favour.—Melons grow here in the open ground, and fig-trees in the fields. There is a sort of green-fleshed melon ripe at this time, called *melon d'hiver*. We buy melons for 4*d*. a-piece, figs for 1½*d*. the dozen, medlars for 2*d*. the lb. Great quantities of roses, pinks, carnations, and tuberoses, in the market.

22*nd*. CUJES.—Beautiful weather (66). Start this morning from Marseilles for *Nice*. We have a fresh carriage, hired at Marseilles. There are six persons in our party; we are to be seven days on the road to Nice; and we are to pay 9l. 12s. for the carriage. There are three principal ways of travelling here: with your own carriage and post-horses; by the *diligence*, or stage-coach; and by what is called *voiturin*. Our way is the last of these three. The *voiturin*, or man who conducts you, is very often the proprietor of the carriage and cattle himself; and he is, generally speaking, a respectable and trust-worthy person. Our carriage is drawn by a pair of those tall strong mules in which the southern parts of France so much abound. The form of a *voi-*

turin-carriage is nearly the same as that of our barouche; only that, in the front, and quite separate from the main interior, there is an additional seat for two or three persons, which has a head to it, and a leather apron, precisely like those of an English gig; and this compartment of the vehicle is called the *cabriolet*. Great care is taken to have room and convenience for the packing of luggage. The part which we call the *foot-board*, situated between the hind-wheels, is purposely made very spacious; and upon this are placed three or four good-sized trunks, or the most cumbrous of the luggage, whatever it may be; and as this does not ride on the springs, a strong chain is employed to bind all fast, and prevent injury by jolting, the chain being drawn to any degree of tightness required by the use of a small crank on a cog-wheel, a bit of machinery most commodious, and characteristic of the general strength of the whole equipage. The lighter effects, such as bags, baskets, and so forth, go on the roof of the carriage, styled, on account of its local elevation, the *imperiale*; and the roof is fenced round by a shallow piece of iron wire or wood-work, to which is strapped or tied down a covering of some sort to keep out the weather. The harness of the team corresponds with the carriage: convenience and durability are, as far as possible, combined; and the traces and reins are more commonly made of hemp than of leather, seeing that ropes will last pretty nearly as long as straps, and that the former are infinitely cheaper than the latter.

Our road here is better. Some of the rocks on the mountains very high. Mountains covered with pines, the trees which they call *sapins*. Land very good. Vines, in the plain-land, in rows, two or three rows together, with a widish interval of wheat, horse-beans, peas, or fruit-trees. They say this mode of cultivation is better than devoting a whole field to one kind of crop: the vines push their roots through the interval in which the crops grow, and have the benefit of the cultivation and manure that they there meet with. The wheat looks exceedingly fine. Horse-beans and peas now about three or four inches high. Not much grass, but, what there is, very verdant; and some lucerne in full growth. This is the sort of cultivation on the land through which our road lies towards Cujes. The country, for miles, is a rich and widely-extending plain, surrounded, and singularly contrasted, with rocky pine-covered mountains. Out of this plain we pass through a sort of strait, or narrow cut, through the mountains, called the *Vallon de Cujes*, which brings us to the little Bourg of Cujes. Cujes is situated in a rich little plain, nearly oblong in shape, with mountains of pines around it. The land very clean, and carefully cultivated. Vines, wheat, and horse-beans. *Capers* are grown here: they are now being cut down, and covered over with earth to keep off the frost. The corn in this country is thrashed in the open air; a sure indication of a fine climate. The thrashing is generally done by the feet of horses or mules, upon a small square floor, of brick or stone, with a low wall round it.

23*rd.* TOULON.—Beautiful day (67). Come to this place through *Ollioules*, a small Bourg, just on the other side of which there is a pass called the *Vallon d'Ollioules*, which, I understand, is compared by travellers with the pass of Thermopylæ, in Greece. The *Vallon*, a narrow deep cleft through a chain of lofty rocky mountains, is about a mile and a half in length. The road through it is winding, and much on the descent hitherwards. A rapid stream runs along on the left of the road. The scenery is very bold and picturesque.—Approaching Ollioules, we see delightful gardens of oranges and other fruit-trees. An orange-tree, in a really thriving condition, and that, too, in the open ground, is a sight that beats all I have ever seen of mere *vegetation*. It is, at once, the most flourishing, most productive, and most ornamental thing, for a fruit-tree, that can be imagined. The beautiful leaves exhibit all their different sizes and shades at one and the same time; yet not a single leaf appears to have survived perfection. The fruit hangs in clusters; and there are, on the same branch, oranges from the size of a hazel-nut to that of the full growth, and from the colour of fruit hardly more than well set, to that of fruit fit to put on the table. But this is not all; for the summer-shoots of the branches are now tender and budding; and the delicately white and fragrant flower they bear is still bursting into blossom on every tree.—Fine olives; some of them as much as four feet in circumference. A severe frost, which occurred in this country about eight years ago, killed great numbers

of the olives; which accounts for so many of them being cut down nearly to the ground. The land here, wherever it lies on the sides of mountains, and is worth cultivating, is made into terraces, or *shelves*, by the spade; and the land thus situated is the best for vines.—Toulon is a place of no great size, though a compact and closely-fortified town. Narrow streets, and somewhat dirty. The place this evening swarming with French sailors, who, if they be not so coarse as our tars, are as clamorous at the very least.

24th.—Intervals of sunshine and showers (65). This climate is remarkably mild. The weather now resembles that of a very fine English *May*. The nights, as well as the days, are yet quite warm. At eight o'clock to-night (60). There is a pretty spot near Toulon, called *Hyeres*, nearly opposite to some little islands bearing the same name. Hyeres is celebrated for the softness of its air. The orange, the lemon, and the pomegranate, grow there in something approaching perfection.—The French do not seem to be neglecting their *fleet*, judging by what is doing in the arsenal at Toulon. There are several large ships on the stocks; and these ships are under fine roofs, which were built, I believe, by Bonaparte.—We are at the *Hôtel de la Croix d'Or*, a very nice house. Madame Durbec, the landlady, is as complaisant as her daughter is fair.

25th. PUJET.—Fine weather (65). This is a small village. Great scarcity of butter hereabouts, and not much milk. Rocky, high land; with vines, olives, fig-

trees, corn, and flax, in the plain. Country less beautiful. Very good red wine, three years old, for from 4d. to 5d. the bottle.

26th. VIDAUBAN.—Fine weather (65). Country much the same. Come through *Luc*, a bourg of considerable size. A comfortable inn at this place, which is a small town. Wine here very good and cheap. Excellent bread through all this part of France. Much lucerne; and chicory, for the sheep. Sheep poor, and full one half of them as black as a coal.—*Ploughs* are sure criterions of *climates*. The plough of this country is highly flattering to the climate it is used in; for it is such a shallow, feeble, little implement as would do literally *nothing* for us in England. Yet, there are fair crops of corn reaped here, off land which has hardly more than an English harrowing before the seed is put in. The deepest stirring that the land gets in the South of France, besides that of the spade, is what is done with two instruments of the *hoe* kind; one of which somewhat resembles our carpenter's adz, or the wider part of our pick-axe: the other is a long two-grained hoe which our gentlemen-farmers call, I believe, a *bident*. These are used, principally, between the vines and about the roots of the olives.—The people at the inns where we stop, are very civil: we really have nothing to complain of in this respect. It is well, however, when you put up at night, to *marchander*, to bargain a little, for what your lodging and your fare are to cost you.

27th. FREJUS.—Steady beautiful weather (65). Fine

olives; not many vines; wheat, lucerne, and vetches. Country less interesting to-day, and land less good. No butter to be had. Frejus, though small, has a cathedral and a college. It is said to have been an important place during the time of the Romans, who called it *Forum Julii*. There are the remains of a Roman aqueduct, besides other ruins of antiquity. The sea comes to within two miles of Frejus; and the people here point you out the spot on the shore where Bonaparte embarked when he went to Elba, and where he landed when he came from Egypt. There is an old convent of the Jesuits here, which is now turned into a carpenter's shop and a place to stow wood in. The country around very pleasant: distant mountains covered with fine wood.

28th. CANNES.—Same weather (65).—This is an ancient little place, delightfully situated immediately on the shore of the Mediterranean.—Here it was that Bonaparte landed, and slept on the shore, when he returned from Elba. They say that the Bourbons have conferred favours on this place, in consequence of the reception which the Emperor met with at the hands of the inhabitants on his arrival, they having, one and all, refused to admit him within their doors; so that the great conqueror was obliged, for a time, to lodge by the sea-side, and in the open air.—On leaving Frejus we ascended pine-covered mountains; the road winding about up hill for the greater part of the way. On approaching Cannes we descended again to more level land. Most of the country barren. So much pure rock, that

there are only some small spots having a sufficient depth of soil to get in the plough. A little wheat and lucerne, both looking good. The arbutus grows wild on the sides of the mountains. But the *pine* flourishes here to the exclusion of pretty nearly every thing else; so much so, that it is a vulgar *jeu de mots* with the country-people, "*Les* PINS *et les* COQUINS *se trouvent* PARTOUT."—Cannes must be a delightful place for a summer residence. The market is well supplied; and there is an abundance of fine sea-fish. Our inn, the *Hôtel de la Poste*, is good in every respect: one of the best houses, if not the very best, that we have been in at all.

29*th*. NICE (in Italian *Nizza*).—Beautiful weather (65).—Our expenses at the inn at Cannes were as follows.

For Dinner last night:

Excellent bread,
Two sorts of fish,
A roasted leg of mutton,
A stewed duck, with olives,
A roasted woodcock,
Boiled and fried potatoes,
Cheese,
Butter,
Sallad,
Apples, raw and preserved,
Figs,
Grapes,
Almonds,

Cakes,
Capital wine, three years old.
Sugar and milk for our Tea.
For Breakfast this morning:
Coffee and milk,
Two sorts of fish,
Bread,
Eggs,
Butter,
Honey.

On coming away we take with us the remnant of the leg of mutton. And we pay for all this (lodging included) 5*s*. 10*d*. each person. At some places we have paid a smaller sum than this; but the bill at Cannes may, as relates to this part of France, be reckoned a just specimen of the *charging* as proportionate with the *fare*.—The greater part of our road to-day lies alongside of the sea; sometimes close to the shore, sometimes winding away from it, through a fine rich country, where, in the open fields, there is the seemingly incongruous, but, at the same time, most charming medley in cultivation, of *wheat, vetches, horse-beans, pease, cauliflowers, turnips, oranges, vines, olives, walnuts, mulberries, cherries, figs, apricots,* and *peaches!* I do not mean, that these things all thrive here equally well, or that they are all *of the best.* Yet, they are all growing in the same soil, no one of them, apparently, requiring any very nice management. I have heard some of those who have travelled in Italy pretend to

despise the scenery and natural products of France. We do, of course, expect to see *great things* of this kind in Italy. But, it must be something fine indeed that shall make us entirely forget our seven days' journey from Marseilles to Nice. The truth is, that this part of France is a delightful country; and, travelling along here, you cannot help fancying that you are already in Italy long before you arrive at her confines.—At about thirteen miles before reaching Nice, we pass close by the little maritime town *Antibes*, a strongly-fortified place, and the frontier town of *Provence*. We have to stop here to show our passports to the authorities. At this part of the coast there is a small gulf. Antibes stands at the one extremity of this gulf, and Nice just within the point at the other. Between Antibes and Nice runs the river *Var*, which was formerly considered as the proper boundary-line between France and Italy, between the *Galls* and the *Ligurians*. On entering Nice you quickly perceive some things that mark it as *Italian*. The houses, in particular, are strikingly novel to us, being gaily painted on the outside with a greater variety of colour than what is fashionable northward. The women, many of whom are more than commonly handsome, wear their dark hair dressed in the Grecian style, with a long white scarf thrown over their heads. But this is a place to which throng, at once, the idle, the sick, the frugal, and the wealthy, of all nations; so that we are not surprised to see scores of English faces in the streets, and to read, against the houses, advertisements, notifications, and

the names of all kinds of commodities, in our own language.

30*th*. Beautiful weather (65).—We go to-day to look at a small sailing vessel, a sloop, which they call here a *feluca*. This is the sort of thing that many travellers go in to Genoa, in preference to going by land. Our route will be by Genoa; therefore, it was worth while to take a look at the *feluca* before deciding not to go by sea. But, the *look*, if but for an instant, was more than enough to make us keep to *terra firma*. There are plenty of these felucas constantly plying between Nice and Genoa. They are only partly decked, and most of them have no cabin. They are not particularly intended for passengers, but carry all kinds of burden, whether live or dead. The passage *from* Genoa is generally quick, on account of the prevalence of the wind hitherwards. But, I am astonished to hear that English *ladies* sometimes go by these packets, in one of which I would not advise any body to be (outside of the port) upon any account. The master and his crew want very much to have us as a part of their cargo; and offer to take us, with their merchandise and some other passengers, for about 5*s*. 6*d*. per head. With such fellows as these I would hardly trust myself on a fish-pond. One cannot look at their faces, and think, at the same time, of sailing with them, without apprehending the worst that can occur at sea: their dark habitually-insidious countenances, struggling to conciliate, are fit to make you imagine nothing but the terrors and trea-

cheries of their adopted element—blasts of wind unexpected, consequent billows, and final breakers. We cannot help recalling to mind, as we behold them, that upon the evidence of such men as these (the captain of a *feluca* and his crew), wretches that I should be afraid to trust my life in the hands of, did English Lords prepare to judge the character of a high-born lady, the Queen of England!—Nice is well known to be a cheap place, as a permanent residence. At the inns you are both well entertained and reasonably charged. At our inn, the *Hôtel des Étrangers,* the dinner at the *table d'hôte* costs only 2*s.* 6*d.* sterling; and yet it is such a dinner as could not be had for less than five or six shillings in England. They give you, at this time of the year, *French-beans* and *green pease,* which cost, in the market, perhaps not so much as one-half of what the same vegetables do with us in the month of July. The inhabitants boast, too, not a little, and not without good reason, of the amenity of their town in general. They quote to you the French translation of an epigram, made by some Turkish prince, who, after living at Nice for some time notwithstanding his love of variety, is said to have exclaimed,

"Ah! quelle ville admirable que NICE:
"On y *demeure* en dépit du *caprice!*"

Ah! what an admirable town is NICE:
For there we *stay* in spite of our *caprice!*

NICE is situated just at the foot of the Maritime Alps. It is a town of considerable size; the population being not far short of 20,000. The promenades and drives alongside the sea are very pleasant. An old castle stands on a rock, called *Mont'Albano*, immediately overhanging the town. As to the climate, there is a difference of opinion about this. Certain it is, that, though the *society* of this place is agreeable, the air is considered to be not so good for consumptive persons as that of many other spots in Italy, on account of its being more *uncertain*. They have here, in the winter-time, a good deal of that severe wind called the *bise*, of which we had a taste on the Rhône. But there is, at NICE, something which most people would complain of more than of any *wind*: here are *moschitos*. These tantalizing little insects give great pain, and make great havoc with delicate complexions. Damask cheeks and lily-white hands are not a little indignant at the effects produced upon them by a North wind; but how much more galling to the same beauties to be, as I have seen the cheeks and hands of some of our fair countrywomen abroad, spotted all over with red moschito-bites. The moschito does not, it is true, commence its annoying operations till after the very warmest weather of the summer; but, having once taken wing, nothing will stop its flight but a real frost; so that it is almost fairly winter before this malignant little enemy of animal repose can be said to be *hors de combat*. Moschito-curtains, made of a very fine sort of gauze, are yet hanging on

the beds at this place; and they have not, as yet, ceased to be necessary.

DECEMBER.

1*rst.*—Same weather: very warm in the middle of the day, like fine June weather in England (66).—In the immediate neighbourhood of this place the land is highly cultivated; it consists, indeed, almost entirely, of gardens belonging to country houses or *villas*, planted with olives, vines, oranges, lemons, fruit-trees of all sorts, and vegetables for market. Oranges and lemons are grown here in great quantities. Some of the growers of these are said to make large sums of money by the produce of each year. The wine and oil made here are very good. The *flowers* are by no means gone by: the roses are now making a prodigious show.—There are some fine churches in Nice. None of them are, of course, any the better for the *Revolution*. One of the finest, *Saint Dominique*, was, to use the words of the faithful part of the citizens, *horriblement profanée*, horribly profaned. This edifice was, I understand, during the reign of confusion at NICE, employed for a purpose much more conducive to the interests of the *body* than to those of the *soul*: it suddenly became a *boulangerie militaire*, or military baker's-shop!—The language here spoken, the *Nicard*, as it is called, is a singular mixture of bad French and bad Italian. It would puzzle a linguist to say which of the two corrupt ingredients contributes most to this compound of cor-

ruptians. When you hear the people talk, there is nothing harsh in the sounds they utter; but for the *sense*, I can hardly make it out at all. The much talked of *Troubadours*, who inhabited this country hundreds of years ago, must have had a language much superior to anything of the kind now existing. In their language we clearly see a mixture of French, Italian, and Spanish; as in these verses of BOYER, written in the fourteenth century.

Drech e rason es ch' jeu canti d'amor,
Vezent ch' jeu ai ja consumat mon age
A li complaire et servir nuech et jor
Sens' aver d'el profiech ni avantage?
Encar el si fas creguer,
Doulent et non sai feguer,
Mi pougne la courada
De sa fleccia dorada
Embe son arc qu'a gran pena el pos tendre
Per se qu'el es un enfant jouve et tendre.

2*nd*. MENTONE.—Fine day (60). We leave Nice for *Genoa*, in another *voiturin*-carriage, drawn by two strong horses. From Nice to Genoa the distance is about a hundred and sixty miles, a trifle more than that from Marseilles to Nice. We are to be another whole week going to Genoa. This is a great while to be on the road. But there is too much steep mountain to admit of your travelling this road at a very fast rate. We, too, do not start early in the morning, and we arrive early in the evening. Were we to make the most of our

time, the *voiturin* might take us, very well, in four days and a half.—Our road lies, all the way to Genoa, close on the shore of the Mediterranean. There is another way, besides this, of penetrating Italy from Nice; that is, by *Sospello*, the *Col de Tende*, and *Cuneo*; from the latter of which places you may go through *Savigliano* and *Carignano* to *Turin*, or, winding round to the right by *Gherasco*, *Asti*, *Alessandria*, and *Novi*, come down to Genoa. But this is, if Genoa be your object, a very roundabout road, and full twice as long as the one we are going.—On leaving Nice we have a long steep ascent to make before we get well in among the mountains. Very *slow* work; but not *tedious:* one would willingly have it uphill all the way, were the road always commanding such a view as is here enjoyed. Nice in the retrospect, with a large expanse of the sea on the further side, and the hundreds of acres of garden-ground sloping up from the town to the feet of the mountains; the groves of oranges and lemons, the vineyards and orchards, the fine lofty olives: one can hardly look over the shoulder here, without feeling inclined to turn back again.—The Custom-house officers condescend to receive a trifling bribe from us, to let us leave Nice without their examining our luggage. We were allowed to pass, also, by the same means, when we entered Nice.—The greater part of this day's journey has been up hill. We descend as we approach Mentone, a small town, situated close on the shore, and surrounded by extensive plantations of lemons. To-day

we see the snow on the tops of distant mountains of the Alps. A little on this side of Nice is *Villa Franca*, a fortress on the sea; and then we pass a small place called *Monaco*. *Monaco* is the capital of a petty principality bearing that name, to which, also, *Mentone* belongs. As we entered the principality of *Monaco*, we had a fresh gang of Custom-house officers to deal with.—In this country they burn olive oil in their lamps. The wood of the olive-tree is excellent fuel: excepting only the American *hickory*, I have never seen any wood burn so well and make so bright a fire.

3*rd*. SAN REMO.—Fine (55). This place is a dirty, little sea-port; a *port* for the boats of fishermen more than any thing else.—We come through two small places, *Ventimiglia* and *Bordighera*, both near the sea. Our road is over rocky mountains, when we do not come immediately on the shore. Vines here, trained in the espalier fashion; they are attached to a sort of trellis-work, made with upright, wooden stakes, to which strong reeds, or canes, which they grow here, are tied crossways. A good many palm-trees, growing in the open ground. The Catholics use the branches of these in religious processions.—We have to pass several beds of rivers, all now quite dry; at some seasons of the year, they are overflowing with torrents, that pour down from the mountains.—The air to-day was somewhat chilly, with an easterly wind blowing off the sea. But it seems that this wind is never very severe here: as a proof that it cannot be so, we remark that all the fruit-trees and crops

flourish as much close on the shore, as they do at two or three miles inland.—Here they speak Italian.

4th. ONEGLIA.—Fine (60). This is a little sea-port town. Come through *Porto Maurizio*, another small place at the sea-side.—Fine views of the sea and coast, and of the little towns and villages on the shore and on the surrounding mountains. A great deal of rock; but in the cultivated part of the country the land is good. Fine olives grow here.

5th. ABENGA.—Fine (63). The air is chilly in the morning and evening; but the weather is what we should call very fair for an English September.—*Abenga*, a small town on the sea-side. Come through *Alassio*, a village.

6th. FINALE.—Fine (62). This morning was quite cold: at eight o'clock (42). There were some snowy tops of mountains in sight at no great distance off, which, I dare say, were the cause of the sharpness of the air.—To this place you have to drop down, as it were, from a steep mountain; at least, you could get here only by a drop or a roll, if it were not for the long winding, or zig-zag, which has been made here, as in some other parts of the road, to facilitate the descent. These zig-zags they call *galleries;* each slant in the road is called a *gallery*. Notwithstanding the paths that have been had, and the many slantings that the road is made to take, it is as much as our horses can do, here, to hold the carriage back, and we are full a quarter of an hour in getting to the bottom of a descent of not more than one-

third of a mile in a straight line.—Finale is a sea-port of some size.—The land here is rich. Vines, olives, and other fruit-trees. This neighbourhood is famous for a kind of apple, called *pomo carlo*, which, though a handsome fruit to look at, has nothing so very good in its flavour: it is hardly more than a superior *bitter-sweet*.

7*th*. SAVONA.—Cloudy and chilly (60). This is another town on the sea. It is a larger place, and has a more commodious harbour, than any between this and Nice. We pass by *Noli*, also close by the sea-side.

8*th*. GENOA.—Cloudy, and rain towards evening (57).—Our road to-day less mountainous and rocky. Much pine timber, and some oak, on the high land. Come through *Voltri*, and some smaller places, at the sea-side.—When I take a review of our journey from Nice to this place, I cannot help advising any one who intends visiting Italy to pass, either in going or in returning, by this road. Whatever there may be to be seen in going up the Rhine and across Switzerland, in the route through Geneva and over the Simplon, or in that by Mont-Cenis, the track that we have just got to the end of, though, as a *road*, nothing more than a long string of rocky, and sometimes rugged, ups and downs, and of everlasting turnings and twistings about, has so much of what strikes the eye with admiration of nature, that we think ourselves very lucky in having chosen this for our way. The coast, all the way from Nice round the Gulf of Genoa, is called the "*Riviera*," or *waterside*. We have been just on the edge of the coast for almost the

whole distance; seldom out of sight of the sea for more than a few minutes together. A very large part, the main and most difficult part of the road, is that which was made by Bonaparte. The road may, indeed, be said to be *his*; for he not only began it, but it was he who first made the whole distance passable for wheels as well as for feet. Much, to be sure, has been done since Bonaparte's time; but before he commenced the grand undertaking, there was only a rough foot-path for men and mules to scramble across the country by. This road, for many leagues, is nothing else than a great *notch*, cut out of solid rock, on the side of a nearly perpendicular mountain immediately overhanging the sea. We often had to look straight down on the beach, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards beneath us, while the headlong steep of rock, in the side of which our road was cut out, ran up for a still greater distance above our heads. The great masses of rock which had to be removed to make the road, were tumbled down towards the beach. The breaking of the rock to pieces has been done as it is in stone-quarries, by the use of gunpowder; and, in some places, where it was difficult to make way round a sharp point, the road passes right through the rock, which has had a great hole blown in it, in the shape of an arch. Here and there are deep natural clefts in the rocks, where the torrents from the mountains pour down to the sea; and over these are thrown strong little bridges. The side of the road next to the sea is made safe by the mason; there is a low wall, or parapet,

from two to three feet high. But this security against a long tumble is not afforded throughout; and there are many miles of the way which would now appear terrific to the nervous traveller. It would, indeed, be imprudent to travel this road, either in a chaise or on horse-back, excepting with very steady cattle. The horses that drew us were two of the quietest and most handy animals that I ever saw in harness.—The extensive views of the sea and coast, particularly from *Abenga* to *Finale*, and from *Finale* to *Savona*, are quite magnificent; and all the charms that the imagination can anticipate of the Mediterranean and its tranquil shores, are realized here. The trip by water between Nice and Genoa must be a delightful excursion, if you could be sure of always being within a certain distance of the land. But, such certainty can never exist. Besides, we, who have come by land, have had quite as *distant* prospects of the country as could be had from off the sea. We have, during the greater part of every day, been able to see all that lay before us, for many miles. The coast, as we looked along it, was a series of scenery of the most wild and grand; and the towns, far onward, standing at the sides or on the summits of the mountains, or studding the shore, were more picturesque than I am able to describe. I am sorry, however, to say, that these Italian towns are objects which are seen to a much greater advantage in distant view than on a close approach to them. A poetical contemplation, that might be lulled with romantic wanderings only a few minutes

before, must wake up in a fright on finding itself all at once confined to the *minutiæ* of one of these filthy places. But these towns are in *Piedmont*, and the Piedmontese are known to be not the cleanest of Christians. The streets are even much more narrow than in French towns; and how dirty these streets are permitted to be may be imagined from the fact, that you can turn hardly a corner without seeing people in the act of lousing themselves, or lousing one another. It is a common thing to see a woman sitting outside of her door, spinning or knitting, and one of her little children standing at the back of her chair parting the parent's dishevelled locks, so as to form a clear path, and pouncing upon the things as they run to and fro! Some of the inns in France are dirty enough; but the inns here are out and out more dirty, in all respects; and if the testimony of my nose be admissible, I may truly say that it remembers no *smells* in France that were not like those of roses and carnations when compared with some which it has had to inhale on this side of Nice. With all this, the people are not ill-looking: many of them are much the contrary. Some of the women are very handsome. They dress their hair in a becoming manner (for there are some, I believe, whose heads are clean), and they wear, when they go out dressed, and especially about Genoa, scarfs that hang gracefully from the head over the shoulders. The scarf is sometimes pure white, sometimes coloured; and, when coloured, it is of a printed cotton stuff, various in

pattern, but generally exhibiting very large, showy figures; just such a material as would be employed in England to make an extraordinarily fine bed-curtain.—I dare say that the inns along the RIVIERA are getting, every day, more and more fit for the entertaining of English travellers, as it is now becoming fashionable to go by this road. They have not, however, generally speaking, much to boast of as yet. There was a great variety in the sort of accommodation we met with. The inn at Abenga, for instance, was an inconvenient, crowded, and most nasty place. That at Finale was comparatively a little fairy-palace; it had the walls of its dining-room and best bed-room beautifully painted; and the furniture of these was both costly and elegant. The inn-keepers were as civil as we could wish. They never appeared to us to be grasping, and though, in some places, there evidently were not the means of furnishing all that was required, I do think we had whatever could be afforded towards making us contented with our quarters.—For the *agriculture* of the RIVIERA, as a feature in its scenery, the traveller here needs no forewarning; he cannot pass along without its catching his eye. How very beautiful it is, and yet how totally different from any thing that we have in England, with all our famed excellence in the practice of this most genuine and most pleasing of pursuits. Here there are no farms with sets of regularly shaped fields; no spacious roundly laid-up fallows; no sweeping crops of corn as level as a die; no live hedges; no water-meadows

and green uplands; no grassy orchards; no plantations or shrubberies; no coppices; no artificial forests; no sheep-downs: nothing, in short, that is *ours*, in this way, can be brought to describe the RIVIERA by comparison. There must, in such an immense range of rocky mountains, necessarily be many thousands of acres altogether uncultivated; but this is hardly to be called *barrenness*, in the usual sense of the word. The bare rocks, though capable of producing not even a natural blade of grass or a weed, do not give you that disagreeable idea of inanity which arises in looking over some tracts of arable land, where the plough might go, but where the trouble of sticking it in would be useless. Then, where there *is* any thing like soil, it is made the most of; and the total absence of vegetation upon the rocks, which rather contributes to their own effect than otherwise, very much heightens, by contrast, the appearances of fertility in every spot that is productive. The cultivation of olives, vines, and various crops, on the terraces or shelves of soil, is a great embellishment to the country. If one's eyes could be blindfolded in a flat field of Norfolk turnips, and suddenly brought to the sight of this for the first time, they would look upon it as a sort of *farming in romance*. Great labour, and that, too, during ages of time, must have been endured, to give hundreds of acres of the land its present shape. The declivity of some of the cultivated mountains is so great, that the terraces are not above four or five yards in width, though their length may be six or seven hun-

dred yards, or more. You frequently see fifty or sixty of these terraces, one upon another, all on the side of the same mountain, and having the appearance of a gigantic flight of steps. The outward edge of every terrace is supported by a low wall, made of large, rough stones, which prevents the soil from being washed away by the rains. The land lying in this form is seldom accessible to the plough. That implement, indeed, would not be sufficiently exact in its work where there is so little space to move in, and where soil is so precious. They use, in place of the plough, those hoes which I have already noted as tools of husbandry in the south of France (see page 18).

9th.—Cloudy and damp (58).—GENOA is a fine, large, old city. Its population now amounts to 76,000, which is, no doubt, almost trifling in comparison with what it was formerly. The city stands on the side of a mountain of the Apennines, and slopes down to the brink of the sea. The Duchy of GENOA, with all Piedmont, including the county of NICE, have, since the year 1814, been incorporated in the dominions of the king of Sardinia. TURIN, the capital of Piedmont, has had reason to feel jealous of this place. The two are struggling for which shall be considered as the main place of residence of their sovereign; and the interests of the people of TURIN have received a heavy blow in the opening of the road along the RIVIERA, which offers a straight passage into the heart of Italy without its being necessary to approach their city. They have, I understand,

endeavoured to get that road closed, to a certain extent, against carriages.

10*th*.—Fine (64).—This is by no means a city that would strike an Englishman as being agreeable to *dwell* in. We cannot help acknowledging the grandeur for which it has been so reputed; but, at the same time, there are, mingled in the display of magnificence by which we are surrounded, some circumstances which render the general effect of the city far more dismal than delightful. There are two or three of the streets that are said to be of the finest in all Europe. But then the houses in every street are immensely high, and the streets are, excepting only a few of them, so very narrow that there is not sufficient room for a carriage to pass. They are not what we should call *streets* at all, but rather long *alleys*. In these alleys you may sometimes fancy yourself shut out from day-light in the day-time; so lofty are the houses around, and so far back have you to throw your head to get a peep at the sky. The influence of habit, prejudice out of the question, is such, that it is impossible for an Englishman not to prefer his LONDON to such a place as GENOA. This preference is, indeed, not merely to be expected from habit, but it is reasonable. Our biggest cities are both dark and dirty; but our rainy sky, our mists, our smoke, and our mud, are things unavoidable: our houses are of a tolerable height, and our streets are generally wide enough to let us breathe whatever air we have to boast of. Labouring, as we do, under great disadvantages, there is, in England, the appearance of

constant endeavour to abate the nuisances of the town; and this is not the case with the Genoese, any more than with the inhabitants of other Italian towns through which we have had to pass.—The removing of goods from place to place is almost all done by porters, on account of the narrowness of the streets. All heavy things, such as casks and large cases, are carried suspended by ropes fastened to poles, the ends of the poles resting on the shoulders of the porters. You sometimes see as many as eight or ten of these men bearing one weighty package. They trudge along with a brisk half-trot, regularly keeping step with one another in such a way as to make their burden swing steadily.

11*th*. Fine (64).—GENOA has a great show of gorgeous palaces. The Ducal palace is of great size; and there are several others, belonging to different noble families, that are exceedingly sumptuous. The neighbourhood of GENOA furnishes the marble of which, in great part, these palaces are built. The palaces of *Durazzo*, *Serra*, *Spinola*, and *Pallavicini* are particularly magnificent. It is said that the splendour of the buildings she boasts have given this city her surname of "*La Superba*" (the proud). There are many fine large churches here. Beautiful marbles, of various colours, have been unsparingly used, both to strengthen and to adorn these edifices. The palaces, as well as the churches, are always to be easily had access to. I understand that the nobility seldom *inhabit* their palaces; but that they keep up the finery of their best

apartments just for show, and dwell in the inferior ones. The *Serra* palace has a saloon, of Corinthian order, which is said to be the finest thing of the kind in Europe. The whole space of the walls of this saloon is covered with gold and looking-glass; and the ceiling, according to the fashion of the country, is beautifully painted. The floor is made of mastich, a sort of cement, very highly polished, and seemingly very hard. Window-curtains of satin, gilded chairs and sofas, rose-wood tables, and so forth: these are the furniture. A mere gaudy saloon, like this, is, after all, not worth taking much trouble to see. One cannot, to be sure, help saying, "I wonder how much it *cost*"; but, there ends its interest, as far as *wonder* is concerned. Very inferior is such a sight as this, indeed, compared with some productions of the fine arts which are to be seen at GENOA. Several of the palaces and churches are decorated with beautiful paintings. The most surprising object is a piece of sculpture of MICHAEL ANGELO, which is to be seen in the chapel of a fine large hospital, or workhouse, called *L'Albergo de'Poveri*, or the habitation of the poor. It is an *alto relievo*, and represents the Virgin Mary in the act of bending over the dead body of our Saviour. The work is in a small compass, and includes only the busts of the two figures, and they are less than the natural size. There is a softness, and an expression so truly heavenly, about this thing, particularly in the hand of the Virgin, and in the closed eyes and half-open mouth of the Christ, that no tech-

nical tutoring, no previously acquired "taste for the arts," is necessary to fill you with admiration on beholding it. The composure in the features of death is so expressive, that one can hardly believe, to look at them, that the marble in which they are cut was *never animated*. The object of the immortal artist appears to have been, to make the beholders of a piece of stone marvel at finding it not to be human flesh; and in this he has pretty nearly succeeded; for, there is an involuntary inclination to consult the sense of *touch* on viewing this bit of sculpture, which shows that the evidence of *sight* alone is hardly satisfactory.—GENOA was formerly one of the most important sea-ports in the world. She is now of but little consequence in this way. There is a good deal of manufacture here; particularly of velvet, silk, and lace. These they export, besides great quantities of marble, and some fruit. The country is not productive in grain; and, therefore, there are large importations of this to GENOA and her neighbouring towns, from Sicily and the Levant. GENOA is still a magnificent object to look at from the sea, and in this view the palace of her great ANDREA DORIA is now as conspicuous as ever. But, on a closer inspection, the Admiral's palace becomes but a solemn picture of greatness in ruin; and such, I dare say, is GENOA herself, in comparison with what she once was.—The church of *San Lorenzo* has a circumstance of peculiar interest belonging to it, as it is said to contain the bones of *St. John Baptist*. The place of their deposit is a little

chapel on one side of the church. I do not know if these relics are ever exposed to view, as is the case with some of the remains of saints among the Catholics. The ladies, however, are never suffered to go within a certain distance of the spot where the bones lie. Those who have the place in their custody, are determined that the saint shall be avenged, as far as possible, on the whole sex, as it was a *woman* who was the instigator to his death.

12*th*.—Fair (63).—The palaces of GENOA are not all included within her walls. There are many beautiful and very large houses within from one to three miles of the city. The proprietors of these do not always, nor, I believe, generally speaking, make any use of them. We see several, to-day, which are both unoccupied and unfurnished. It seems as if these places were made in accordance with the taste, or perhaps the means, of a different age. It would certainly require large fortunes to sustain establishments in them equal to the style in which they are laid out. We are told that a part of the nobility of GENOA spend their money at Rome, and other places, where they meet with a state of society such as used to exist at GENOA at the time her superb palaces and villas were built. But there are, at the same time, some people of large estate here, who, while they live with economy and in retirement from high life, devote a large part of their incomes to *pious uses*, to the poor and to the church, after the manner of their forefathers, many of whom have been distinguished for this exem-

plary mode of employing their money. There are several churches in this city, each of which has been erected, and expensively adorned, at the cost of a single noble family. The hospitals, too, attest the piety of the opulent and high-born of ages not very distant, whatever may be the character of the present generation. The magnificent villas, or country palaces, some of which we have seen to-day, are by no means allowed to fall into decay, though to all appearance they are deserted by their owners. The walls and ceilings of the halls, chambers, and saloons, are painted in *fresco*, as the Italians call it, a sort of decoration very common in this country, and one the effect of which is more elegant than can be described in few words. The subjects of the main pictures have been furnished from history, real or fabulous, ancient or modern, sacred or profane. Some of the groups are exceedingly fine, and some of the figures are as large as life. The exercise of the painter's art and imagination have not been confined, entirely, to the *inside* of these dwellings. There are paintings, even of figures, on some of the exterior walls. Mr. FORSYTH says of these, in speaking of the palaces of GENOA: "This fashion of painting figures on house-"fronts was introduced at Venice by Georgioni; but "though admired even by severe critics, to me it appears "*too gay* for any building that affects *grandeur*. No-"thing can be grand in architecture that bears a "perishable look." Mr. FORSYTH was so much of an architect, that he regarded as an eye-sore, what I, know-

ing nothing of architecture, cannot help looking upon as agreeable to the sight. His criticism is, no doubt, very just. To those who would be absorbed by nothing less than the grand, gaiety may seem a despicable intruder. Yet, this out-o'-door painting must, one would think, always have a charm for the eye of an Englishman, even though he be as rigid a *connoisseur* as Mr. FORSYTH. It *is gay;* and gaiety is a thing which, in a strange country, the traveller is not apt to find over-abundant. It is one of the striking characteristics of a serene climate, and, as such, is as pleasing to us in the reflections it leads to as it is novel in itself; just as is the thrashing of corn in the field where it was grown, and the dancing upon the green-sward under no shelter but the trees. The gardens of some of these palaces are large and handsome. There is much formality about them; but they have many things to make them admired by people of every taste. The grottos, with fountains and statues of the fabled inhabitants of water, are very curious. There are green-houses full of the rarest plants. The Italian gardeners profess to be indebted to us for their shrubberies: these are called *giardini Inglesi*, or *English gardens.* The evergreen oak flourishes here, and is now producing great quantities of acorns. The *oleander* grows to a great size, always in the open ground. The oranges and lemons are now bearing great loads of fruit. To-day I counted the oranges of a single bunch, every one of which was *touching* some one other orange: there were *thirteen* fine, full-grown oranges, and all nearly ripe.

Some of the most attractive of *Flora's* charms are here now in perfection: there are lots of carnations of the largest blossom, and these, too, in the open air.—The Genoese are said to bear a bad character; but four days' residence is hardly sufficient to enable us to judge for ourselves on this point. One thing I may venture to say against them; which is, that their *language* is abominable. There are, in fact, two languages at Genoa. Those who have been to school speak the real Italian, or something like it; while the common people have all a gibberish of their own. The Genoese language is one of the distinct corruptions, or *dialects* as they are called, of Italy.—The hotels in this city are fine. The least agreeable circumstance attending them is, your being obliged to have to do with a set of porters, called *facchini*. The traveller is hardly within the town, before some of these fellows are apprized of it, and they quickly prepare to seize upon his luggage. The inn-keeper does not pretend to take charge of you until you are extricated from the hands of these hawk-like gentry, who are *privileged* in their office, none of them being connected with any hotel in particular, and who make you pay enormously for their assistance. If you object to their unreasonable demands, they refer you, at once, to the "*tarifa*;" for there is an established law by which they are permitted to come at your pocket.

13*th*. RUA.—Fine (62). We start this morning on our road to PISA, having engaged another French

voiturin with his carriage and three horses. We have been delighted with the conduct of the two men who brought us from MARSEILLES to NICE and from NICE to GENOA. Their manner of attention had something more than bare *civility* in it, it was really *politeness*; that, too, evidently honest, and independent of views towards gain.—It is but a short ride to this place. We have heavy hills to climb, and stop here early in the evening, in preference to being benighted in the attempt to arrive at some more distant and, perhaps, less agreeable sleeping-place. RUA is but a little village; the village is nearly out of sight from the house in which we are lodged, a small inn standing at the road-side. From this spot there is an extensive view of the gulf. This evening's sun-set was uncommonly beautiful. The light clouds had all sorts of tints but such as denote a storm; and the surface of the sea, in a complete calm, seemed as smooth as a piece of glass.

14*th*. SESTRI-DI-LEVANTE.—Fine (63). This is a small town, just on the sea-shore. We put up at a good inn, which stands at a few hundred yards outside of the town.—Our route is the continuation of the RIVIERA. The mountains still very high, as on the other side of GENOA. A large part of the country quite unproductive; but some fine views of land, cultivated in the terrace or step fashion. Olives; vines; mulberry-trees.—The mulberry-tree is necessarily grown in great quantities in this part of Italy. Silk, in the raw state, is one of the main products of the land in Piedmont. The silk of this

country is, I believe, considered to be of the best quality that is used in our English manufactures.—We perceive, as we go on, that the vines increase in the height to which they are trained. They are generally trained as espaliers, or to high trellis-work; but here the vines are often less restricted, and are suffered to climb up among the branches of the trees.—The wheat is grown, as in some parts of France, in drills from one to two feet asunder. They say that, by this mode of sowing, the ground may bear a repetition of the same crop the following year; but it seems to be considered by the farmers that a broad-cast yields more than a drilling.

15th. BORGHETTO.—Fine day, but cold at night (60).—There was a something in the sound of the name *Borghetto* which would have prevented me from being much astonished on entering this place, even if we had not seen other like places during our day's ride. The Italian *borgo*, like our *borough*, to which it answers, is a really ugly name; and the indication of pettiness in the "*etto*" hides none of the ugliness of the radical term. I do not know whether there be any civil corruption among the inhabitants of BORGHETTO; but, certain it is, that while our "*borough*" conveys figuratively the idea of a great sink-hole, this little *borgo* is a sink-hole in reality. There is but one street, and that very small; and it is, in proportion to its extent, as full of muck and mire as any English farm-yard in the worst of seasons. The houses are few in number, and all huddled close together, after the fashion of the country. A large

stream of water runs close by the place; so that filth here can find no excuse in a want of water, at any rate. We were almost in despair at the first glimpse of the two wretched inns, one or the other of which we were obliged to choose. The alternative was somewhat awful: both looked so exactly alike, and both so unlikely to suit our taste. But we had the benefit of our *voiturin's* experience; and he conducted us to the one which he had found to be the best, or, rather, the least bad of the two. This is, after all, not so very bad a house of entertainment. We have been in places less comfortable since we left home. And it is but right, here, to acknowledge the soundness of the lesson, that one ought not always to judge by outward appearances. We have a civil and obliging landlord; though his house is, to be sure, as dirty as it can well be. We were a little surprised to hear our host, as soon as he saw us, begin to talk pretty good English. He seems to have travelled over almost all Europe, and has been in North America. He talks in glowing terms of the green hills of Devonshire. That he should have seen so much is less astonishing than he would have his guests believe. The wonder is, that he should be able quietly to settle down in such a place as *this*, while recalling, as he does, the images of some other places that he has been in. Here, indeed, is a proof of that pure *love of country*, that attachment to the soil, to the one little spot even, which some frigid philosophers affect not to feel, or, not being able to feel it themselves, endeavour to persuade us that

the sentiment contributes nothing to our superiority in the scale of creation. The man seems to have been born for a rover; and such he has been. But he was born *at Borghetto;* and here he is back again. I have seen no beautiful country that has not been seen by him in his rovings. Yet, he is now content to remain in the least agreeable and very nastiest of all spots that I have ever met with. If this is not real *patriotism*, what are we to call it?—The chesnut-tree grows here on the mountains in a natural state, and in vast quantity. The nuts are a principal part of the food of the common people. This fruit, which has been called the *manna* of the Apennines, is here a substitute for bread, and is eaten, cooked, in a variety of shapes.—We pass, to-day, through several little villages of the same description as BORGHETTO. To attempt to say what these places are *like* would be useless. All I can say of them must be in the negative, and, merely, that they are like nothing that I have ever either seen, heard, or dreamed of. The pencil, perhaps, might convey some idea. But the work is really too much for the pen; or, at least, for that of a plain proser. The describer would, however, here need but little fancy, if he were only bold enough to come upon us with the terrific truth: so little is left for imagination to supply, and so staggering the reality. In a word, these *borghettos* are such, that an English traveller would wish the road to wind round their outskirts, so as to *keep clear* of them altogether. If you did not actually see living people in passing through them, you would not believe

that these holes were now inhabited by human beings. You would look upon them as ruins of places built a thousand years ago, from which the inhabitants had been driven away by a pestilence engendered in their own filth.—The appearances of the country to-day, as well as that of the people and their dwellings, any thing but agreeable. We came out of sight of the sea on leaving SESTRI-DI-LEVANTE. Some of the mountains wear the ornament of the chesnut-tree; but, generally speaking, the mountains here are heavy-looking and barren, having nothing of the picturesque but their immense size. A large part of the people are beggars. The families of the poor people here are unusually large. The children swarm like bees; in a country, too, of the least *flowery* kind. The little creatures are always on the alert for a fresh passenger, like bees for a bursting bud. They run out of their hovels with all the buzz and hum of the hive, and pitch on upon a carriage full of people with the same avidity that the industrious insect does upon a sweet and transient blossom.

16*th*. SARZANA.—Fine day, but cold towards evening (62).—When we left BORGHETTO this morning, the ground was covered with a very white frost, and the night had been cold enough to produce thin *ice*, the first signs of winter that have occurred to us as yet.—This day's ride far more pleasant than that of yesterday. We come through SPEZIA, which is a place of some size, having a population of about 4,000 inhabitants, and is said to be one of the best ports in the Mediterranean.

This town is admirably situated. It is right on the sea, and at the innermost part of a recess in the coast, called the *Gulf of Spezia*. The town stands on nearly a level, and is sheltered all around, inland, by steep Apennine mountains, one of which we descended to approach it. The immediate neighbourhood of SPEZIA is delightful. The land is rich. Fine olives and vines. The latter are nicely trained to trees standing in rows, the shoots being led from tree to tree, or brought to meet each other half way, and so tied together at their ends. We stop some time in SPEZIA, putting up at a very comfortable inn. I do not wonder to find so good a house of entertainment at this town. The place is altogether so agreeable that it must, I should think, have plenty of visitors, and induce many a traveller to loiter by the way.—Just before we arrive at SARZANA, we have to cross the river *Magra*. We are carried across, carriage and horses and all, in a large clumsy ferry-boat. SARZANA is a small episcopal town, in which we are comfortably lodged.

17*th*. PIETRA-SANTA.—Fine: coldish morning, after a slight frost (61).—To this place we come through LAVENZA, and MASSA or MASSA-CARRARA. Our ride to-day was through a most pleasant country of good land, well cultivated. Less of the *sublime* here; for here we quit the mountains. LAVENZA is a strong little town, on the sea, and belonging to the Duchy of Modena. MASSA (on the river *Frigido*), another sea-port, is a place of considerable size; its population is about 10,000.

It is agreeably situated, in a smiling plain. MASSA is a Duchy, and is connected with CARRARA in a Principality.—PIETRA-SANTA, where we sleep to-night, is a middling-sized *borgo*, or market-town. The principal inn here, which stands just without the town, is a very comfortable one. At PIETRA-SANTA we are within the *Tuscan* territory.

18*th*. PISA.—A rainy day, but not cold (57). Approaching PISA, we come through a country the cast of which is very different from that of the rocky RIVIERA. Here we are on a vast level. Land good; crops of wheat, vetches, and horse-beans, and vines trained to poplar-trees.

19*th*.—Cloudy day (58).—We are at the inn called the *Ussero*, which is a good house. This, the *Pelicano*, and the *Tre Donzelle*, are the three principal inns in PISA. The *Tre Donzelle* is, however, the best of the three, particularly as respects situation.

20*th*.—Fine (61).—To-day we take a private lodging, intending to remain for some time at PISA.

21*rst*.—Somewhat cloudy (59). PISA is the largest city, with the exception of Florence only, in all Tuscany. It is said to be one of the most ancient places in the world. At this time there are about 17,000 inhabitants in PISA: four hundred years ago there were as many as 150,000. The city, surrounded by a high and ancient wall, stands in a vast plain, which is bordered on one side by the Apennines and on the other by the Mediterranean. The river *Arno* runs through the city, in

such a way as to divide it into two nearly equal parts. There are three good bridges over the river, one of which is of marble. The *Arno* flows into the sea at a very few miles hence. LEGHORN, the principal seaport of Tuscany, is only about fourteen miles from this place.

22*d*.—Fair (58).—We are by no means disappointed in PISA. It is a place much talked of, to be sure; yet, with all we had heard of this place before we came to it, we acknowledged, immediately on entering the city, that PISA had not been undeservedly praised. The principal streets are of a good width, and they are extremely well paved. But the main part of what renders PISA an agreeable place of residence, may be said to consist of the *Lung' Arno*, as it is called; that is, all that part of the city which is immediately alongside of the Arno. This they call the *Lung' Arno*, meaning, *along the Arno*. On each side of the river there is a fine wide and well-paved quay, or, rather, way to walk and drive upon, extending, close on the river's side, all through the city. This *Lung' Arno* is a scene of so much life, that every other part of PISA is comparatively a desert. The sunny side of the river is the fashion in winter, and the shady side in summer.

23*rd*.—Cloudy day, and rain at night (56).

24*th*.—Cloudy: the weather very damp, but not cold (55).

25*th*.—We went last night (Christmas Eve) to the church called *Chiesa de' Cavalieri*, to witness the

Catholic midnight mass, the *Vigil of the Nativity*, a ceremony observed in all Catholic churches. This church has been called *de' Cavalieri*, after the *Knights* of St. Stephen, the bones of which saint are said to be here deposited. There were a great many people at the mass. A great deal of good music; and the organ, they say, is the finest in Europe. Some of this music, however, the music we hear in the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, is very surprising to Protestant ears. It is any thing but consistent with our notion of *sacred music*. The gayest airs seem to be adopted in the church service; and the Catholic often worships God of a Sunday morning with the same tune that he has been dancing a quadrille to perhaps only the night before. How different this from our English psalm-singing! It requires some time for us to reconcile, at all, the solemn accents of devotion with such a lively kind of accompaniment. We Protestants are apt to think, with POPE, that

> Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
> Make the soul *dance upon* a *jig* to heaven.

25*th*.—Cloudy, and rather cold (55).—At about four miles out of PISA there are some *baths*, which we go to see to-day. These baths have been very much famed for the cure of some complaints. The water is warm, and pours down from a spring which rises amongst the mountains at no great distance off.

26*th*.—Rainy day (57).

27*th*.—Same weather (56).

28*th*.—Same weather (54).

29*th*.—Fine clear day (60).—Go to LEGHORN (in Italian LIVORNO), and return to PISA to-night. LEGHORN is a place of no great antiquity. Three hundred years ago it was a mere nothing at all. This port owes all its importance to the family of the *Medici*. Its population, at this time, is upwards of 50,000, of which, I understand, no less than 20,000 are *Jews*. The harbour is very safe and capacious, and the main street of the city, which is full of shops, has a constant life and stir in it. Among the objects of curiosity here are the Lazarettos, the burying-ground of the English, and the Jews' synagogue. In the burying-ground lie the remains of SMOLLET. The Jews glory in their synagogue at LEGHORN, it being one of the grandest temples in the world belonging to this "stiff-necked race."—The Jews are highly favoured in Tuscany. I understand that they are even admitted to the holding of public offices, as much as Christians are.

30*th*.—Very clear day, but with a coldish wind (59).

31*rst*.—Clear, cold day, with a pretty smart frost at night: ice, in our court-yard, a quarter of an inch thick (50).

JANUARY, 1829.

1*rst*.—A real wintry new year's day, with a frost at night (42). The thermometer is very useful, inasmuch as it enables you to judge of extreme heats and frosts,

and of general *steadiness* or *unsteadiness* in the air. But the state of the thermometer, to-day, can give no idea of this day's cold. The north-east wind is severe beyond any thing that we could have expected to feel at PISA. If there were much such weather here every winter, this would certainly not be the climate, above all others, to nurse weak lungs in. They tell us, however, that the weather we now have is very rarely known in this part of Italy, and that the season is a most extraordinary one.

2*d.*—Fine, clear cold day, and frost at night (47).

3*rd.*—Same weather (47). Go to LEGHORN, and return in the evening.

4*th.*—This morning we have a light sprinkling of snow, and the day turns out rainy (45). The tops of the distant Apennines may now be seen covered with snow.

5*th.*—Rain all day (44). The grandeur that now remains to PISA, though it lies in a smallish compass, is still enough to make her highly interesting. Here is a *duomo* or cathedral, a baptestry, a *campanile* or belfry, and a burying-place called the *Campo-Santo*, or holy-ground. These stand just within the wall of the city; they are all four very near each other; and you see them to great advantage, for there are no other buildings in the way on any side. They are all built of one material, one sort of marble; and one would suppose, on a general view, that they were all of the same age, and made, as it were, to go together. They were not, how-

ever, all planned by the same architect, nor erected at one time. The building of these edifices occurred at different dates, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The cathedral, and the baptestry which stands close by it, are two of the finest buildings I have ever seen. There are many fine pictures, and pieces of statuary, in the inside. But the *bronze doors* are the objects most worthy of admiration, and these it is impossible not to admire exceedingly. We cannot help wondering, too, to see how little injury has been suffered by such old buildings, either from time or ill-will. The belfry has the name of *Leaning Tower*, from its having a considerable inclination to one side. It is in the form of a round tower, is nearly 200 feet high; and its leaning, or departure from the perpendicular line, is full as much as *four English yards*. Some people, particularly the Pisans, attribute the producing of this curiosity to design in the artist, and would have you believe that it is a miraculously successful prank in architecture; but soberer judges are of opinion that a sinking at the foundation has been the cause. The *Campo-Santo* is a most beautiful and most curious thing. It is a large rectangular building. The interior space is, like any other burying-ground, open to the air. All that of it, indeed, which is under roof, consists in a wide and elegant arcade, which goes, on the inside of the *Campo*, all the way round the wall. The inner side of the roof is supported by columns, and the outer side rests on the wall. All the inside of the wall is covered with paintings, *in fresco*, the greater

part of which are relating to subjects from Scriptural history. DANTE'S *Inferno* is one of the things here handled by the painter; and truly *infernal* he has made it. Beside the paintings, there are statues in marble, monuments, and tombs. The tomb of ALGAROTTI is here. It is said that the earth contained in the area of the *Campo-Santo* was actually *brought all the way from the Holy Land.* This circumstance it is which renders the place so curious. We are told that the earth was brought here by ARCHBISHOP LANFRANCHI, when he returned from the wars in the Holy Land, which was before the building now called *Campo-Santo* was commenced. This occurred upwards of six hundred years ago. And hence it was that the spot obtained the name of *Holy Ground.* Some of the *fresco* paintings here were made more than four hundred years ago. Some parts of them are, it is true, considerably damaged; and restorations have been made of late years. But, what a sign of the *climate* is this, that most of these paintings, paintings against a plaster wall and exposed to the air, are still so nearly perfect. It is a wonder, indeed, that they have not all been entirely effaced for ages past.

6*th.*—Same weather (43).

7*th.*—Fine day, and rain at night (44).

8*th.*—Rain (44). To those who can do without mountain scenery, and who can be contented with a plain, the neighbourhood of PISA is pleasant. The land lies in a perfect flat; but it is well cultivated. There is

a larger extent of level land here than we have seen any where in Italy as yet. For miles around this city, in all directions, the land is generally both good and well farmed. Towards the sea, however, there is a large tract of country which they call *maremma* (marsh). The marshes are by no means unproductive. They feed great numbers of cattle. The marshy land runs for a great distance along the coast of Tuscany towards the dominions of the Pope. The air of these *maremme* becomes more or less pestilential towards the autumn of every year, particularly in some spots, the inhabitants of which are obliged either to flee or to run the risk of being seized with a dreadful tertian fever. It is not, however, till you get a long way south of LEGHORN, that the people are found subject to the fever. The infectious air is called *mal' aria* (bad air.) The neighbourhood of Pisa itself, even, was formerly not free from this *mal' aria*. But I am assured that there is nothing of the kind here now, and that the air of PISA has been very much bettered by the draining and tilling of the land. The *winter* air of PISA is generally allowed to be mild. As for the summer and autumn, we must not be guided by descriptions of the country as it was sixty or eighty years back, nor by modern book-makers, who pass their judgment by a republication of accounts which they find in old books.

9th.—Fair (52).—The principal crops of the plain of PISA are, *wheat, Indian corn, rye, barley, horse-beans, vetches, hemp, flax, and lupines.* They have some white

turnips also. Their crops of these latter are but very poor, although the soil appears to suit them. The turnips are a winter food for their horned cattle. Speaking of this sort of cattle, by-the-bye, the name of "John *Bull*," and the fame of his "roast *beef* of old England," naturally flatter us into the notion that we have the finest horned cattle in the world. I will not say that we are mistaken in this notion; but, I must allow that the Tuscans have a right, here, to boast a good deal. The far greater part of their farming-work is done with oxen; and these animals are, certainly, some of the most beautiful of their kind that I have ever seen. The cows, as well as the oxen, are often brought under the yoke. The Tuscan horned cattle are rarely spotted. They seem to be very distinct in their kinds; indeed, there seems to be but one kind of them. Their colour varies but little, and is always most delicate: dove colour, cream colour, or a very light brown, with dark horns, muzzles, legs, and tails. They are deep in carcase, elegant in shape, and have small heads, with middling-sized horns, which turn up pretty much like those of the Scotch *kiloe*. I have seen no horned cattle in Italy that were not handsome. The oxen we saw in Piedmont were very handsome, though not so large as those of Tuscany. The yoke to which these docile animals submit is of the simplest kind; it consists of nothing more than pieces of wood tied together with cord. This is all the harness they wear. The carriage they draw is a long cart with a pole; and the oxen draw in pairs, the pole of the cart being fastened

to the beam of their yoke. They do not, in fact, *draw* the weight, but *push* it rather. They do not draw from the shoulder with the bows of their yoke, like a horse with his collar: the beam rests on the front of their withers; and with that part the beasts lean against their burden and send it along. The ox is bridled, and in a manner the most effectual. I can compare the bridle, or *morsa* as they call it, to nothing but a pair of *sugar-nippers*, which it resembles both in form and material, though not in severity. It is a light iron instrument, about a foot long. The curved points of the nippers, which are made to lay hold of the ox by his nostrils, are not sharp, and do not quite meet together. The thing has two long handles to it, at the extremities of which are eyes, through which is passed a cord. The cord, drawn pretty tight, and fastened round one of the animal's horns, keeps the two handles flat against his face, the nippers safe in his nose, and the ox, consequently, on his good behaviour.

10*th*.—Fair (52).—The farms here are not divided into fields; at least, they are not regularly intersected with hedges or decided fences. There are deep ditches cut to carry off the water, a great part of the land being wet in winter time. A mere ditch is, with us, hardly to be called a *fence* at all. We are accustomed to find both utility and ornament in fencing: the ditch secures the former of these to the Pisan farmers, and the latter they need not look for in a mere *fence*. Alas! (for I cannot speak of it without some of the regret that envy inspires)

the borders of their fields are beautified by what we can never hope see equalled in our fields; nay, not even in our gardens. I have seen much in this country which would, in my opinion, make England any thing but suffer by a comparison. But I cannot help envying the Italians one charm that their country possesses: I mean her *vines*. Here the fields have rows of trees planted round them; and the trunks and branches of these trees are supporters of the vine, the greatest embellishment that a country can possibly have. The vine is not at all the same thing here that it is in France. In France it is comparatively a humble thing. The French cut it down nearly as we cut our currants, check its vigorous and aspiring shoots, and confine them to the height of a mere stake. It is not only to the palate, and to the sight on a general view of the country, that the vine here affords gratification. Each individual tree, or row of trees, with the vines clambering up and hanging from the branches, is an object of admiration in itself. It is enough, without any thing else, to characterise a whole country, and tells the stranger from the north that he has here got into quite a new region. The poplar, that which we call *black Italian*, and the common maple, are the trees most commonly used to train the vine to. The reason given by the farmers for using these, in preference to other trees, is the same which we read in PLINY and VARRO: these trees give less offence to the vine, do not so much overshadow it as most other trees would. The trees are not allowed to grow their full height; they are lopped so far as to make

them nearly pollards; and this lopping is done every year at the time when the vines are pruned. The work of pruning and training takes place in winter. It is now going on. The yearling shoots are of great length; some of them as much as from twenty to twenty-five feet long. The wood, old and new, is cut away without much mercy; for they here know the vine too well to treat it with an over-sparing hand. In training, a main object seems to be that of directing the shoots *downwards*; and this in order to make them bear more fruit. The yearling shoots, that are to bear fruit in the following summer, are brought together in twos; each two are twisted round and round one another; cut off at a certain distance, and tied together with a twig of osier. The shoots, thus managed, hang over the branches of the tree with their ends towards the ground. Some of them are bent outwards in the form of a bow, the ends being tied in to the tree or to the main stem of the vine. Others are led away from the tree, and have their ends tied to the tops of high stakes at four or five yards off. Great taste is shown by these people in this matter. They give it all the variety that such a thing can admit of. One of the forms is particularly elegant; that in which two couples of twined shoots are brought to meet each other half way between two trees, there tied together, and their extremities bent right and left and tied again, in such a way as to make a festoon. How beautiful all this must be in the summer or autumn, with the broad leaves, tendrils, and clusters of grapes, we

may easily imagine. This sketch will serve to give some idea of a row of trees and vines, at this season, as they are just after being pruned and trained. (See page 65.)

11*th.*—Fair (53).

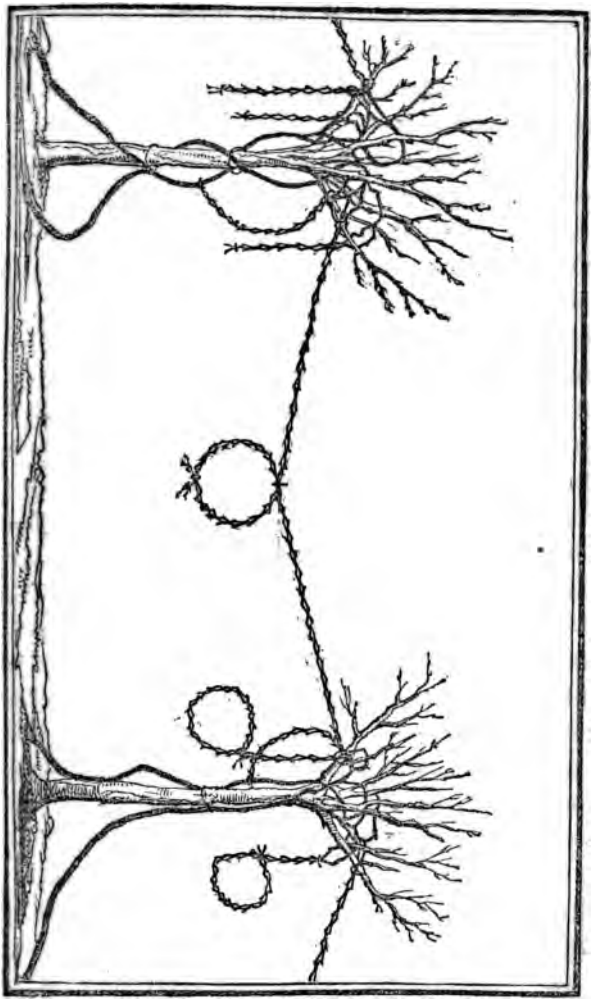
12*th.*—Hard rain (55).

13*th.*—Very fine day (61).

14*th.*—Same weather (65).

15*th.*—Clear, but cold (57).

16*th.*—Fine day, with rain at night (55). This city has an ancient and celebrated university. To this university the students come, many of them, from distant parts of the world. The Pisans admit that they themselves are very idle, and that they do but little honour to this their seat of learning, very few of the youth of PISA being at all given to study. Here are professorships of law, medicine, mathematics, and other sciences. The lectures are open to the public, and the students have the benefit of them gratis. There is a separate hall for the delivering of lectures on each branch of study. The halls are by no means elegant. There is a sort of pulpit, in which the lecturer sits while he is lecturing, with benches for the students. An advocate, a professor of criminal law, whom I listened to this morning, wore his gown and cap; and these must have contributed not less to his comfort than to his dignity, for the air was by no means warm, and the hall had no fire in it. The students, who were busy in taking notes, kept their hats on their heads, and all wore cloaks or great coats. They



SKETCH OF ONE OF THE FORMS OF VINE-TRAINING IN ITALY.

were dressed in a variety of clothes, mostly of an ordinary quality and cut; some had round jackets and trousers, looking more like handicraftsmen than men of law. There was one circumstance that said much for the habits of the University: the lecture was begun at half past eight in the morning; it was a lecture *before breakfast*. As to the *law* of this country, it would be difficult, I suppose, to find out what it *is* exactly. It is, as far as I can get any information about the matter, a mixture of all the laws, from the earliest to the latest times, that have existed in Italy. It would be impossible to judge fairly of the political state of this people by a comparison of their law with *ours*. The two grand subjects of our boast they know nothing of: they have no *juries* and no *House of Commons*. The judges administer justice without the assistance of the people; and the Grand Duke, with his four counsellors (Minister of *the Interior*, Minister of *Foreign Affairs*, Minister of *Finance*, and Minister of *War*), takes the welfare of the state under his own exclusive protection. In 1786 LEOPOLD I., the then Grand Duke of Tuscany, published an edict for the reform of the criminal law in his dominions; and when BONAPARTE came he established that new light in law called the *Code Napoleon*. At the subsequent restoration, when the Austrians came back, it was left to the Tuscans to choose what they would retain, and what reject, of the different specimens of "codification" that they had experienced. The edict of LEOPOLD I., who is said to have been a singularly mild prince, was so

much talked of for the wisdom and humanity of its provisions, that it was translated into our language some years ago, and published in England.—The punishments for crimes are not over severe. Many of such criminals as would forfeit their lives in England are here imprisoned for life. Long imprisonments are more common, and hangings very much less common, than with us. Those who are convicted of serious offences are brought out of the jail every day to sweep and clean the streets. They are chained together, and draw after them a light cart, into which goes whatever there is to clear away. They are attended by two or three masters of such ceremonies, each of whom carries a long blunderbuss slung over his shoulder. The convicts are dressed in yellow or red clothes, and with or without shoes and stockings, according to the degree of their offences and the time for which they are to be in prison. There is another degrading punishment, resembling our pillory. The offender is made to stand up against the outside of the prison wall, so that the people may come and gaze at him. His arms are tied back, and on his breast is a placard declaring the nature of his offence.

17*th*.—Fine day, and rain at night (50).

18*th*.—Showery (53).—The people here are uncommonly sensible of cold. The men seem to be more so than the women. The women, that is, of the working and middling class, go about the streets without any thing, or with nothing more than a cap, on their heads, as the women do in France. But the men wrap them-

selves up at the least feeling of chill in the air, not only enveloping the whole body, from the shoulders downwards, in a cloak or a great-coat worn with their arms out of the sleeves: they even muffle up the face, leaving just enough open to see their way by. Here the people seldom have fires for the express purpose of warming themselves. The winters are not, in general, sufficiently cold to establish the habit of keeping up a fire in the sitting-room; and it is not every room that has any fire-place in it. They do, however, make use of a little portable warming-machine, a little earthenware pot, with a bow handle, in which they put some hot ashes and embers. This machine (called *scaldino*) is used, chiefly, to warm the hands; though the ladies frequently set it on the floor, and hide it under their petticoats, as the French do with their *chauffepié*. In offices of different kinds there are not generally fires, as with us; but you see the *scaldino* on the desk or table.

19*th*.—Fair (59).

20*th*.—Fine warm day, and hard rain at night (59).—There is a good-sized theatre at Pisa. The playing, however, seems to be managed with very niggardly economy. A single piece is made to run for half the season. They go to the play more for the purpose of killing time and gossiping with those they meet, than for any entertainment that the stage affords.

21*rst*.—Fine day, with rain at night (52).—PISA is all the fashion just now; not merely on account of the number of foreigners who make it a winter residence,

but because the Grand Duke and his family always come, at this season, to pass a few weeks here. They come to PISA about Christmas, and go back to FLORENCE for the carnival. During their stay there are always a certain number of grand balls given by the nobility, and the Duke gives two or three balls at his own palace. The present Grand Duke, LEOPOLD II., is remarkable for his graciousness and freedom from ostentation. He is very popular with his subjects, who speak of him with pride. I happened to omit an essential part of the royal title a few days ago, in speaking to the porter at the Campo-Santo: he told me, as a matter of important news, that the "*sovrano*" had paid him a visit that morning. *Come*, I asked, *il Duca? Il* GRAN *Duca*, said the man, with a look of gentle reproof. The English are treated with much condescension by the Royal family. The being presented at Court is an honour which almost all those of us who seek may easily obtain. These people, the Tuscans, are as affable and courteous as one could possibly wish. The only disagreeable objects that have struck us, *en société*, are some importations from our own dear country: a few bluff, self-sufficient Englishmen, and half a dozen or so of falandering dames, who embarked, most likely, at Wapping stairs, when they set out for modern Etruria. This place is not sufficiently far from England to be very *select* in its English society; and as the Pisans cannot always discriminate between our gentry properly so called and our vulgar rich, they are apt to form some general notions about the "higher

orders" of England that are not very flattering. The English have always a certain sort of respect paid them, however little our manners may accord with those of this people. They think, here, that we are all *rich;* and money, it must be confessed, has great influence with the Italians in our favour. They say, however, that we are *orgogliosi e disprezzatori,* proud and contemptuous. I do not at all wonder at our having such a character: most Englishmen deserve it, judging from their conduct as travellers out of their own country.

22*nd.*—Rainy, and cold (52).—There is no want of field-sports in this country. The birds commonly found are partridges (of two sorts), pheasants (like the English), quails, woodcocks, snipes, and wild-ducks. The Italians, like the French, are very fond of small birds; of which there is a very small kind here called *beccafichi,* a bird which is eaten, also, in the south of France, and much esteemed for its flavour. There are foxes and wolves among the woody mountains; and in the marshes there is a sort of wild horn-cattle. But the *cignale,* or wild boar, is the great object of the chace; and it is found in abundance among all the woods near PISA. Horses, dogs, spears, and guns, are used in the pursuit of this animal. The Grand Duke is a hunter of the *porco salvatico.* His Imperial Royal Highness is said to be a *great shot* in this way. But it must be a highly privileged sportsman that would be pardonable in missing a pig.—The *game-law* of this country appears to be much the same as that of France: any one may obtain liberty

to shoot here, by paying, annually, about 5s. 6d. of our money, for leave to *carry a gun*. The certificate of that liberty, which is what you have to pay the money for, is called *porto d' armi*.

23*rd*.—Same weather (49).—They say that this winter is extraordinarily cold for PISA. I dare say it is so; for we have accounts of unusual severity in the weather in other countries, both north and south of this. We are lodged in, perhaps, the very warmest spot in the whole city. Our house is on the north side of the *Lung'Arno*, where the sun has great effect, shining on the fronts of the houses for many hours in the day. We are almost in summer, compared with those on the opposite side of the river. My thermometer may sometimes be a little too high to judge fairly; yet I always keep it in the shade, and as far as I can from any place immediately influenced by the sun. The following account of the temperature of the air in PISA has been given me by an English gentleman, who has lived here for some years past. His thermometer is that of *Fahrenheit*, which has always been placed, he says, in a passage on the first floor of his house. He tells me that, in that situation, and at *noon*, it has not generally exceeded 80 degrees, and was never below 76 degrees, in the month of *July*, which is the warmest month of the year in this climate.

Account kept of the temperature of the air in Pisa, for the year 1828. *The observation was made every day at noon, from the* 1*rst of January, to the* 31*rst of December.*—A. *the* AVERAGE *heat of each month,* H. *the* HIGHEST *degree, and* L. *the* LOWEST *degree at which the thermometer ever stood during the month.*

	A.	H.	L.
January.....	50⅓	60	40
February	51½	62	44
March	58⅓	66	50
April	66⅔	76	61
May	74	78	68
June	79	82	75
July	80⅓	86	76
August	78¼	80	74
September.....	76	84	68
October.....	66⅔	72	54
November.....	59⅓	64	52
December.....	51½	56	34

I have also an account of observations made at the Pisa Observatory, of the thermometer and barometer, during three successive years. The instruments they use here are those of the French. But, calculating according to *Fahrenheit's* thermometer, and the *English* barometer, the result will be as follows :—

THERMOMETER.

In 1815 the average height of the thermometer, for the whole year, was	60	66
In 1816	58	93
In 1817	61	22
Average of the three years..	60	26

BAROMETER.

In 1815 the average height of the barometer, for the whole year, was	29	934
In 1816	29	830
In 1817	29	936
Average of the three years..	29	932

The instruments are placed at thirteen yards above the pavement of the city. It will be seen that the observations have been made with great nicety. The foregoing

figures relate, as respects the thermometer, to *degrees* and *hundredths of a degree*, and, as respects the barometer, to *inches* and *thousandths of an inch*.—There has been much dispute about the *climate* of PISA; but I believe almost all those who pretend to judge of it allow that this climate is a wet or damp one; that is to say, in the winter and spring months. Its general *mildness* is admitted by all. The average account of the rain that fell for the three years, 1815, 1816, and 1817, as kept at the Observatory, is 48 $\frac{777}{1000}$: that is, during each year, 48 *inches* and 777 *thousandths of an inch* (English measure). This proves, at all events, that the quantity of rain is large; though we cannot judge, by this fact alone, of the general degree of humidity in the air.—I understand that the wind, during the warm weather of the summer, almost invariably blows off the sea, which is distant from PISA, in a direct line, not above four miles.

24*th*.—Fine day (54).

25*th*.—Very beautiful warm day (61).—The money in this country is all *hard*, of gold, silver, and copper; but it is of infinitely greater variety than the money of England. The principal coin, of any considerable value and in general circulation, is the *scudo*, which nearly resembles, in size, our *crown*. There are other silver coins smaller than the *scudo*; and these are, for the most part, what they call *paoli* (pauls), and half *paoli*. Ten *paoli* make one *scudo*; and the *scudo* is equal to 4*s*. 7*d*. English money. So that the smallest silver

coins here, the *paolo* and the half *paolo*, are worth, in our money, the former $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ and the latter $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ This is being minute enough for the *silver* part of the currency; but, when it comes to their less precious metal, the subdividing of the paul is almost without end. There are little pieces of money with the different names of *crazia*, *soldo*, and *quattrino*. The *crazia* is of copper, with a little bit of silver mixed in it. The *soldo* is all copper; and the *quattrino* is, I believe, composed of some material of still less value. One paul is equal to *eight crazie*, equal to *thirteen soldi and a third*, and equal to *forty quattrini:* so that, a *quattrino*, a coin in actual circulation, is worth only the *fortieth part* of our *fivepence halfpenny*. The *quattrino* is, as far as relates to *tangible* money, the extreme nicety. But there is, in the keeping of accounts, a money still smaller than even this; an *imaginary* money, called *denaro;* and it takes *one hundred and sixty denari* to make *one paul*. I reckon the *paolo*, or paul, to be equal in value to $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ of our money. This is very near about, if not exactly, what it is worth according to the average of exchange between England and Leghorn.

The Tuscan *libbra*, or lb. weight, is just the same as the English lb. *troy-weight;* and it is divided into 12 *once*, or ounces, like our lb. troy.

The Tuscan *sacco*, sack or bag (the corn-measure of this country), is just equal to two bushels of English *imperial* measure.

The Tuscan *braccio*, or arm (answering to our yard), is 23 English inches.

The Tuscan measure for land is what they call a *saccata*; and the *saccata* is just one-fourth more than our English acre.

The Tuscan wine-barrel contains 12 gallons of the English old wine-measure.

The Tuscan barrel of olive-oil weighs 88 Tuscan pounds.

26*th*.—Very fine day, with rain at night (54).—The system of farming in Tuscany is this: the landlord finds all the *capital*; and he pays for half of what it may be necessary to *buy*, such as food for the farmer's cattle, and manure for his land. For rent, and for the interest of his capital, the landlord receives one-half of the profits of the farm. The farmer cultivates the land, and attends to the stock, at his own expense. The day-labourer is paid as follows; I speak of *English* money, and suppose the labourer to have *lodging* found him:—

In winter time, with board.... $5\frac{1}{2}d.$
without board $11d.$

In summer time, with board.... $8\frac{1}{4}d.$
without board $16\frac{1}{2}d.$

The following are the TAXES of this country:—

A tax on inheritances and legacies (not heavy).

A tax of two *per cent.* on all sales of freehold property, as a register-tax.

A tax on stamps, which stamps must be used for all contracts, and every thing that goes before the tribunals, for petitions, and valuations, and for promissory notes. But no tax on *receipts*.

A tax on families, or householder-tax. For a labourer, 2*s*. 3½*d*. sterling *per annum*; for a proprietor of a house with not more than two or three acres of land, 3*s*. 5½*d*.; for farmers, 5*s*. 6*d*. (the highest); for landlords, merchants, traders, and professional men, from 5*s*. 6*d*. to 16*s*. 6*d*.—This tax is fixed by the mayors and corporations, and the magistrates.

A tax for the lighting, paving, &c. of cities and towns.

To give an idea of the *weight* of the two last-mentioned of these taxes, a gentleman who lives in Pisa, and the part building and altering of whose house and garden cost him 3208*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*: tells me that he pays 15*s*. 1½*d*. in family-tax, and 1*l*. 18*s*. 3*d*. towards the lighting, paving, &c. of the city.

Besides these taxes there are the following duties. Leghorn is a *free port*; but nothing could be brought from that city to Pisa, except by smuggling, without being subject to inspection, and to the payment of duty if required by the tariff. The consumer, in short, or the country trader, pays the duty on the goods, instead of the merchant who imports them.

A duty on cotton, linen, and woollen manufactured goods, of about 18 *per cent*, nominal value.

A duty on all sorts of hardware, which is classed, and pays from 5 to 10 *per cent. ad valorem.*—Bar and cast-iron are prohibited, there being a plenty of iron in the country.

A duty on tea, sugar, and coffee.

A duty on tobacco and snuff. This duty is farmed, I believe, by a few wealthy individuals of the nobility. No tobacco is permitted to be grown, excepting under the immediate superintendance of the government. The duty is not sufficiently high to prevent this article from being very cheap. It is taxed, I believe, all over Italy.

A duty on salt. This, like the tobacco, is, originally, sold only by the government. They sell it at 13 *quattrini*, that is, $\frac{13}{40}$ of our $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ the lb., and it costs them not more than one *quattrino*.—To those who employ salt in manufacture of any kind, the duty is remitted altogether.

A duty on some of the wines from foreign countries, and on foreign spirits. This duty is trifling.

A duty on meat, $1d.$ per lb.: on wine, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ per barrel: on olive oil, $1s.$: and a duty on bread, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese: on every thing, in short, that is eatable, there is a duty; that is to say, if it be brought to be consumed *within a city*.—So that, every thing we eat at Pisa has a duty paid on it by those who bring it to market.

27*th.*—Very disagreeable, wet day (49).

28*th.*—Fine day (59).

29*th.*—Fine morning, and rain towards the afternoon (58).—Land is sold here by a measure called *stiora.* The *stiora* is just one-ninth part of a *saccata.* The naked lands of the plains, at a few miles from Pisa, quite bare of trees and vines, are worth from 10 *scudi* (2*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*) to 14 *scudi* (3*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*) the *stiora.* Light, loamy lands, near the city, and well planted with their due portion of trees and vines, are worth from 40 *scudi* (9*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*) to 60 *scudi* (14*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*) the *stiora.* If the land lie low, and be subject to wet and floods in winter, it will not, though good in quality and well situated, fetch more than from 20 *scudi* (4*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.*) to 25 *scudi* (5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) the *stiora.* In speaking of the value of land in this country, at this time, we are not to be guided by the present prices of corn. Wheat is now at an unusually high price, on account of the great demand in the foreign market. In the last account published here of the prices of grain, the finest quality of Tuscany wheat is marked as being at about 72 shillings the quarter, which is more than double what it was two or three years ago. In the year 1825 the price of the common run of Pisan wheat was 3*s.* 5¼*d.* the *bushel* (English money and measure). At that time it was considered that a fair average of price and produce for years, to buy or sell land upon in this neighbourhood, was about as follows. I speak of English money, and English *imperial* measure:—

PRICE PER BUSHEL.

Wheat	3*s.* 1½*d.*
Indian corn	2*s.* 4¾*d.*
Rye	2*s.* 9*d.*
Beans	2*s.* 9*d.*
Oats	1*s.* 9½*d.*

PRODUCE ON A SACCATA OF LAND.

Wheat, on middling land	16 bushels.
Do. on the best land	28 bushels.
Indian corn	30 to 40 bushels.
Rye	20 bushels.
Beans	18 bushels.
Oats	20 bushels.

The grain in the plains of Pisa is of good quality. Some of the samples of wheat are very good. This neighbourhood does not, however, produce such fine wheat as some other parts of Tuscany. Good barley; but there is not much of this grown, and it sells for little more than the oats. The Indian corn, which is all of the yellow kind, is good; and it is of a middling size, the ears being from five to seven inches long. The rye is decidedly fine. The oats are by no means good; they are very meagre and light in grain. The beans are always good. These latter are generally grown in rows, as we have them in England; sometimes broadcast. When the crops are sowed, the land is put into pretty much the same shape as what ours is. But a great deal of the land here, as in some other parts of

Italy, is laid up in very narrow lands, or *ridges*; generally two bout ridges, but often not more than one bout. The wheat and other crops sowed on the ridges are sometimes in broadcast, the seed being thrown promiscuously all over the land, and covered with a bush-harrow, or by hand; and sometimes they are drilled, two or three drills on a ridge. Winter-vetches are much grown for spring fodder. The horse-beans here are sowed in the fall, and they are at this time about two or three inches high. This winter bean, which is, in size and all appearance, just like our horse-bean, has, I believe, been lately introduced among some of our English farmers. The produce of the winter bean comes off the ground, all perfectly ripe and dry, during the fine summer weather, instead of lying about the field, like the beans in England and the north of France, soaked through with the rains of autumn. It seems that this is the same bean that has always been grown in Italy from the earliest times. PALLADIUS, one of the ancient agricultural writers, says that they should be hoed in the month of *January*. This would be a little too early for PISA; but the author, no doubt, was giving directions to farmers in parts of Italy further to the south.

The poplar and other pollard trees, which are planted along the borders of the fields to support the vines, yield a considerable quantity of fire-wood every year. After the trees have got to be of a pretty good size, it is calculated that they afford, off an acre, at each annual lopping, fire-wood to the value of about 45 pauls, or 1*l.* 0*s.* 7½*d.*

The vines, as grown about Pisa, produce from 30 to 35 barrels on a *saccata* of land: that is, barrels of 12 gallons old English wine-measure each. In some situations they produce as much as 40 barrels. I speak of vines growing only in single rows around the fields, only on the borders of land where crops are sowed.

Lean oxen are sold in the marshes, after harvest-time, at from 16 *scudi* (3*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*) to 18 *scudi* (3*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*) each; and they are resold, after being fattened, at from 50 *scudi* (11*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*) to 60 *soudi* (13*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*) each.

Large and small bacon-pigs are sold at from $37\frac{1}{2}$ pauls (17*s.* $2\frac{1}{4}$*d.*) to 45 pauls (1*l.* 0*s.* $7\frac{1}{2}$*d.*) each.

A pair of fine Tuscan draught oxen, from 80 *scudi* (18*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) to 150 *scudi* (34*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*) the pair.

A pair of cows of the same race, from 60 *scudi* (13*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*) to 70 *scudi* (16*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*) the pair.

A pair of smaller-sized cows, from 32 *scudi* (7*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) to 35 *scudi* (8*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*) the pair.

A farm-horse, light and small, from 12 *scudi* (2*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*) to 20 *scudi* (4*l.* 11*s.* 8*d*).

30*th.*—The rain comes down in torrents (55).—The Arno is now very much swelled with rain. The river has risen, within these few days, full as much as ten feet. This river runs through the *Val d'Arno*, the Vale of Arno, as it is called, from FLORENCE to PISA, and to LEGHORN. Wares of all kinds are carried up and

down the river in barges. Travellers often go by the river; that is, down the stream. The current is pretty rapid at all times, and there are many windings and shallows, which would make the journey upwards a very tedious one. The boats and barges are drawn up the river by men or horses walking along the bank.

We see to-day, in a gentleman's garden in PISA, *roses*, *violets*, *strawberries*, and *mignonette*, all in blossom in the open ground, and without hand-glass or any thing of the kind. Tender shrubs, also, growing in the same situation: *oleander*, *hydranger*, and the common sort of *geranium*.

31*rst*.—Fine day (59). The Italians make their fires of wood. In cooking they use charcoal, like the French. The wood is generally that of the maple, which they call *oppio* or *loppo*, or of the oak, which they call *quercia*. Among their oaks is the evergreen-oak, which is here called *cerro*.

FEBRUARY.

1*rst*.—Fine day (59).—There is a place at about three miles out of PISA, called the *Cascina*, or cow-park. It is a dairy farm, belonging to the Grand Duke, on which he has a country house, and where he always keeps a fine herd of cows. These cows are large and handsome, all of one distinct kind, and all of a light brown colour. The *Cascina* is the place of fashionable airing, to which the nobility and gentry of PISA go to ride or walk about in the morning. The Grand Duke,

who is a man of large private property, has several other establishments of this kind in Tuscany. The butter made at the *Cascina* is very good. It is sold, all the year round, in the market of this city.

2nd.—Clear sky, but with a sharp, cold wind. Frost at night, and thin ice. (52).—This is *Candlemas-Day*, which is so called from the procession made by the Catholics on this day, in which they bear lighted tapers or candles, though the ceremony takes place in the day-time. ST. JEROME tells us that torches are to be used in the reading of the Gospel, though the sun be shining: not to chase away darkness, but as a sign of joy.

3rd.—Fine day, cold wind, and frost at night (51).

4th.—Fine clear day, but the air very keen, and frost at night (49).—The weather is now quite wintry. Very agreeable for those who can move about quickly, but too cold for those who cannot.—At PISA there is a Museum of Natural History, together with a Botanical Garden. In the latter of these are two magnificent trees of the *magnolia grandiflora*, in the open ground, and unprotected by wall or any kind of fence. The main stem of the largest measures not less than twenty inches in diameter; it is full forty feet high; and the branches spread to the extent of fifty feet across, from the extreme tips on one side of the tree to those on the other.

5th.—Same weather, with frost and ice at night, (49): at nine o'clock last night (35): at nine o'clock this morning (42).—Oats, cut green, at the height of

from ten to fifteen inches, are used during the winter as a fodder for the horn cattle. They are sowed in the autumn for this purpose.

6th.—Beautiful clear day: frost at night, and ice (50).

7th.—Same weather (52).

8th.—Very fine day, with frost and ice at night (51). —To-day, Sunday, there are great crowds of people walking on the sunny side of the *Lung' Arno:* it is one dense throng from the one end to the other. The *carnival* is now going on. This festival, the name of which, as LORD BYRON says, being interpreted, means *farewell to flesh*, is a merry-making that takes place among the Catholics just previous to the beginning of Lent. The country people flock into the towns, and, attired in their best clothes, parade through the streets along with the towns-people. The country people are all very nicely dressed, all clean and neat. The sport of the carnival consists, principally, in going about with masks and queer dresses, and practising jests with everybody you meet. There is a deal of pure buffoonery in it; but these people are so amiable in their manners that they rarely give or take offence on such occasions. The sight of the farmers and the labouring men from the country, with their wives and daughters, is very pleasing. They look so contented and happy, and all seem to participate so cordially in the general mirth. The carnival, as seen here, does not at all answer one's expectations. It is quite dull compared to what I looked for. However,

we must not judge by what we see in such a place as PISA. ROME is said to be the city in which this scene presents the most frolicksome and extravagant forms.

9th.—Same weather: the days are most delightful; but cold evenings and nights (51).—The weather of this year is very cold for PISA: it is undoubtedly an unusual season in severity. The Italians complain of it sadly. A resident of this city tells me that he *once* saw Englishmen *skaiting* at PISA; but he says that the skaiters found great fault with the *ice*.

10th.—Same weather (51).

11th.—Same weather (52).—It has hardly ever frozen in the day-time since we have been here; and the ice of one night's freezing has never exceeded three quarters of an inch.

The following are the prices of certain articles of food in the Pisan market. These are the prices as at this time of the year, the month of *February*. I give them in *English money*:—

Bread, the best, per lb. ... £.	0	0	1½
Do. second rate, do.....	0	0	1
Beef, do.	0	0	3
Mutton, do.	0	0	3½
Lamb, do.....	0	0	3
Veal, do.	0	0	3¾
Fresh pork, do.	0	0	3
Cignale, or wild boar, do...	0	0	5½
Butter, from the *Cascina*, do.	0	1	1¼

Butter, from Parma, per lb.	£. 0	0	8¼
Do. from Lucca, do.	0	0	5¾
Eggs, the dozen	0	0	6
A fat capon	0	2	0¾
Large fowls, the pair	0	2	10
Chickens, do.	0	1	6
Pigeons, do.	0	1	1¼
Ducks, do.	0	2	3½
A turkey, common size	0	2	3½
Do. very fat	0	3	8
A goose	0	2	0¾
A pheasant	0	4	1½
A hare	0	2	6¼
Partridges, the pair	0	1	8
Quails, do.	0	0	7¼
A woodcock	0	1	5
A snipe	0	0	3½
A wild duck	0	1	5
A widgeon	0	0	6
Fish, per lb. the dearest	0	1	1¾
Do. do. the cheapest	0	0	8¼
Tea, black (the best), per lb.	0	3	9
Do. green do. do.	0	7	0
Coffee, the dearest, do.	0	0	8½
Do. the cheapest, do.	0	0	6½
Sugar, best white, do.	0	0	8
Do. best brown, do.	0	0	3
Candles, tallow, do.	0	0	4½
Wax lights, the dearest, do.	0	2	0¾

Wax lights, the cheapest, per lb.....	£.0	1	4½
Fire-wood: a good cart-load of cordwood for about..	1	0	0

The bread at PISA is good. The fowl of all kinds, whether tame or wild, is good. There is an abundance of good fish, particularly at certain seasons. As to the butcher's-meat, this is most excellent here, compared with what we have yet found in any other place in *Italy*. We very seldom met with good meat between NICE and TUSCANY. It was almost always tough, and poor, and tasteless; the worst meat I ever saw; not to be compared with English meat at all, and very bad when compared with that of *France* even. The beef here is too young, but it is not poor. The mutton comes from the mountains; for sheep are not much kept on the plains. I understand that the mutton of this market is some of the very best in all Italy. It certainly is not *bad*. This is the meat, above all others, that England may pretend to have the best of; so that it would be harsh to judge by comparison. Where, out of England, are we to find what we should call a real *leg of mutton?* Even the American farmers have not yet produced this, nearly as they are equal to us in the meat way. If an Italian shepherd were unexpectedly to find a fine fat Leicester sheep among his flock, I question if he would be sure to know what sort of animal it was. Frenchmen would make us believe that there is something flavorous in their

"*gigôt*"; but is it not more like the taste of a bit of wood than like that of the same part of an English sheep? The Italians kill their lambs when they are very young. There is lamb in the market at this time. The half of a lamb makes but a middling dish, for the whole carcase is often not much larger than that of a full grown hare.

12*th*.—Very fine and clear day, with frost at night (52).—The houses of the farmers are not in the least like what we call a *farm-house*. The farms are generally small, or of a moderate size, and the house part of the establishment never gives you an idea of business on a grand scale. The farm-houses are totally different from any thing in England; they are often not bigger than English cottages; and in shape, and, indeed, in almost every particular about them, they are like nothing that we have. As for *cottages*, there are no such things here; or, at least, they are things to be called *huts*, *cabins*, or by some name which does not convey those ideas of prettiness, neatness, and comfort, which are, in the minds of English people, almost inseparable from the word *cottage*. The farm-houses, too, are not only of a style inferior to the dwellings of English farmers; but they are, in every thing that respects outward appearance, infinitely beneath our cottages. In short, all the country houses here, excepting those of persons of rank, and the *convents*, are ugly to look at, and cheerless too, compared with what we have in England. The doors and windows seem to be everlastingly *all open*. This is a very disagreeable appearance; for you perceive, at

once, that the *want of glass* in the windows is the reason for throwing all open to the weather. There is, however, a sign of *climate* in this, which ought to have some weight towards reconciling us to such a sight.—I am not better pleased with the town houses than with those of the country-people. Nay, I decidedly prefer those of the country-people; for, with them you are *in the country* at all events, in a country, too, of a kind which presents numberless inducements to be out of doors. There is something about the construction of the town buildings that is heavy and sombre, inconsistent, I cannot help thinking, with the bright sky that is above all; and, then, the *manner of dwelling* in the town is a sort of thing that it requires time, at least, to be able to endure the idea of. The houses are all very high, and very solid, and generally very roomy. On the outsides of the upper windows are shutters of Venetian blinds; and, on the ground floors, the windows, which are mostly large, are fortified on the outside by monstrous *iron bars*, a guard requisite, one would think, only before the windows of a jail. This gives a prison-like and gloomy effect to the whole house. *Why* they use these bars I do not know. I have heard that the custom has continued ever since the times of the contests between the rival states of Italy; and this, no doubt, is the fact; for there cannot, surely, at this time, be any cause in this country to call for measures of defence at once so powerful and so unsightly as these. Here, generally speaking, every housekeeper does not occupy a whole house to himself,

Each story, or *piano*, as they call it, has its family. There is one large door, as a common entrance to all; and one great flight of stairs, from the ground floor to the top of the house. When the establishment is conducted with strict regularity, it seems to be the fashion that the names of the different occupants, with the number of the *piano* occupied by each, should be inscribed on the door post:—

"SIGNOR A. 1*mo* PIANO.
"SIGNOR B. 2*ndo* PIANO.
"SIGNOR C. 3*rzo* PIANO."

and so on, not *quite ad infinitum*, to be sure: yet, if you have no further to mount than the third story, it is your stars that you have to thank, and not the builders of Italian houses. In order to avoid the inconvenience of everlastingly running up and down stairs to open the door, each *piano* has a wire pull connected with the lock, by which means the door is made to fall open on the bell's being rung. But it commonly happens that the applicant for admittance has to undergo a little scrutiny, either at the main door, or at the door of the particular *piano*, in the latter of which there is often a little bit of iron grating, for the prudent purpose of letting them see *what you are like*. The person who answers the bell has a sort of watch-word, and demands, in a tone of authority, "*Chi è?*" (Who is it?): to which the usual response is, "*Amici*" (Friends). Whereupon you receive admission, or come to a parley. Habit will do a great deal, and I dare say it makes a family

in this country as well contented with one spacious floor of a great house as we are in having a whole house to ourselves. There is one thing to be said in praise of the houses here: the rooms are not only large, but lofty also. This must make them very pleasant in summer time. It is evident that the dwelling-houses in this country, of all kinds, are built much more in the anticipation of heat, than in that of cold or wet. Most of the houses are of stone. The floors are *never boarded*; they are generally of *brick*; and in some houses marble is used for the flooring.

13*th*.—Fine clear day, and frost at night (52).—The *sun-setting* is now very beautiful. The farmers are digging the ground for their *Indian corn*. I am told that they make a point of using the spade preparatory to this crop, if possible; and that they begin to put the seed in about the first of *March*. We may judge, by this circumstance, of the earliness and mildness of the spring in this climate. They sow the seed in various ways. Sometimes it is sowed in dishes, at regular distances apart, which are filled up when the plants come to require earthing: sometimes in drills, the plants being thinned with a hoe when they are three or four inches high.

14*th*.—Very fine, and getting warmer (57).—There is but little *manufacturing* carried on in Tuscany. I hear that there are a few silk goods made at Florence. The Tuscans make, also, some pretty good paper. Although there is not much here that our great master-spinners

and weavers would condescend to take any notice of, there is, nevertheless, a species of manufacturing which it is very pleasing to witness. There are *single looms* worked in the towns and villages. A countryman carries his materials to the weaver, and gets it made into stuff to wear for himself and family. The linen used by the farmers and their labourers is made from materials produced on the land they cultivate. Every farmer has a little patch of hemp or flax, or of both these; and the dressing and spinning is done at home, by the women and children. The skeins of spun hemp and flax are seen hanging at all their doors. This is just the same sort of thing that used to go on in England, among the country people, not a great many years ago; and just what has been practised in all the farm-houses in America until very lately, though now partially destroyed in that country by her endeavours to rival us in our more grand and artificial style of manufacturing. These are real "*domestic manufactures*," as MR. THOMAS HULME used erroneously to call the water and steam-machinery productions in America, those cotton goods which he did his utmost to bring to perfection in America, his adopted country, although he looked on the success of his endeavours as sure to do harm to England, the country on which he had turned his back.*

* I am not a little astounded to hear, that Mr. THOMAS HULME has actually come back again to England, and that he has been seen walking about there with his face *uncovered*. Surely he

15*th.*—Same weather: getting warmer (60).

16*th.*—Cloudy, but mild (54).

cannot have the least intention of coming to *stay* with us. I trust not. Independently of all the weight that *conscience* ought to have with him in the case, pray let this gentleman consider the alarm which his re-appearance in England must create amongst all those who take interest in his *personal safety*. For, has he not, in order to become a "citizen" of the Republic of the United States, *withdrawn his allegiance to the king of England*; that is to say, has he not *renounced and abandoned his native country and her government upon his solemn oath?* England has ceased to have the right of inflicting punishment on crime in the States now called United; and, therefore, the operation of our law could not go the salutary length of causing Mr. H. to be hanged in *that* country. Yet, for an Englishman to disown the land of his birth; for him to declare and swear that he will have nothing more to do with her; for him to do this, as the means of purchasing privileges in a foreign state, and as the voluntary pledge of his obedience and subjection to its power; this is regarded by us, and ought to be, as something very much like *high treason*. And, though Mr. HULME may trust to an inclination to be lenient in our rulers of the present day, it is to be hoped that he has too much prudence to approach, and that he needs no amicable remonstrance to keep him out of, that neighbourhood of honest fellows in the North which he left when he went to turn Yankee. Mr. HULME's judgment, as a manufacturer, may be very sound; but he has some queer notions of the *social* and *political* kind. In his published "JOURNAL," written during a tour in the western part of the United States, he laments the cultivation of *music* and *flowers*, among the settlers at Harmony, as *signs of ignorance* and *badges of slavery!!* As much as to say, that the rattling of a power-loom is the sound most pleasing to patriotic ears, and that a flower can be of no profit but when it is dabbed in effigy upon a piece of steam-wrought cotton.

17*th*.—Fine day; rain at night (53).

18*th*. LEGHORN.—Fine weather (58).

19*th*.—Very fine (62).

20*th*. PISA.—We went last night, at LEGHORN, to a splendid *house-warming*. It was a ball given by a gentleman who has just finished building a new mansion, in which the entertainment took place. There were five or six rooms, on one floor, all full of people. The company could not have been less than six or seven hundred in number. It was altogether a most brilliant affair of its kind. A great part of the guests were from Florence, and some had come all the way from Rome. But the mere grand display of this ball is a sort of thing in which countries do not much differ from one another. The thing to be noted by the traveller, on such occasions, is the *manners of the people* whom he is invited to meet; and these, at the party of last night, were such as to give a most pleasing impression. The people of this part of Italy, both high and low, are universally talked of for their affability, gentleness of disposition, and willingness to oblige. And I think, as far as experience has enabled me to judge, that they highly merit such a reputation. I have never seen any people that I should think it so difficult to find cause of quarrel with as these.—The French will, I suppose, for ever bear off the palm in the art of *dancing*. The Italians do certainly not come up to them in this. There was a new kind of dance exhibited last night, which we saw for the first time. They call it *la galoppa*. This, I am sure, was

never introduced by a *Frenchman*, unless it were out of pure burlesque. It may possibly have been brought into Europe from among the savages, by the dancing-master whom M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND humorously describes as teaching the North American Indians to dance quadrilles. Such a dance could have been invented only by "ces Messieurs sauvages et ces Dames sauvagesses," or some such people. Its name is appropriate enough, for the pace is as much like a full *gallop* as any thing that could be performed by ladies and gentlemen in a ball-room. The partners join as in waltzing, and, dancing sideways, go one couple after another in a single line, round and round the room. It is a violent and ungraceful scamper. The by-standers seem to get out of the way as if it were a race, and for fear of being run over.

21*rst*.—Very fine (66). The weather is very mild; the sun has much power; it is like a fine *May* in England.

The strangers who come to stay at PISA live pretty much in the same way that the Italians themselves do. A family occupies one story of a house. The cost of *house-rent*, in such a place as PISA, must, of course, be subject to great variety, on account of the influx of foreigners in winter, and the comparative emptiness of the city in summer. During the winter, a middling-sized *piano* of seven or eight rooms, well furnished, and a kitchen; that is, a lodging sufficiently large for four or five persons and two servants, will cost about *ten pounds* English money a month. I speak of the *Lung' Arno*,

where all endeavour to be if they can. In more retired parts of the town, the house-rent is much less high. The lodgings here are generally very well furnished. Linen and plate are things that the landlord does not find. Almost all those who are only visitors to the place have their dinners sent from a *trattoria*, or cook's-shop, by which means they are saved the trouble of having to cook much at home, and avoid a great deal of what may be called the *botheration* of servants. Many of the Italians themselves, residents in the town, have their dinners in the same way. The practice is a good deal the fashion with this people. I do not like it, I confess; but they say it *saves trouble*, and that, no doubt, it does. The *trattoria* man sends you a very good dinner, with good bread and wine included, for from 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. 3*d*. of our money. There is a most convenient boarding-house, on a large scale, just about to be opened here by an Englishman, Mr. Deakin. I should recommend any of my friends going to PISA, if they were in want of *private lodgings* here, to apply to Messrs. Patriarchi and Vannini, who are at No. 988, on the *Lung' Arno*.

22*nd*.—Cloudy day, and rain at night (59).—We are packing up to go to Florence.

23*rd*.—BAGNI DI LUCCA.—Very fine day; a little frost at night (61).—We quit PISA this morning. And we leave, at that place, some Italian friends that we are really sorry to part with. They, also, profess to regret our departure. If their *professions* be not sincere, I am sure they are very inconsistent with their *acts*; for, it

would be impossible to be treated with more exceedingly kind attention than that which we have experienced at the hands of some of the inhabitants of PISA. Conduct more obliging and disinterested I have seen no where before. I should be much wanting in gratitude and justice if I were not to say so.

This place is about twenty-seven miles from PISA. We left the Tuscan territory at ten miles from Pisa, and entered that of LUCCA. To come hither we had to pass close by the walls of the city of LUCCA, where our road turned off towards this place, the BAGNI DI LUCCA, or *Lucca Baths*, as it is called. From PISA to Florence there are two roads; the one we are now going, and another up the *Vale of Arno*, through FORNACETTE and LA SCALA. The baths do not lie in our road; on leaving LUCCA, we made a digression of ten miles on purpose to visit this spot. The land is exceedingly well cultivated here. I have never seen any thing to equal it before. You are struck with it the moment you enter the state. The baths are a place of great resort for the Italians, and for those foreigners who pass the summer in Tuscany. Many, indeed, come here from more distant parts during the warm months. At this time of the year hardly any one lives here; nobody that can afford to live elsewhere; for the place is uncommonly cold in winter. We, therefore, only come here to see the country, which is most beautiful and romantic. The city of LUCCA is situated on a perfect level, in a large plain; and, to approach the baths, you have to go almost all the way on

ground gradually rising, towards the snow-covered Apennines, which are at about fifteen or sixteen miles from LUCCA. After arriving at the end of a long straight avenue of poplar-trees and vines, which leads from the city, you come to a winding rapid river, of considerable size, called *Serchio*, alongside of which runs the road all the way up to this spot. On both sides of the river are very high mountains, covered with vines and chesnut-trees. Coming up this gently-rising road, constantly facing the stream, the scenery was very fine, and we had a mild and sunny afternoon. Sometimes the views were short, there being a sudden turn to make round a rocky hill; sometimes we could see for many miles, the view terminating with distant points of the Apennines, which were covered with snow, and looked a sort of bright half-silver and golden colour in the reflection of the sun. Here and there on the banks of the river, or on the sides or tops of the mountains, were villages, which, thus situated, and at a tolerable distance, contributed much to the beauty of the landscape, whatever they might be on closer inspection. There are two or three old bridges over the river, which are the most curious and picturesque things of the kind that can be imagined. One of them is much celebrated. It crosses the river with one long and immensely high arch. This bridge is so ancient, and looks altogether so different from any modern bridge, that the country people suppose it to have been built by the devil himself. It puts one in mind of the bridge described by ARIOSTO: the bridge on

which *Rodomonte* and *Orlando*, happening to meet half-way over, were fiercely and furiously contending for the advantage, when all of a sudden they both had their courage cooled by a souse into the water. Its length, and extremely disproportionate narrowness, agree with the words of the poet:

> " Lungo il ponte, ma largo era sì poco
> " Che dava appena a duo cavalli loco, &c."

It is more than possible that the " divine " fabulist may have had this very structure in his eye, though, in his fancy, he makes *Rodomonte* himself the architect. With this particular object the surrounding scenery admirably corresponds; the whole of it is well calculated to inspire a flight in those who deal in heroic fiction. The water that supplies the baths, and which is said to produce wonderful cures (for the baths are of a medical quality), comes out on the side of a mountain which stands somewhat apart from the main range of mountains; and, just as you get to this mountain, the road takes a sudden twist, and it appears as if you had got to a place where you can go no further. Nor can you do so, with the eye, in any direction, unless you get up on the high ground, from which you may see back down the river, and, in the opposite direction, you get a view of distant snows on the Apennines over the tops of the mountains more adjacent. Immediately around, on all sides, are high mountains, on which there are some olives, but more vines, and extensive woods of chesnut-

trees. The chesnut is the great natural produce of the soil here; the labouring people live upon it, in great part, during the winter-time. In some spots on these mountains the farmer's whole occupation consists in gathering the nuts and felling chesnut-timber. The people shell the nuts, and dry them, and then grind them. The flour is both fine and white; it is eaten in the shape of thick porridge, or *pollenta*, as it is called, or in a sort of pancake, which the people here call *neccia*. We have some of these cakes at supper this evening; as a *novelty*, their taste is sweet and rather agreeable; but one must, I should think, either have ceased to remember the taste of wheat and rye bread, or have a very vigorous appetite, in order to be satisfied with chesnut pancakes alone for many meals together. I have been told that this is not a wholesome food. Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG assures us, that chesnuts are inferior to acorns as a food to fatten pigs on.

24*th*. LUCCA.—Very beautiful spring weather (66). —This morning, before setting out on our road back to LUCCA, we make the *giro*, or circuit, of the mountain on the side of which are the baths. There is a little town at the top of this mountain, besides a village or two, and a good many straggling villas, round the base of it. Another river, the *Lima*, which flows down from the neighbourhood of PISTOJA, passes immediately by this place, and falls into the *Serchio* at a short distance down the valley. The *Lima* is a fine trout-stream, very rapid, winding, running over an irregular bed of rocks. At the

side of the river are summer residences, some of which are almost palaces in size, belonging to noblemen, ministers of state, and other people of importance. The Duke of Lucca (who is a prince of the Bourbon race) has a palace here. These houses are, at this time, altogether uninhabited; there is a grand hotel, kept, during the summer, for visitors, which is now deserted even by the keepers of it, There is even a *play-house* here. It is a most singular place: so crowded with fashion at one season of the year, and so completely abandoned at another, and at all times having so much of natural wildness about it in spite of the refinements mingled in the scene. The baths, the place in which the actual dipping takes place, consist of a large and exceedingly clean and well-ordered house. The house may be called a hospital, for hither the poor sick from various parts of the country come, and here they are lodged and attended to free of expense; that is to say, those who come here to be cured by bathing.—On our way back to LUCCA we turn off to see the Duke's palace, at a place called *Marlia*. It is a fine place, most delightfully situated, amongst numerous other country houses, at about three or four miles from the city, under the side of mountains that lie on the left of our road to FLORENCE. In the inside of the house are rooms and saloons decorated with the most costly finery. The plantations and pleasure-grounds are more after the English fashion than any I have seen abroad. On being conducted through a shaded walk to one side of the garden, we came to a spot the appear-

nuces of which would puzzle an Englishman to guess what it could be devoted to. It was a bit of raised ground, against a high wall, somewhat inclining towards the front, like the stage of a large theatre, and of about the same size. We mounted, by a short flight of steps, to take a closer view. The place was nearly semicircular in form; and round the edge were marble statues, and a continuous bower of trained trees. The open space consisted of a smooth piece of fine closely-mowed grass. It was evident that such a thing must have been made on purpose for *something*. We asked what it was, and our guide told us it was for *dancing*.

In one of the Duke's enclosures we were much pleased by the sight of a pair of those deer of the antelope species which are called *gazelles*. No description could do justice to these pretty little creatures. They are, by nature, inhabitants of much hotter countries than this. They are of a restless and timid disposition, and remarkably agile; their boundings are so light and elastic as to strike one with astonishment. These two were anxious to become acquainted with us, but appeared to be distressed with doubts as to whether we ought to be trusted. When we offered to coax them, as they came sniffing towards us, they ran and dashed their fine heads and limbs against an iron gate. This animal is said to be more swift than the greyhound and the roe-buck, though its body is hardly larger than that of a hare. In hunting it, the people of India and Persia call in the aid of the falcon, which, being trained for

the purpose, holds the nimble miniature of a deer in custody till the dogs can come up. There is a meekness of aspect in the gazelle that is singularly fascinating. The eye is more beautiful than that of any other animal: the eastern poets bring it into comparison when describing the eyes of their favourite beauties.

This city is strongly fortified, surrounded with walls and moats. There is a spacious walk all round the ramparts, whence you have a fine view of the country and the villas with which it is decked. The population of the towns-people is about 18,000. The whole of this state comprises but a very little bit of Italy; it is only a speck, as it were, on her map. The state is 312 geographical miles in extent; its whole population is about 143,000; and there is a standing army of 800 men.—The city of LUCCA is a scene of any thing but idleness. Every body seems to have something to do. Here are manufactures of *woollen cloth, linen, cotton,* and *silk.* Raw silk is one of the products of the country; and the people have a large trade in oil. "Fine Lucca oil" is known all over the world.—There are some large churches here, an ancient cathedral among the rest. The royal palace is a very large building.—Our inn at LUCCA is the *Croix de Malth;* a good house, and civil people.

25th.—PISTOJA.—Beautiful mild weather (65).—At this place we are out of the state of Lucca, and in that of Tuscany again. PISTOJA has been a fine city, though it can hardly be said to be so at this time. It

has an ancient and high wall round it, the streets are broad and straight; and there are some fine churches and other buildings; but the place has much declined in its importance: there is a dulness about it which quickly informs you of the fact. Yet, this place is so situated, the neighbourhood is such, that I should think it an agreeable place to live in. PISTOJA stands in a plain, at the foot of the Apennines, and the river *Ombrone* runs hard by. The population of this city is now not above 10,000. It is easy to perceive that the inhabitants must, at one time, have been much more numerous. The women of PISTOJA are famous for their beauty. The best inn at PISTOJA is one just without the gates, in which we are lodged. It is but a middling house, though the keeper of it is obliging to his customers.—The whole of our ride this day has been most delightful. We passed, in coming from LUCCA, through a little place called BORGO BUGGIANO, and PESCIA, a small episcopal town. The country part of the little state of LUCCA, its agriculture, is quite a treat to see. This is not *farming*, according to our custom; it is literally *market-gardening* all the way. Not an inch of ground seems to be neglected. The fields, in most cases, are extremely small. The vast plain, extending from all around LUCCA towards PISTOJA, has not so much the appearance of a tract of country divided into farms, and farms subdivided into fields, as of one immense field divided into gardens, and gardens laid out in beds. The various kinds of corn, and other crops, are sowed on

ridges, or beds, of from two to four feet wide. And really the ground is ploughed or dug, and the crops are put in, with such an economy of room, and with such care and neatness, as are equalled only by what we see among the gardens about London. Some of our kitchen gardens may surpass, in this respect, the farms of the people of LUCCA; but we have nothing properly called *farming* that is at all to be compared with the field-culture here displayed. The effect of this excellent cultivation is, that there is scarcely an instance of failure or any thing like patchiness in a crop; and every crop that is above ground shows that it has wanted nothing that the art of raising it, and industry in the artist, could bestow. Every field, or plot of ground, is hemmed with a row of vines, the vines being supported by trees, or, as most of them here are, in the espalier form. Though this is called a *plain*, as compared with the neighbouring mountains, the land is not all flat: in some spots it is sufficiently hilly to be thrown into the form of shelves or terraces, which, as I before noticed, is done to preserve and make the most of the soil. The side of every hill is cultivated in this way. The shelves are mostly very narrow, about six feet wide; and a row of vines stands along the outward edge of each shelf. The vines are pruned and trained with a nicety not to be rivalled. The planting of every stake, the cutting, the bending, the tying, of every branch, every particular the most minute, shows that it has had its full share of scrupulous attention. Many of the fields do not measure more than four or five square

reds; and you will sometimes see thirty or forty of them all adjoining one another, each being separately fenced in with vines trained to stakes or reeds. It would be hard to say whether it be the offerings of the god or those of the goddess, of *Bacchus* or of *Ceres*, that are here the most studiously solicited. What the quality of the wine is, I do not know; but I dare say that some of the most luxuriant crops of corn in the world are those which are grown here. The soil, however, must be an ungrateful one, if it yield not the best of both; and if the enjoyment of nature's two choicest fruits in equal abundance be any where the right of human industry, the laborious and ingenious cultivators of these *campitelli*, the pretty little fields of LUCCA, may surely look upon it as due to them. The people are all hard workers. The women work in the fields as much as the men. They assist in the preparing of the land, and in the sowing of the seed, as well as in the harvesting of the crops. The wheat, rye, and barley, are sowed in the most careful manner, and covered in by hand. Much Indian corn is grown here. I understand that they often get a crop of this, and another of wheat, off the same ground, in one season; the wheat being cut in June, and the Indian corn sowed as soon as the other is carried. Kidney-beans, dwarfs and runners, are one of the things grown in the fields. These, I take it, are grown all over Italy, as they are in the south of France. The people eat them in their soup. The kidney bean, which they call *fagiuolo*, is always mentioned in the price currents with the other

sorts of grain, as are, also, some pease which are eaten in this country, called *cece* and *pisello*.—In the state of LUCCA there is said to be a *surplus population*. The farms are very small. The labouring classes, I am told, are not well paid. The Lucchesi are given to wander away from their own country. A large part of the Italians whom we see strolling about the streets and roads in England, with images, organs, and monkeys, are from this part of Italy, which, fertile and beautiful as it is, has something sufficiently intolerable in it to send many of its natives into voluntary exile.—The revenue of the government is nearly 74,000*l*. English money.

26*th*. FLORENCE.—Delightful weather (66).—Much the same sort of country as what we saw yesterday, only that the land is not cultivated so closely and with such extraordinary care. The Apennines raise their heads on our left throughout the whole journey from LUCCA in this direction. It is on the sides of these mountains, and on the land that slopes up to them from the plain, that the people of LUCCA and of this part of Tuscany have their best vineyards and plantations of olives. The best sheep, also, are said to be those which are fed on the mountains near PISTOJA. As you approach this city, the system of farming is not a bit less creditable to the cultivators of the soil than is that of LUCCA. The one is on a larger scale than the other, but there is a regularity and a richness that equally characterize both: the Florentine fields have the same pleasing appearances of fertility, though not the *prettiness* that distinguishes

those of the Lucchesi. A vineyard here, when not in the espalier form, resembles an English orchard. But, this comparison is unfair; our orchards are unworthy of it, for they are objects of far inferior beauty. The high vines are here trained to maples, which are planted in rows, at wide intervals. The branches of the tree are pretty closely cut; they are not suffered to grow more than seven or eight feet from the main stem. The vine-shoots are twisted in twos (as represented in page 65); they are tied to the branches of the tree, all cut off at one length, four or five feet, and hang thus all round the tree, with their points straight downwards.

We pass, to-day, through PRATO and CAMPI. The former is a town of considerable size, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, and is on the river *Bisenzio*. CAMPI, which is within about four miles of FLORENCE, is a pretty little place, really what may be called *pretty* when compared with any other Italian town that I have seen. I could almost believe that it were an English country town. It is infinitely more clean than any place I have seen between this and the county of Kent. Almost the whole of the inhabitants of CAMPI are employed in the manufacturing of straw hats, that kind which, in England, go by the name of "*Leghorn*." Tuscany is not the only part of Italy in which this manufacture is carried on. The same sort of hats is made, I hear, about BOLOGNA. But the Tuscany hats are allowed to be by far the best. It is said that the annual profit derived by this state from its straw manufactory

has been about 100,000 *crowns*. That is what the profit used *formerly* to be; for the trade is now comparatively very small. The Tuscany straw hat is, take it altogether, its material and its texture, one of the most beautiful of manufactures. The invention of it belongs to SIGNA, a place about seven miles from FLORENCE.

> "Tu, SIGNA industre, onor del Tosco Regno!
> "Tu la prima il mostrasti: io de' miei carmi
> "Ora drizzando a' tuoi bei colli il volo,
> "Del nobile arteficio addito i pregj."

So says SIGNOR LASTRI, who has invoked the muse in a poem called "*Il Cappello di Paglia*," or, *The Straw-Hat*. This poet is more solidly useful than geniuses of his class are apt to be; for he gives practical instructions about raising and preparing the material, and plaiting the straw and sewing the plaits together. The straw used is that of wheat. It is not, however, as has been supposed, *one* sort of wheat only that the hat-makers get the straw from. The sort commonly used is what we call *spring wheat*, which the botanists call *triticum æstivum*, and which is here called *marzuolo*. Though the Italian name of this wheat agrees with the English and the botanical, it is, I understand, generally sowed here in the month of December, and not in the spring. There are two other sorts, both winter wheat, sowed for straw, a red and a white wheat, the one called *salbigia rossa*, and the other *cascola bianca*. The *maruzolo*, however, has been so much cultivated here for its straw, that the vulgar name for it is *seme di paglia*, straw-seed. To

bleach the straw, the Italians do nothing but expose it to the dew during the night, and then let it lie in the sun; after which, a fumigating with sulphur gives it the requisite brightness of colour.

We arrived here this afternoon at a very interesting moment. We are at the hotel called the *Nuova-York* (New York); and, just as we got there, the carriages of the Royal Family were coming by, with the Grand Duke and his Duchess in full state, followed by a long train of carriages, through a crowd of what, I should think, exhibited the carnival in *sufficient* perfection. The street in which our hotel stands forms a part of what is called the "*corso*," or course; and it seems that it is the custom in Italian cities to have an established *corso*; that is, some particular line of streets, through which to drive during the fashionable hours of the day, or on state occasions. Perhaps there never was any thing more inconsistent than the simultaneous appearances, upon this occasion, made by the sovereign and his subjects; the one having so much majestic dignity, and the other so much of the farcical. The equipage of the Grand Duke, the carriages, horses, liveries, were all really grand and princely; every thing about it was of a piece. The foot-passengers, of all degrees, were standing, walking, running, huddling about, in the greatest confusion, and a large part of them wearing masks and dresses of the most outrageously ridiculous kinds. It seemed as if the assemblage at some masquerade, to which men and women of all degrees might

receive admittance, were all at once turned nto the street, while the Grand Duke paraded along more like a man going to be crowned, than like a participator in such a fantastical exhibition. Among those who are strangers to such a scene as this, there are some people so sedate that they would regard the sight as a mere novel absurdity; and it does not, to be sure, exactly correspond with any kind of jollity known in *our* country. Yet, if there were nothing else to make one sympathise with these people in their carnival, there is one thing that ought to make us do so: there is such a display of thorough *good humour* in the thing, and to the preservation of this, every soul seems to conspire with the utmost possible heartiness. The joy and exultation of some of the people manifests itself in a manner perfectly boisterous: it is mirth worked up almost to a frenzy. All those of the common people that can afford it, get some sort of carriage to ride in, a cart, or wagon, or something or other on wheels. They stick up a parcel of large green branches of trees around the carriage; and, dressed themselves in ludicrous masquerade, all standing an end in the thing crammed full, brandishing boughs in the faces of other passengers whom they meet, they go roaring along like so many madmen. These people think so much of *a ride* during the time of the carnival, as I have been told, that a poor man and his family will half starve themselves for weeks beforehand, in order to have the means of gratifying their ambition when the time for it comes. Towards the last days of

the carnival, the thing naturally becomes more and more what an Irishman would call *intense*. There are two or three certain days on which the Grand Duke takes a public part in it, and this is one of them.

The custom-houses in this country are a considerable annoyance to the traveller. You must either bribe, or submit your effects to pretty frequent overhalings. We were politely accosted by the officers of the custom-house as we entered the state of LUCCA, and here, again, at the gate of FLORENCE, the guardians of public revenue awaited our approach. They never insist on searching the luggage of *English* travellers, when we are prepared to give them something; and the propriety of doing this they suggest to you in an insinuative but not offensive manner. It does not seem to be forbidden to them to receive an acknowledgment for their forbearance. The transaction takes place in the open street or on the high road. The man at the Florence gate remonstrated with me at the *smallness* of our offering, and civilly remarked, "*È piccola cosa, Signore.*" But when I added just as much again, he looked on the sum total in his hand and graciously expressed his satisfaction: "*Ah, così va bene.*"

27*th*.—Cloudy day, with rain at night (61).—I do not like to say that I am *disappointed* on seeing FLORENCE. Yet, after all we have read and heard about FLORENCE, it would be impossible to come to the sight of this place without great *expectations*. As we were getting within the environs of the city, the view was

certainly very gratifying. The extensive and fertile plain along which our road lay; the size of the city, the grandeur of it as promised to the eye from a distance, its churches, and particularly the magnificent dome of its cathedral; the Apennine mountains, with their steep sides dressed in vineyards and olive-plantations, and by their immense height making every thing look little beneath them: one must be very fastidious, to be sure, to find any thing *wanting* in such a landscape as this is. Nevertheless, the suburbs of FLORENCE, the outward parts of the city, are deficient in one beauty with which I expected to see them distinguished. I had heard that this place was not so compact, that the houses were not so far all *thrown in a heap*, as in other cities. I expected to see grand or gay buildings, in great numbers, standing at distances apart all round the outside of the city; to see the paradise of a city extending, in all directions, towards the scenes of country life, and gradually losing itself amongst gardens, and vineyards, and groves of olives, and fields of corn. My itinerary is so glowing in its description of Florence, that it has recourse to the words of ARIOSTO, who says, that if the scattered palaces of this place were brought together within one wall, *two Romes* would not equal it:

> Se dentro a un mur, sotto un medesmo nome,
> Fusser raccolti i tuoi palagi sparsi,
> Non ti sariau da pareggiar due Rome.

This description would induce one to look out for something to be surprised at indeed. FLORENCE, however,

is closely encompassed with a high wall; and though here *palagi sparsi* may be numerous, we certainly did not see a marvellous number of them on our road hither.

28*th*.—Very cold clear wind (45).—We suffer much from the cold to-day, it is really severe. The mountains, at a short distance off, are now covered with snow, which is seen from FLORENCE. The winters at FLORENCE have generally a good deal of this cold wind in them.

We go this morning to see the Gallery of Fine Arts. There was so much to see, that we could only take a mere glimpse of the whole. On our way, we passed through a large open place called *Piazza del Gran Duca*, which is close by the Gallery, and in which stands the old palace called *Palazzo-Vecchio*, built in 1298, and formerly the dwelling-place of the sovereigns of this state. The *Piazza* has some gigantic statues in it, by MICHEL ANGELO and other artists. Among the rest is a celebrated colossal group by GIOVANNI DI BOLOGNA, representing a Roman striding over the body of the Sabine father whose daughter he is carrying off. This is a surprisingly beautiful thing. The Gallery contains one of the finest collections of paintings in the world; and there are enough of them to give one entertainment without end. Here, also, among a vast quantity of sculpture both ancient and modern, is the far-famed *Venus de' Medici*. The Venus stoops a little; but supposing her to be standing erect, she is, I believe, a trifle

more than five English feet in height. We were struck, on first entering the Gallery, with some antique busts, supposed to be those of some of the Roman emperors and their wives. These busts are most admirable. One of them represents a chubby-cheeked little boy: it is so like life, that you might stand all day long wondering at and admiring it. The *Venus de' Medici* was discovered, they say, somewhere near ROME. Her distinguishing name "*de' Medici*," of the Medici, was given to this statue on account of its having belonged to the family of that name, who conferred it on the public. The statue was broken in many pieces when found; some parts of it were entirely lost, and have been supplied, as well as they could be, by the hands of modern art. The attitude of this figure is graceful beyond any thing; its symmetry, and the singular combination of beauty and simplicity that there is in it, account to you, on the first glance, for all that has been said of the "*Venus de' Medici.*" There is no such thing as justly describing the fine things that we have seen to-day. The mind that would know what they are like, must be present with the eye to *see* them. Art has here brought fiction so near upon the verge of reality, that the line between them is too nice to be drawn by words. You must either fall far short of the truth, or go far beyond its limits: what you say must be too feeble to give any idea of what *is*, or it must be so strong as to represent what is *impossible*: you must be contented to fail in attempting to make people imagine how nearly pieces of stone may

resemble living things; or, you must be "a traveller" in good earnest, and tell them that you have seen *marble that was alive.*

MARCH.

1*rst.*—Very cold wind (46).—The *Arno* runs through FLORENCE just as it does through PISA. The river divides about one-third part of the city from the rest of it. Here, as at PISA, they have a "*Lung' Arno,*" a fine broad drive or promenade, extending throughout the city on both sides of the river.

This day is really what we call *bitter cold.* But it is not cold enough to keep the enjoyers of the carnival at home. The whole length of the north side of the *Lung' Arno* has been crowded for several hours during the day. Great numbers of country people in the throng. The people from the country are all nicely dressed, very much like those that we saw at PISA. Most of the women wear round straw hats with bows of ribbons, or broad-brimmed beaver hats with black feathers in them. The beaver hat is not at all becoming, and has a masculine appearance; it puts one in mind of the Welsh women. The country women almost all wear *pearl* necklaces, and enormous ear-rings studded with *pearls.* These ornaments are a great matter of pride with the Tuscan peasantry. It is customary with the country men, when they get married, to make their brides a present of a necklace and ear-rings of pearl. The pearls are generally of inferior quality; but the quantity of them

worn by one woman is so great, that the whole set often costs from twelve to fifteen English pounds.—The people here do not appear to us so good-looking as those we saw about GENOA. Some of the country girls, however, are very handsome, and we noticed more pretty faces in passing through CAMPI than we have seen any where else at one time. The women of this country have seldom that delicacy of form for which so many of our country women are admired. The little hand, with taper fingers, and knuckles hardly to be seen; the small round wrist, from which the arm imperceptibly swells in soft continuation to the elbow; this kind of charm, which is found even among those who do hard work in England, does not belong to the women of Tuscany. Their figures are much more sturdy than elegant. But, they are beautiful nevertheless. They have fine brown complexions, glossy black hair parted over clear foreheads, and large eyes which are as mild in their expression as they are dark in their colour.

I have never been among a people so *orderly* as the Italians. They are now in the full enjoyment of the carnival; but you hear no brawling, see no drunkenness in the streets, and it would seem that nothing of this kind is to be witnessed here.

2*nd*.—Cold and rain (50).

3*rd*.—Still disagreeable cold weather (50).—This is the last day of the *carnival*. This evening there is a masquerade ball at the *pergola*, the principal theatre in FLORENCE, to which people of all classes go.

4th.—Very fine day, but chilly (60).—Go to see FIESOLE. This is a very ancient place, a place of great consequence during the times of the Romans; now hardly more than a mere village. It is one of the objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood of Florence, and is situated on an immense mountain of the Apennines, at about three miles without the walls of this city. Our carriage could go only two-thirds of the road, the rest of the way being so steep that we had to walk it. From FIESOLE you have a splendid view of FLORENCE and the surrounding mountains, and the plain beneath them. At the place where the carriage has to stop, there is a church, and, just by, an old convent, formerly inhabited by monks of the order of St. Dominick. A little further up is a place called *La Doccia*, also formerly a monastery, and built by MICHEL ANGELO. At a few hundred yards higher you come to FIESOLE, where there is an old cathedral, built about eight hundred years ago. FIESOLE is not quite on the most elevated part of the mountain; but the winding road still leads you on; and you come to another habitation of austere life, a convent now occupied by some Franciscan Friars. The mountain of Fiesole affords a beautiful prospect in every way. When you are upon it, its gardens and vineyards, its olive-trees, its country houses, are delightful objects on near approach; and the height of the mountain gives you such a view over FLORENCE, and of all the charming scenery that surrounds it, as is, I should think, hardly to be equalled any

where else in the world. To look at it from a distance, too, FIESOLE is the finest object in the neighbourhood. The whole of the mountain's side, consisting of steep fields or gardens, or land in the terrace shape, is richly cultivated. The old church, *San Romolo*, stands in a most conspicuous situation, and the lofty tower, which seems, at a distance, to raise its head among the regions of the blue sky, surmounts all, and gives a finish to this rare landscape. Beautiful as the neighbourhood of FLORENCE now is, we do not, of course, at this time, see it in any thing like its brightest array. But, what must it *not be* in two months hence? To witness the present, and not to anticipate something, at least, of the future, is to be more unmoved to imagine than the sight of such fine scenery will allow.

5th.—Cold cloudy day, with intervals of sunshine (51).—The weather is now such as we had no idea of the Florentines having to bear. It is a searching, snowy cold. FLORENCE, I hear, is both cold in winter and hot in summer. I should suppose that the sun must have great effect here, on account of the situation of the city; for it is, in great part, encircled by the mountains, and there is so much high land around it, that, if we may use so ugly an expression in speaking of a place with so little ugliness about it, FLORENCE may be said to stand in a hole.

6th.—Fair; but a cold wind (55).

7th.—Fine day; warmer (61).

8th.—Cloudy day; rain at night (52).

9th.—Warm and fair (57).—The Grand Duke has a *cascina* at about a mile and a half out of the city. There is a fine country house, with green fields and timber and shrubberies about it. The evergreen oak (*quercus ilex*) grows here in perfection; it seems to abound in Italy: there are a few oaks of this kind standing in a meadow at the *cascina*, the finest I have ever seen. Plenty of pheasants running about at this place; and to kill one of these, within the royal preserve, is a crime, and punished with sending to the galleys.

The practice of begging in the street is almost entirely prohibited here. Excepting only in the case of the *blind*, whose misfortune is regarded with peculiar respect, no one is allowed to beg. Vagrants from foreign states, and those who cannot give good account of their way of life, are obliged to quit this place as soon as they are discovered by the police. For the relief of native paupers there is a large poor-house, which was formerly a convent, and was converted by BUONAPARTE to its present use. In this house, which will contain several thousands, the poor are lodged, fed, and clothed, put to work and taught trades, and made to manufacture cloth, shoes, carpets, and other things.

10th.—Fine morning, with rain at night (56). A horse-race takes place to-day in the large field at the Duke's *cascina*. Most of the horses are belonging to English gentlemen staying at Florence. N. B. Dragoons drawn up as sentries, one about every hundred yards, alongside of the race-ground, and a captain or lieutenant

of the troop galloping over it as if a battle were about to begin. These gentry are here to *keep order!* The dragoons and the horses somewhat resemble those which our own dear country is blessed with the having to maintain; only that they are nothing like so big and so fat as ours.

11*th.*—Very fine (60).—To-day we have a specimen of the true *Italian sky.* An Englishman said to his friend at FLORENCE, that when he approached England on leaving Italy, the sky appeared to him to come *nearer to the earth.* It was a very just observation; it really does seem as if the sky were *further off* from this part of the world than it is from the part we belong to. It is not merely the absence of the clouds and the smoke, which intercept earth and sky for many days in an English year; there is a clearness, a rarity in this atmosphere, which we seldom know in our fairest seasons.

12*th.*—Beautiful day (61).

13*th.*—Cloudy, but mild (57). The houses in this place are high; the streets, excepting only a few, are disproportionably narrow, and most of them are winding. This, I take it, may be said of all Italian towns, comparing them with the towns in England. Here, also, are those strong iron bars to the windows of the ground-floors which we disliked in PISA. The upper windows have Venetian blinds to them. A stopped-up window is most times the gayest feature in a dwelling; you may often be deceived by the appearance of a window half open, the figure of a man or woman looking through the glass,

a cat or a monkey sitting on the sill, a bird hung out in a cage, or something or other intended to relieve the eye, and created by the brush of an ingenious house-painter. The paving of the streets is good and remarkable. There are no side-walks for foot-passengers; but the whole street is paved with one stratum of flag-stones, which makes the carriages run very smoothly and with little noise. There is none of the confusion and helter-skelter of Paris, much less of the distracting racket and rumble of London.—The market of FLORENCE is well supplied, but it is a dirty place.

14th.—Mild spring weather, clouds and sunshine by turns (60).

15th.—Beautiful day, warm and sunny (65). Flowers are now abundant, of all the following kinds: *anemone, polyanthus, lily of the valley, mignonette, double violet, hyacinth, clove, ranunculus, carnation, iris, jonquil, narcissus, tulip.* The Florentines have a great fondness for flowers. FLORENCE, *Firenge*, as they call it, was formerly called *Fiorenza*, and that name is supposed to have been derived from *fiore*, flower; for the soil of the neighbourhood, it seems, has ever been celebrated as rich in flowers. The people here show some taste in their way in making a nosegay; an ordinary compliment to strangers is to present them with a little handful of flowers, the stalks being tied to a bit of wood or a reed; and a large nosegay is the central ornament of a *dining-table.*

This country is divided into districts (*distretti*), over

each of which presides a civil magistrate called the *gonfaloniere*, a sort of mayor. In cities and towns there is a governor and a police. The police does not consist of *jensdarmes*, as in France; those who belong to it are dressed like gentlemen or common people, being of *all ranks* in society. There is nothing about them by which they may be recognised in public. The *genteel* part of the thing is said to be kept up merely for the purpose of *spying*. One would hardly imagine what *spies* can be wanted for among such people as these.—The standing army of Tuscany consists of about 5000 men; one great use, the main one perhaps, of these soldiers, is to defend the coast from the approach of smugglers.

16*th*.—Very wet day (58).—The Italians are *early risers*. They throw all their windows open as soon as they get up, even when the weather is chilly, and generally leave them up throughout the day. The women do not go out of doors so much as with us; but they have a habit of taking the air at the windows, out of which they are everlastingly showing their faces.

The manner of the Tuscans in addressing one another, particularly that of superiors to inferiors, is very praiseworthy. You may do any thing with them by means of *fair words*. There are some appearances of servility. But these people resent a want of consideration for their feelings on the part of those that are above them, and they do not scruple to express indignation at it. Servants are obsequious to their masters, but masters are extremely gentle in their way of giving commands. The

uneasy austerity of an English aristocrat's bow is a sort of thing that these people would not choose to have to study upon all occasions. They have a particular disgust for those whom they call the *superbi*, the haughty, whatever may be the rank or riches of such persons.

17*th*.—Fine morning: rainy afternoon (60).—The most palpable fault in morals here is one of great importance. The women cannot be said to be *good mothers*. It may be a question which, the *wife* or the *husband*, is originally the most to blame. But no: there can be no such question in the case; nothing, surely, ought to be offered in excuse for a mother who abandons her own child. This, I am sorry to see, is what the ladies here do; the *ladies*; that is to say, women of any class who are rich enough to be able to put their children out to nurse. A gentleman in FLORENCE assures me that few women take the trouble to rear their own children among those who can afford to pay for its being done by others. A lady's nursing her own child makes her an exception among mothers, and to procure mercenary aid is the general rule of maternal conduct. The new-born infant is sometimes sent away to a peasant's cottage, sometimes the hireling is brought to live under the same roof with the mother. The wet-nurse (as it is called) is known by an uniform in dress, which distinguishes the office she holds; she wears an uncommonly fine sash round her waist, and a lot of ribbons, of various showy colours, is fastened on with bows to her shoulders, whence they hang down behind to a great length, like so many

streamers from a mast-head, making the dame look as gaudy as a ship on a gala-day when every flag is flying. This puts me in mind of a scene which I heard an English traveller say he witnessed in the hovel of a French country labourer. The Frenchman's wife, who had a very young child herself, was suckling the babe of a person of higher order, while her own child was being suckled by a goat! When the young peasant cried, its mother sent the elder children out, saying, "*Allez, allez donc, chercher la biche*" (Go, go along and fetch the nanny-goat); and then the children came back lugging and pushing the goat into the nursery. One would think that ROUSSEAU's appeal to the hearts of mothers ought to have produced more effect than it has. What an incomparable writer he is! but never so original and so eloquent, in all his philosophical disquisitions, as when he is the advocate of helpless babies. See TANSILLO, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century, who wrote a little tract in rhyme called *La Balia*, which was translated into English some years ago by Mr. ROSCOE, under the title of *The Nurse*. It is a little work of great merit. The author pleads with his countrywomen for the sake of their children, and remonstrates against those things called "*pets*," such as parrots, puppies, kittens, monkeys, and mice, which, monstrous as it may seem, the ladies used to entertain in their bosoms to the exclusion of their own offspring.

18*th*.—Beautiful day (65).—The buds of the pear-trees are now bursting, and the white thorn is coming out in leaf. —Walk to *Bellosguardo*. It is about a mile and a half

out of Florence, to the south, on the side of the city, nearly opposite to *Fiesole*. *Bellosguardo* means *beautiful view*; and the place deserves its name. Under this name is included the whole neighbourhood of one hill, up which are several steep and winding roads leading from the gates of the city. The extent and variety of the views from this height gradually increase as you ascend the hill; at last, when you get to the top, and look about you from a terrace, you see *why* it was called "*Bellosguardo*." You see all FLORENCE, all the palaces and country houses for miles around it, the snowy Apennines at from fifteen to thirty miles off, and all down the plain through which runs the *Arno*, the *Val d'Arno*, which, for miles and miles towards PISA, is a tract of land covered with vines and corn and besprinkled all over with white houses, here and there a clump of them making a village, as an English grass-plot is with daisies. *Bellosguardo* almost rivals *Fiesole*. The former is but a high hill, and the latter is a high mountain. But *Fiesole* is included in the view from Bellosguardo; and I should hardly know which of them to choose if I were going to build a house on one of them. The olive is not grown much on the level; but all over the high land this tree makes a great show round Florence. Evergreens in abundance, particularly the ilex, the bay-tree, and the cypress. To admire the city of FLORENCE as it deserves to be admired, you must look down upon it from some of the high ground in its vicinity. The *Lungl' Arno* is open and airy, and there is a bit of the country to

be seen both down and up the river; but you might live in and walk through the finest streets in FLORENCE for a whole year, aud never feel your high notion of the place justified by experience. You must consider its *situation* —the mountains, far and near, that overtop its buildings, the river that divides the city, and the rich vale it flows into beneath; the olives and vines, the gardens and orchards that dress every elevated spot: look over the city at some distance from it, as we did this morning, have the whole of it, and all that encompasses it, in your eye at one time, and you will confess that the capital of the Florentines is what they call it—*la bella*, the beautiful. An Englishman with whom I went to *Bellosguardo* to-day told me that an acquaintance of his from London, in whose company he had once taken the same walk, did not like the scenery of this country comparing it with that of England. The cockney discovered a lack of woods, live hedges and hedge-rows, and green fields. Such lack there certainly is here; and our common idea of the *rural* in England is, indeed, very different from any thing to be seen here. Our country is a *green* one; it is not for nothing that we have so many showers of rain and that the sun with us is so shy; verdure is the characteristic in our rural picturesque. A meadow, a thatched cottage, and a coppice: here are the components of an interesting landscape in England, though the greater part of it consists of mere grass and leaves. Our landscapes are full of *softness:* here, on the contrary, a sort of *hardness* appears. Rough stone walls, instead of hedges, cause

much of the difference. There is not so much foliage, in general, as with us; and the leaves of the evergreens, to which class a large part of the trees in Italy belongs, are never so delicate as that of the deciduous. The olive-tree, which inhabitants of southern climates admire so much, is an evergreen; but its leaf has always a great deal of the grey (the *glaucus*) in it. Then there are the vineyards: and who would not admire these? But some of us say that they are too artificial, that every vine is forced to grow in a particular way, and that the vineyards, unlike our woods, are monotonous both in shape and in hue. Can we, however, venture to bring any thing we have in contrast with the *olive* and the *vine*, without apprehending the pity of those who possess these two? Can we see these flourish, and not congratulate the Italians on their glorious *sun*, every ray of which seems to assure them that both ease and plenty are their birthrights? There are beauties on the face of England which we cannot help marking the absence of here, and nature has given her land the advantage of producing things which are solid objects of envy to other nations; but, what greater triumph could an Italian desire from the comparison, than that of being told that ours is a country on which nature has *not* bestowed the *olive* and the *vine*?

19*th*.—Delightful warm day (68): at eleven o'clock at night (60). Perfectly clear sky, and the air like that of summer.—This is a holyday, the feast of St. Joseph. All the shops are shut, and the citizens at church, or

walking about the streets.—I see a large congregation this morning in the church called *Santa Croce*, listening to a sermon. The style of address of the preachers here is such as must excite attention. They have frequently an odd sing-song sort of cadence. They are constantly going from high to low in the pitching of the voice, and vary their emphasis very much. The discourse is delivered with great earnestness. It is equally loud and animated; and there is a repercussion of the voice from the walls of these large open churches, which gives it a clamorous effect, and would make an auditor at a little distance off fancy that the sermon were a quarrel. The action is decidedly *strong*; to us somewhat extravagant for a preacher. But it is always well corresponding with the meaning of the words; and it is by no means uneasy, rather the contrary. This sort of preaching is more eloquent than what we hear in our churches. The priests here utter all extempore, or, at least, they have nothing in the way of note to speak from.

20*th*.—Same weather (67). The nights, as well as the days, are now warm: nothing chilly in the air towards evening.—The royal palace, where the Grand Duke resides, in FLORENCE, is called *Palazzo Pitti*. Its exterior is so unadorned, the building is so dull and strong, and its windows are so barricaded with iron, that you would take it for a prison. The inside is of a very different character. Its saloons are magnificent: beautifully-painted ceilings; floors of highly-polished mastich; tables of marble, with little bits of marble of different

colours so ingeniously worked together as to produce the effect of a painting; gilt wainscots, and door-cases of porphyry and marble; furniture and hangings of damask and satin. In a suit of apartments thus decorated, there is a celebrated collection of paintings, among which are the two best of RAPHAEL'S *Madonnas*. *Ma Donna* (my lady) is the name given to all the pictures of the Virgin Mary with the infant Christ. There are so many famous paintings of this one subject, that they have been distinguished from each other by some surname. Thus, the *Madonna della Seggiola* of RAPHAEL, so called from the chair in which the Virgin is sitting; and the *Madonna* of another artist, which has the surname of *del Sacco*, supposed to have been given to the picture because the painter sold it for a sack of corn.

21*rst*.—Same weather (68).

22*nd*.—Cloudy (65).—The tulip-tree, which flourishes here, is now coming into leaf. The grass is green; and the rye and wheat and clover are growing up fast.

23*rd*.—Rain (60).

24*th*.—Fair and warm (64).—Many fine churches in FLORENCE. The principal ones are, *Santa Maria del Fiore* (the cathedral), *Santa Croce*, *San Lorenzo*, *Santo Spirito*, *San Marco*, *Santa Maria Maddalena*. One of them, *Santa Maria Novella*, is that which BOCCACCIO has celebrated in his account of the plague at Florence. *Santa Croce* contains both the monuments and ashes of many famous men; the remains of MICHEL ANGELO, GALILEI, MACCHIAVELLI, and ALFIERI,

are deposited here. The persecution of GALILEI by the Church is generally supposed to have been as severe as his scientific discoveries were important. But from the account which he himself gives of the treatment he met with, we may wonder how it should have been so much talked of. The church of *San Lorenzo* is very ancient; and adjoining it is a large chapel, octangular in form, and surmounted by a cupola. This is called *Cappella de' Medici*, the chapel of the Medici; and in the chapel are most splendid tombs of some of the members of that family. It is more than two hundred years since the *Cappella de' Medici* was begun. The place is in a great litter now, as there are workmen employed in it; and there is a scaffold now standing for the painter who is embellishing the ceiling by means of his art. This chapel will, when finished, be truly magnificent; it is so, indeed, already. The sums of money expended on such a thing must be immense. The most costly marbles are the least costly of the materials employed. Here are incrustations of calcedonius, jasper, agate, and other precious stones, wrought in the finest manner possible.—The Cathedral stands nearly in the centre of the city. Just by it stand a tower and a baptistery. These are *all marble*; that is to say, on the outside. The size of the cathedral is very great. It is, in proportion to its size, the least decorated, on the inside, of any church we have seen in Italy. The dome of this building is much larger than that of our St. Paul's. It is said to be equal in its diameter to the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, only that

this is an octagon, and St. Peter's is circular. The tower, or belfry, is square; it is nearly a hundred yards in height, and is the most elegant and light-looking thing that can be conceived. There is a mixture of white, red, and black marble in these buildings, which gives them a peculiar effect. At the baptistery there are some bronze doors, on the exterior of which are figures in relief, representing various incidents of history from the Scriptures. These doors are objects of great interest, as it was said of them by MICHEL ANGELO that their beauty made them worthy to be the *gates of Paradise.*

25th.—Showers and sunshine at intervals: hard rain at night (63).—This a great holyday, Lady-day. High mass was performed with great pomp, this morning, at the church of *Santa Annunziata.* The royal family all went there and returned in full procession. While they were in church, the royal family sat under a canopy, or tent rather, open on the side facing the altar. The four corners of the tent were guarded by four officers in regimentals, with broad-swords drawn and plumed cocked-hats on their heads. There were a good many soldiers in the church, who kept their heads covered all the while. The ceremony was a mixture of the sacred and the military. It was what is called a *military mass.* There were the priests chanting at the altar; and the soldiers, who bore their arms, grounded them when they knelt, the butts of their muskets making a great rattle against the stone floor of the church. It did not look well to see the soldiers all keeping their heads covered. They could not,

in such a place, be said to be *on duty*; unless, indeed, the church had been besieged. Among the musicians there were several red-coated performers, and these blew trumpets and beat drums, which took the loudest parts in the concert. The blasts of war prevailed over the seraphic sounds of peace; it seemed as if the musical sons of Mars were putting the choir of St. Cecilia to a complete rout.

Peach-trees and plum-trees are now in blossom. The fig-trees are budding. Broad-beans and horse-beans in blossom. Plenty of lettuces, radishes, onions, cauliflowers, and some other vegetables, now in the market.

26th.—Rain and shine by turns (64).—Very mild spring-like weather. There is a *fair* now going on in FLORENCE, which lasts three days. It consists of almost every thing excepting live-stock. It is a much more sober and quiet affair than such a thing with us is; rather a *market* than a *fair*.

27th.—Very fine day (65).—One very useful production of the soil of this country is a sort of reed, or cane, which they have here, and which grows also in the warmer parts of France. It is used in vine-training, in which it does so much that the people would hardly know how to manage without it. The Italians make a lattice-work fence of it, which is exceedingly neat and well adapted for gardens; and the saving that it causes, both of timber and labour, must be very great. This plant is the *arundo donax*, and the vulgar name for it here is *canna*. I hear that it is seldom known to bear

ripe seed in this country, not above once in ten or fifteen years. The farmers grow it, however, from offsets (which they call *occhi* or *uovoli*), and by this mode of propagating it a plantation is easily obtained. The *canna* must have been used in just the same way that it is at this day ever since the earliest times; PLINY speaks of the *arundo* as being applied to the vine-training in his time. This was, no doubt, the material with which the shepherds made their musical instrument, the *calamus agrestis*, or Pandean-pipe, so frequently mentioned by the ancient poets; but I do not see that the shepherds of this day have any such instrument; and with the same tube through which their forefathers are said to have breathed their rustic notes, the refined moderns inhale the fumes of tobacco. A bit of the *canna*, stuck into an earthenware bowl, makes the common tobacco-pipe of the country.

28*th*.—Very fine (65).—Some say that this spring is rather *backward* for this part of Italy.

The Florentines boast some fine libraries, and some scientific institutions. The most *curious* thing that they have in the literary way is what is called *l'Accademia della Crusca*. There can be no more than a certain number of persons admitted as members of this institution. There are, I think, about twenty-five in all. It is a little junto composed of such learned men as are supposed to be the most eminently qualified to preserve, by their decisions, the purity of the Italian language. The society has existed for a great many years; and

a dictionary which is remarkable for its bulk, and called *Della Crusca*, has emanated from this source. The words *della crusca* mean *of bran*, *crusca* being the Italian for *bran*; and these academicians have conferred on their own society the title of *Della Crusca*, meaning thereby, in a figurative sense, that they *separate the bran from the flour*, and so *refine* the language. Nothing is considered as pure Italian that is not to be found in their long list of well-bolted parts of speech, called "*Vocabolario della Cruşca*," which is supposed to contain every *farinaceous* particle of the language. I will not pretend to judge how far the influence of such a notion is beneficial or pernicious. But there can be no doubt, that over-scrupulously criticising and refining grammarians have done not a little mischief wherever they have had their way. Witness the French. They, too, have their "*Académie*;" and they excel all the world in the study of phraseology. Their language, consequently, has got to be formal beyond every other, comparatively poor, and replete with bombast. And how inferior is the language of Italy at this day, to what it was four hundred, or even three or two hundred years ago! The chamber in which the Academy hold their meetings, and which we saw to-day, is a sight really amusing. In the centre of a long table clothed in green there is a little urn, with some black and some white beans, which are used to ballot the *pros* and *cons* of the cruscan doctors, when a word is proposed to be admitted in their vocabulary. All the furniture of the

apartment is made typical, as far as possible, of the business of *bolting*. Around the walls are hung little frames containing quaint allegorical pictures, the insignia of those who are, or who have been, members of the Academy. Over the mantle-piece is the miniature of a dressing-machine. The chairs are made in imitation of a Florentine baker's basket turned bottom-side uppermost; and the back of the chair is precisely a wooden corn-scoop, the handle of this being stuck into the seat, and the shovelling end to lean against.

29*th*.—Very wet day (60).

30*th*.—Wet morning and fair afternoon (60).—Tuscany produces very good wine. Its *price* is, of course, according to its *quality*. The common wine, which we should not think worthy of the name of *wine* at all, is exceedingly cheap; cheaper than our public-house beer in England. Much of this is *hard;* but the labouring people here, like the cider drinkers in England, do not regard *sweetness* as necessary to their beverage. The best wines are *chianti, aliatico, vin santo,* and *montepulciano. Montepulciano* is the name of a mountainous neighbourhood in Tuscany, about fifty miles south of Florence, and the wine is so called after this spot, where the vines that produce it are grown. REDI says that the *Montepulciano* is the *king* of wines. It is a very fine wine; something like Burgundy. But it has its *peculiar* flavour, as every kind of *wine* has. How are we to account for the innumerable varieties of flavour, which are so many charms to the palate in wine? It is

not *climate*, altogether; that causes this; for I dare say there are thirty or forty different parts of this state, the vineyards of which produce vines having as many different tastes. Is it the *soil* then; or is it not, perhaps, that the vines, in the different spots, have been originally propagated from seed, as with our gooseberries in England? The *chianti* is what may be called the *best ordinary* wine about FLORENCE; the *aliatico* is delightfully sweet; the *vin santo* is a very nice sort of small Madeira. The *colour* of some of the red wine here is most beautiful. It is not *red*, in fact, at all; it is a deep *purple*, clear, and having as many shades of hue as there are lights to hold the glass in. This is what we never see in perfection in the wine that is brought to England. We call red wine the "*purple* juice of the grape;" that is, when we talk as *poets* do, about things that are too good to be come-at-able. The saying has easily found its way into our language: not so easily the genuine "*purple juice*" into our mouths. No drink can be so wholesome and agreeable as the moderately strong wine that people have in the countries of the vine. This it was, the very juice of the grape, which PAUL was recommending to TIMOTHY, "*for his stomach's sake and for his infirmities.*"

31*rst.*—Steady rain all day (57).

APRIL.

1*rst.*—Rainy morning; and fine towards evening (63). A hail-storm to-day, and thunder at night.

2*nd.*—Wet morning; but it clears up in the afternoon

(62).—Take a walk this afternoon to *Mont' Oliveto* (Olive-grove Hill). This is about as far from the walls of the city as *Bellosguardo* is, and is on the same range of high land. On *Mont' Oliveto* there is a convent, now inhabited by some friars, thrifty and gentlemanly-looking men, who are all dressed in long white gowns and old-fashioned hats with broad looped brims. The convent is a very large house, with a church of some size attached to it. There is a large garden and orchard, with olives and vines. It is a delightful, tranquil spot. From a little knoll of ground, planted with cypress-trees, the friars have one of the finest views of FLORENCE and the neighbourhood. The place is by no means so much beautified as it might be. Its inhabitants do not seem to take much pains with it, though they have, I understand, the *means* for doing so. What would some rich Englishmen not give for a situation like that of *Mont' Oliveto!*

3rd.—Fine warm day (64).—There exists in Florence, and in the other towns of this state, a charitable institution, which, if it were everywhere known, would have praises pronounced and blessings invoked upon it by every tongue in Christendom. It is a confraternity, the persons composing which are called "*I Frati della Misericordia*," or, *The Brotherhood of Mercy*. The thing is one of such interest, that I wish I could give a full account of it to all the people of England. I saw something of the *Frati* at PISA: but here I have been quite delighted by what a countryman of mine has told

me about them. They are numerous in all the Tuscan cities. They render the same assistance to people of all religions. Persons of all degrees may belong to the Brotherhood; the present Grand Duke is one of them; and LEOPOLD I. is said to have put on the dress, and taken his part in the active duties, of this incomparable association. When any thing occurs to call for their united aid, a large bell tolls, and a man or a boy, attired in their peculiar dress, goes through the streets ringing a bell, to call all together. The call is imperative: no matter what the brother may be about, he must, if he be bodily able, instantly obey it. The garb of the Brotherhood is most striking, not to say somewhat frightful even. If you knew beforehand the pious nature of their occupation, you could not help being a good deal startled at the first sight of them when in the pursuit of it. They are covered all over, from head to foot, with a coarse and jet-black linen stuff. A large broad-brimmed hat, which is put on only when the weather is inclement, generally hangs over the shoulder, and a black rosary is tied to the girdle, or carried in the hand. You see their feet only; and there are two small peep-holes for the eyes. This prevents any individual from being recognised; and, consequently, allows no ostentation, or gratification of vanity. When on duty, they never speak but in a low voice, so that nobody knows the person by his tongue. I shall never forget the mirth I gave rise to in an excellent friend of mine one day at PISA, when I went to open our door at the knock of one of these gen-

tlemen. Some of the Brotherhood are constantly going about to collect money for the poor. They always go *in full dress.* Our visitor came quite unexpectedly, and we had not happened to see such a person before. The instant the door was opened, I was saluted by the rattling of coppers in a small charity-box, which the sable Brother thrust up close to my face. I could not, at the moment, resist the impulse of apprehension; and my friend, who saw me jump back in amazement, had to come forward before he could know the cause of it, the tall black figure and the glaring eyes of this spirit of grace, whom I had almost concluded to be a goblin damned. I copy the following passage from a most interesting historical description of the Brotherhood, of which my English informant is the writer.—"Those who contend that we excel our forefathers in humanity and charity, will be surprised to hear that the *Compagnia della Misericordia,* the most conspicuous, even in the present day, for those virtues, has existed for nearly *six hundred years* within the walls of Florence. It was established in 1240; and its origin was extremely curious. At that period of the Republic, when the citizens were acquiring immense profits from the manufacture of woollen cloth, the city-porters were numerous, and usually took their stand round the church of the Baptistery, near the cathedral. In fact, for the most part they lived there; and during the intervals of work, they ate their meals and drank their wine, or played at various games, either on the *Piazza,* or in

"the sheds erected for their accommodation. One "among them, *Piero di Luca Borsi*, an old and de- "vout man, was highly scandalized at the cursing and "swearing of his companions. Therefore, as their elder, "he proposed that he who should hereafter take God's "or the Virgin's name in vain, should be mulcted to the "amount of a *crazia* (three farthings); and that the "said *crazia* should be dropped through a small hole "into a certain box, so that an end might be put to "such vain and sinful conversation. To this the porters "agreed, and the difficulty of conquering a bad habit "caused the box to be well nigh filled. *Piero* then "reminded them that, for the benefit of their souls, "the contents of the box ought to be employed in "acts of charity, and made the following proposal. "*Let us*, said he, *purchase with part of this money* "*six litters, to serve for the six divisions of the city,* "*and let us in turns attend with them. Thus we* "*shall be in readiness to carry to their houses, or to* "*the hospital, all those who may be taken with sud-* "*den illness, or who fall from a scaffolding, or other-* "*wise be grievously injured in our streets, and stand* "*in need of their fellow-creatures' assistance; and* "*we will also carry to the churches the bodies of such* "*as may fall down dead, or be slain, or be drowned;* "*and let us agree that for each several journey of* "*this sort the porter is to receive a giulio* (six- "pence) *from the box.* This not only met with appro- "bation, but each individual took an oath to observe it.

"Their labours began, and they pursued them with so "much diligence and charity (says their chronicler) that "every man in the city greatly applauded these porters, "sometimes offering them three *giuli*, as a present, for a "single journey; but this the old man, *Piero*, would "not allow, bidding them perform their duty, cheerfully "and without bribes, and to wait for their further re-"ward in eternity. Such was the commencement of "the *Misericordia*." The heroic conduct of these men, during the *plague*, and the prevalence of other malignant disorders in Florence, has been remarkable; and it is singular also that they themselves, always facing death in its most appalling forms, have very seldom been among the victims of infection. Kings, and emperors, and popes, have endeavoured to establish the same kind of thing in other countries. BUONAPARTE wanted to have it in Paris. But it appears that *Piero's* plant is like the phœnix; and that, first rooted in the soil of this spot, and here alone, it is not to be propagated, or cannot be made to flourish, in that of other countries. In what reverence the *Misericordia* is held by everybody here, may be easily imagined. A body of men, whose conduct exhibits such an example of indefatigable perseverance, such a disinterested and affecting constancy in the most pious pursuit, cannot fail to enjoy a kind of glory as rare as is the virtue of which it is the reward. Thus, says the writer I have been quoting, in concluding his detail, "there are no anniversary dinners, no toasts and sen-"timents with 'three times three,' no blazing accounts

"in the newspapers of their activity, heroism, and cha-
"rity. All goes on quietly, modestly. The brothers
"know how much they are beloved, and are content
"without a display of their influence. Every mark of
"respect is, however, paid to them: the military present
"arms, and individuals take off their hats, whenever
"they pass along the streets."

4th.—Showers (59).—The Tuscans have one breed among their horses that deserves notice. They have a sort of carriage-horse that is very good. It is of middling size, stout, handsomely shaped, entirely black, and with mane and tail left flowing at full length. A pretty active little horse in harness. I know a gentleman here who has two choice horses of this breed, and he tells me that the pair cost him not more than about *thirty-seven guineas* of our money.

This list of prices, of various articles in FLORENCE, is a copy from one made, and with great attention to correctness, by an Englishman resident here. The list was made out in the year 1826, for the special information of friends in England. But *prices* here have varied so little, that this list applies equally well to the present year. I am assured so by the person to whom I am obliged for it. He is a *housekeeper* himself, and happens to be about as well informed on such matters as it is possible to be.

Bread, Common, per lb.	$1\frac{1}{4}d.$
Do. Good, do.	$1\frac{2}{3}d.$
Do. Best, do.....	$1\frac{7}{9}d.$

Beef, per lb.	4$\frac{1}{11}$*d.*
Mutton, do.	5*d.*
Veal, do.	5$\frac{1}{4}$*d.*
Lamb, do.	4$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
Pork, do.	4$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
Hams (cured), do.	10$\frac{2}{3}$*d.*
Cheese, Best do.	12$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
Do. Parmesan do.	14$\frac{1}{3}$*d.*
Butter, Kitchen do.	10$\frac{2}{3}$*d.*
Do. Best do.	14*d.*
Oil (Olive), per quart	11*d.*
Vinegar, do.	2$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
Fish, per lb.	7$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* to 11*d.*
Milk, per quart	2$\frac{1}{3}$*d.*
Cream, per lb.	9*d.*
Tea, Green, do.	7*s.* 1$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
Do. Black, do.	5*s.* 4*d.*
Coffee, do.	1*s.* 9$\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
Sugar, Raw, do.	6*d.*
Do. Common Loaf do.	8*d.*
Do. Refined, do.	10$\frac{2}{3}$*d.*
Do. Superfine, do.	12*d.*
Rice, do.	2$\frac{2}{3}$*d.*
Salt, do.	2*d.*
Macaroni, Vermicelli, &c. do.	3$\frac{2}{3}$*d.*
Eggs, per dozen	6*d.*
Best last year's common red wine, per bottle	4*d.*
Best new do, do.	1$\frac{2}{3}$*d.*

Candles, Wax, per lb. 2*s.*
Do. Mould, do. 4½*d.*
Soap, Common, do. 7½*d.*
Turkies (small), each 2*s.*
Do. (large) do. 4*s.*
Capons, large, do. 2*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.*
Pullets, do. 6¾*d.* to 7½*d.*
Ducks, do 12*d.* to 13½*d.*
Do. wild, do. 12*d.* to 13½*d.*
Pigeons, do. 6¾*d.* to 8*d.*
Woodcocks, do. 11*d.* to 16½*d.*
Snipes, do. 5½*d.* to 8*d.*
Widgeons. 8*d.* to 9*d.*
Larks, do. 2*d.*
Hares, do. 1*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*

Fruit and *vegetables*, one with another in their respective seasons, may be said to cost only about *one-fourth* of the London price. Potatoes are the dearest in proportion, they being, for the best, 3lbs. for 2*d.*

Wood, per load of 210 cubic feet, 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Faggots, per hundred 2*s.* 4*d.*
Charcoal, per 100 lbs. 2*s.* 8*d.*

Washing and ironing, as follows:

Shirts 2*d.*
Do. night 1½*d.*
Cravats ¾*d.*
Waistcoats 1½*d.*

Pantaloons 2*d.*

Pairs of stockings }
Handkerchiefs .. }
Towels } per dozen..... 5½*d.*
Table-napkins .. }

Gowns, plain 5½*d.* to 8*d.*
Do. dress 11*d.* to 13½*d.*
Petticoats..... 2*d.*
Table-cloths, small 1½*d.*
Do. large 3*d.*
Pair of sheets, large 4*d.*

N. B. Washing *without ironing* does not cost more than *one-third* of the above.

Servants' wages (with food and wine) as follows:

Woman cook, per annum 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*
Man do. (not *professional*) 16*l.*
House-maid 4*l.*
Clever man-servant 16*l.*
Coachman.....16*l.*

Wearing apparel costs, owing to journeyman's wages being lower, somewhat less than in England.

Hire of a carriage and pair of horses, including coachman, per day, 10*s.*—for two hours, 4*s.*

House-rent: unfurnished house, tax-free, and containing from 6 to 8 rooms, with kitchen, 10*l.* to 16*l.* and 21*l.* per annum, according to situation and other circumstances.

Rent of a house furnished, with
Furniture good but not elegant
Two bed-rooms
One servants' bed-room } about 100*l.*
One dining-room } per annum.
Two parlours
And kitchen

5th.—Very fine day (64).—The people go about the streets at night in bands, during Lent, singing the *Miserere.*

6th.—Somewhat overcast (61).—The painters and sculptors, the painters more particularly, have had not a little to do in recommending the doctrines of Christianity in Catholic countries, and in representing the awful prospects of a future state. In some of the recesses of the churches here there are paintings on the walls, in which the joys of heaven and the tortures of hell are contrasted in such a way as to make the contemplator tremble to think of the alternative. "When we go "amongst heathens," said a Catholic priest to me, "we "do not preach them a long story that they cannot com- "prehend, as your Missionaries do. We stick up a "picture of the most agreeable imagery on one side, and "another of the most terrific opposite to it. The pointed "finger directs the eye, and the eye, in an instant, learns "more than a volume of sermons could teach. Few "*words* are necessary to complete the one grand lesson. "We have only to say: '*If you do as I bid you, you*

" ' *shall go to* THIS *place; if you do not, you shall* " ' *go to* THAT *place.*' "

7th.—Fine morning: rain towards night (61).

8th.—Fine, with a little rain (62).—There is a botanical garden at FLORENCE. I cannot judge of it; but it does not appear to be of any great importance.

Asparagus and artichokes have been in the market for a fortnight past. There are long-pod beans five or six inches long. While these beans are in their tender state, the grain about the size of large peas, the Italians eat them *raw*, and green peas likewise, in the way of *dessert* after dinner. Raw artichokes are eaten in the same way. Asparagus, half boiled, with oil and vinegar, is eaten as a salad. A little dish of grated cheese is always put on the dinner table, and this is eaten in a manner the last, perhaps, that an Englishman would think of; namely, in the *soup*. There are, however, many English people who have speedily become reconciled to this mixture so far, as not to like the soup so well without the cheese as with it.

9th.—Some sunshine, but more rain (61).—If the Tuscans do not enjoy the most glorious state of liberty in the world, if they have not a great deal to boast and brag of in their political institutions, I question whether they be not, just at this time, infinitely better off than we are. You may say that their condition is precisely opposite to ours; but it by no means necessarily follows that they must be *badly off*. The government here is as despotic, *nominally* despotic, as it can well be; and the people are

actually free. Nor is it that they have been degraded so far as to become contented in *misery:* it is not a state of *happy poverty* that you see here. Tuscany appears to have been, for a great part of its time, a singularly blessed little spot. Insignificant as it is in the world, it has many things to be proud of in itself: the much that nature has done for it, all that the country has contributed to learning and art, and the numbers of famous men of whom this is the birth-place. The government, though dependent on a foreign power, deals out none of its master's severities at second-hand. The vulgar notion among the people is, that their *Grand Duke* can do as he likes with their country. They respect him as a prince absolute in will, and who cannot act but in justice; and there is a sort of understanding between the two, grounded on custom and tradition, which makes the one feel satisfied to render obedience, and the other in knowing that he deserves it. In cases of injury to the subject, the Tuscans assert a right of having personal audience with the sovereign; and this, which the Dukes of Tuscany have given encouragement to, has been the cause of much of their popularity.

10*th.*—Same weather (61).—A carriage comes to-day from PISA to take us on to ROME. We are furnished with this by a man whom we knew at PISA. Our agreement is, that we (there are *two* of us) are to pay him thirty-two francs a day when on the road, and ten francs a day for the use of the carriage while we may be remaining in a town. The driver, carriage and two horses,

are altogether at our disposal; and he is to find us with *every thing* in travelling, that is, to bargain and pay for our board and lodging.

11*th*.—SIENA.—Fair (62).—We left FLORENCE this morning at seven, and arrived here at about the same hour this evening.—A very pleasant day's ride of forty miles, coming through *San Casciano, Tavernelle, Barberino, Poggibonzi*, and *Castiglioncello*.

San Casciano and *Poggibonzi* are, for *borgos*, places of considerable size. We stopped at the latter of these to bait the horses and dine. As we were strolling about just outside of this place, we approached a small church, near the door of which was a hole, communicating, I suppose, with a charity-box inside, and over the aperture was the following practically charitable inscription:

"Della madre di Dio l'ajuto implora;
"E se la gloria del ciel goder tu vuoi,
"Col cuore insieme e col *danare* onora."

Implore the aid of the mother of God; and if thou wouldst enjoy the glory of heaven, worship both with thy heart and with thy MONEY. At the door of all the churches here there is a charity-box, with "*Elsemosina per i poveri*," alms for the poor, or something to that effect, written over it.

Barberino and *Castiglioncello* are curious little old places. The former stands just off the road, on the summit of a hill to the right; and the latter is down in a dell. *Castiglioncello* (little castle) seems to be very old, from the partly-destroyed walls and towers that sur-

round it.—An interesting country, so far. On leaving FLORENCE we are amongst the riches of soil and cultivation for a little while. Then we come to mountains of pine and oak timber. The land not all good: some of it very shingly. But the country, generally, delightful. A good many olives; abundance of vines, mostly trained to maples. The greater part of our road was over frequent hill and dale; but few of the hills to be called *mountains*. A great many agreeable views, and some of them romantic. The *convents*, with their churches, form a great part of the scenery. You cannot but know a convent when you see it. It is always upon, or very nigh to, some good land; situated on the tip, or at the side, of some elevated spot. The size of the dwelling is large, and its shape, though uncommonly plain, yet peculiar; and it always stands amidst trees, with rows or clumps of cypress-trees about it. The cypress, though it is proverbially *fatal*, has not always the look of that mourning of which it is the emblem. Much the contrary. It makes nothing look gay or showy; but it is a very great ornament to the convents.

SIENA, once a city of much greater size, now contains a population of about 19 or 20,000 souls. It is situated on a great eminence, on the top of a large mountain, which is supposed to have been formerly a volcano. The situation has given this place much celebrity. The air here is said to be very cool in summer, and great numbers of gentlefolks come here to spend the summer season. The sides of the vast mound on which the city stands, are

cultivated in the best way. The olive and vine flourish here, and beautify the place greatly. The streets of the city are narrow and crooked, and the houses (like all the town-houses of Italy) high out of proportion. There is a fine gothic cathedral here, which is much talked of by travellers. It is the first thing of the kind we have seen in this country; I mean, the first really *gothic church*. And how much more beautiful and venerable, how much more elegant, are such churches, as the gothic churches in France, and our English cathedrals, than any thing else in the world! The cathedral here, inside and outside, is all encrusted with black and white marble. The building, however, is not *finished*, according to its original plan; and this is the case with the greater part of the fine Italian churches.

At this place it is that the Italian language is said to be spoken in its greatest purity. Here, I suppose, the academicians *della Crusca* have had most influence. But while they may have made the people make use of the most proper words, they have not established the most sonorous style of uttering them. The Italian is emphatically called the *lingua Toscana*, the Tuscan language. Yet I have liked this language least when I have heard it spoken by the people of this country. I find none of that sweetness that I expected. The pronunciation of the Florentines is very bad. It must be a hard mouth, to be sure, that could make so smooth a language sound *harshly*. But there is that in the pronunciation of the people of Tuscany which disappoints you. Their manner of ad-

dress is conciliating; but their language is contemptible, compared to what you would expect. There is a feebleness, a *littleness* in its sound, which takes away your respect for it.

12*th*.—RICORSI.—Very fine and warm (67).—Came through *Montanori*, *Buonconvento*, *Torrinieri*, *San Quirico*, and *Poderina*.—RICORSI is but a mere post-house, and miserable enough as such. Nothing to induce us to stop at such a place, excepting that our horses had here done a good day's work. We stopped some time to bait at *Buonconvento*, a very small, old, fortified, or at least highly walled-in place. The people all from the neighbouring country were come to the mass (this being Sunday). They appeared to be very devout. This is a low and unhealthy spot, with a sort of greasy binding land about it. To-day's ride, for the most part, was over a very ugly, though singular country: the land poor, and lying in nasty heavy hills, or heaps of earth; for they have the look of being thrown up with a shovel. A sort of brick earth, of a bluish colour. The high spots are white, and being continually washed away into the valleys. Some of the land is miserably bad, not growing a blade of grass, or a weed. What lies high seems as if the rains would not let it remain there; and the dells seem to be none the better for what comes down to them. Flocks of starveling little sheep, in some places, attended by shepherds and shepherdesses (no *Arcadians*) who come to passengers to beg. An ugly picture, indeed!—We see some *pilgrims* to-day. They, like us, are going

to Rome, to be there in time for the grand ceremonies of Easter. They all wear an oil-skin tippet or cape over the shoulders, a cross hanging at their breasts, and they walk with a black staff with a cross on the top of it; and two or three inches from the top of the staff there is a crook reversed, which is to hang their bottle of water on.—Some snow is now seen on the top of *Santa Fiora*, a high Apennine mountain to our left.

When we were at *Buonconvento* to-day we saw all the country people who had come to church carrying away with them, as they went home, olive-branches, or small crosses made of rough pieces of wood, with little wax images of Christ attached to the bough or cross. These had been blessed, and given to the people by the priests. As Holy-Week approaches, it is the practice for the priests to go forth into all parts of the neighbouring country to *bless the crops*. Small crosses, also, are given to the farmers, many of whom we saw to-day walking through their crops of standing corn, each with a good bundle of crosses under his arm, and sticking one of them up every here and there in each corn-field.

13*th*.—ACQUA-PENDENTE.—A windy and cloudy day (63).—To this place through *Radicofani* and *Pontecentino*. On leaving *Ricorsi* this morning, we immediately began to ascend the first of a string of long hills, the highest point of which is *Radicofani*. There is nothing but a poor little village at *Radicofani*. The *name* belongs to the mountain, which is very high, and the top of it, on which there is an ancient castle and fortification-

now falling into ruin, may be seen from a great distance. *Radicofani*, the ascent and descent of which make, together, about eleven or twelve miles, is the most desolate mountain I have ever seen. It is almost altogether uncultivated, and the land very poor. Large stones lie about, which, they say, have been thrown up by volcanic eruptions. This mountain is now frequently visited with quakings. The view from the top of Radicofani, along with the scenery immediately around, gives one a mixed idea of grandeur and dreariness. Immense pieces of loose broken rock lie in all directions on the surface of the ground; and the land all around has the appearance of having been torn out of its natural shape by some artificial force. You might imagine this spot the scene of action of MILTON'S battle between the spirits of heaven and hell, in which the contending parties are represented handling mountains as missiles, and throwing them at one another's heads as boys do stones.

At *Radicofani* is the last station of police, and of the custom-house for Tuscany. Soon after leaving *Radicofani*, we came into the Roman territory, and then, at a short distance further on, had to stop at *Pontecentino*, which is no town, but only the place at which the pope's custom-house officers and policemen begin to have to do with you. *Acqua-Pendente*, where we put up for to-night, is romantically situated, and looks very well at a distance. It is a small town, and, apparently, getting smaller daily. This place is called *Acqua-Pendente*, from its standing on the brink of a precipice of rock, at the foot

of which there is a torrent of water; so that the town does, as it were, *overhang the water*. I have never seen so nasty a place as *Acqua-Pendente*. The greater part of the houses appear to be very old, and the streets are narrow and crooked. The place is miserable, filthy, most gloomy in the impression it makes upon you. I cannot help supposing that there is some horrid epidemic prevailing, to give all the people the one wretched look that their faces wear. Perhaps this may be partly fancy, and their faces may express less sadness than belongs to my reflections. However, if there be any joy here, I am at a loss to imagine from what it can arise. The people look poverty-stricken; they are, too, extremely negligent and dirty in their dress; and the habit of being thus, makes them appear still worse off than they are. There is one thing about the women which is the worst of all: they have large spots on their heads that are quite bare, and the hair that has not fallen off has evidently less pains bestowed upon it than what an English carter would bestow on the tails of his team. But we expected to be a little horrified on this road; the country is noted for its want of comfort and its filth. The inns on this road have not much accommodation in them. Even at SIENA, where we put up at the best inn, it was a dirty place, and we were not well attended to, though the people were not uncivil. There is, too, along here, an absolute *scarcity of food*; a serious thing for travellers. We arrived at *Acqua-Pendente* at an early hour to-day; and the *soup*, with which they intro-

duced us to our dinner, was, to be sure, the most abominable mess of greasy hot water that could have been made. There was no danger of its offending the palate: if the eye had not forbidden to taste, the nose must. Our inn is like other inns of a second-rate sort that we have before been obliged to put up with, and here there is but one inn of any sort. The ground floor consists of the carriage or cart-house and the stable for the horses, the latter of which apartments so far communicates, through a doorway, with the upper part of the house, that the rooms we occupy, which are just over the stable and opening into the kitchen, are not ventilated in the most delightful manner. There is an old man who does all the cooking. Excepting the difference of sex, he puts me in mind of Dame Leonarda, in Gil Blas. He wears an old night-cap, and looks pompous in his occupation. I stood by and saw him prepare the repast of some hungry gentlemen from England, who stopped to bait here to-day. The meat itself, the way in which he handled it, and the place in which the act of cookery was going on, were each of themselves enough to say avaunt to the stoutest appetite. What, good heavens, would some English housewives, some of the wives of English labourers even, think of such a place as this? There is an elderly lady of my acquaintance, a Suffolk farmer's widow, who would, I do believe, be fairly *killed* by it. She is strong in health, but most fastidiously *clean*, even for an English woman; and to answer for her life in this house, for a few days, would positively be a hazardous insurance.

Every one must remark how different the condition of the *female sex* is here from what it is with us. I am not sufficiently travelled in our own United Kingdom to be able to compare all parts of it with this country; and perhaps the women in some parts of Scotland, and those in Ireland, may enjoy not more, if not less of heaven in this world, than these Italians do. I am speaking, of course, of *labouring* people. The whole personal appearance of the working women here, denotes their having to perform a large portion of the most irksome labour. Their countenances are more grave than those of the men; it is an expression of habitual resignation to suffering. They do not seem as if they were cheerful in adversity; their looks are rather painfully patient. There is a hardiness about them that is any thing but agreeable, because they do not, at the same time, seem equal to the trials that require it. The woman who waits upon us (a *maid of all work*, as we call it) is an instance. One would think, to see her, that hope had never shed one ray of encouragement for her in this life, and the expression of her features is but a recital of human cares. The poor thing is subject to fits. I saw her this evening with one of them upon her. She was in strong convulsions, and kept on saying, *Oh Dio! O Signore!* (Oh God! Oh Lord!) Yet, in a few minutes afterwards she was on her legs again, and went off with tottering steps to make our beds. There was only time for her to go up stairs for a load of bed-clothing. Down she came with it on her shoulders

trudging along as if nothing more than common had been the matter with her; and one of the sheets happening to fall off her shoulder on the stone steps, she exclaimed, in a voice of revived strength, *Ah, diavolo!* (Ah, the devil!)

14*th*. VITERBO.—A beautiful clear day (64). Between *Acqua-Pendente* and this place we came through *San Lorenzo, Bolsena,* and *Monte-Fiascone.*

This has been by far our most pleasant day's ride from FLORENCE. *San-Lorenzo-nuovo* (new Saint Lawrence) is not a great way from *Acqua-Pendente,* and the land lying between these two is fertile. The former is a small place, just on the summit of a hill, at which the traveller's eye is suddenly struck with a new and extensive view, that of the beautiful lake of *Bolsena.* We had to make a long descent towards the lake, to the edge of which our road brought us. Just as we came to the lake, we passed though the ruins of what was formerly the town of *San-Lorenzo.* These ruins, situated as they are, are exceedingly romantic. There is a little spot of flat land at the bottom of the hill, where the ruins are; and a slow stream, or soak of water from the hill, has made an unhealthy piece of marsh, on account of which the ancient town was abandoned by its inhabitants, who removed to the top of the hill. Here are grottos and caves made in the sides of the rocks, and amongst the ruins, fine trees of oak and walnut, a pretty little daisy-spangled meadow, and a full view of the lake. This spot has been the choice station of *banditti:* a most advantageous post for

them. You can hardly pass the place, without the thought of such people coming into your head. Our driver, however, anticipated us; for he had begun to talk of the subject some time before appearances were such as to give credit to his fearful anecdotes of murder. By all accounts there has been many a bloody deed done among the ruins of the old town; and though the road has latterly become nearly or quite free from robbers, the Italians still tremble to pass by this spot at night: the conscientious postilion never approaches, without beginning to hope to be forgiven for his sins, saying his prayers, crossing his breast, and devoutly laying the lash on the backs of his horses.

From the ruins the road runs alongside of the lake; and, at a short distance on, there is the little town of *Bolsena*, just off the road to the left; a small old place, with a tower; an inviting object for the painter. *Bolsena* is said to stand on the site of the ancient *Volsinium*, one of the cities of the Etrurians; and the ancient name of the lake is *Lacus Vulsinus*. There are two little islands in the lake, which are inhabited; and the circumference of this lake, a fine sheet of clear water, is more than thirty miles. *Monte-Fiascone* stands on a very lofty peak: as soon as you catch sight of the lake, this place is the most prominent among the objects around it. We coasted the lake nearly all the way from *Bolsena* to *Monte-Fiascone*. Immediately on the borders of the lake are fertile fields, with corn, and some olives, and good vineyards. At a little distance from the water the

rocky high land rises all around, dressed in woods of not very fine oak timber, the sticks of which, when the people wish to clear the ground for cultivation, are disposed of by setting them on fire.

Monte-Fiascone, stuck right on the tip of a mound of purely volcanic substance, a sort of crumbling porous stone, is a small old place closely hemmed in with a wall, the only entrances to which are through two strong gate-ways. It is just one of these Italian towns that are the most peculiarly unlike any thing in England. *Defence*, no doubt, has been the principal motive for building so many towns, as there are in this country, on the very points of mountainous ground. However, there seems to have been such a propensity in the people to soar, to have their nests in the air, that one might almost suppose they formerly had some other means, besides those of their legs, of mounting and descending rugged heights; that they were like eagles, gifted with wings to fly, as well as feet to walk. On one side of the town, towards the lake, you look down over the lake, as from a balcony. There is a deep and nearly perpendicular precipice, commencing very near the town's wall, and from the foot of this steep, a wide and gradually-sloping plain sweeps for a mile and a half down to the margin of the lake. The landscape is most delightful: it is one of the beauty-spots on the face of this beautiful country. You look so completely down upon every thing in the plain, that no one object intervenes to exclude another; and all is seen so far at a distance, that the eye

includes the whole at one glance; nothing strikes you as gross, but every thing is in pleasing miniature; fields of various colours, trees, rows of olives, vineyards, all blended together like so many figures of various tints upon a handsome carpet.—This country is very curious to the naturalists, particularly those who take interest in volcanic phenomena.

Monte-Fiascone is famous for the produce of a very nice muscadel wine, which is white, and much resembles the best English perry. We put up at a small inn, at the road's side, to bait, and taste it. It sells for about a shilling the bottle; which is dear; but then we are travellers, and the wine is an object of *curiosity*, on account of a fact (said to be), which is as follows. A German Bishop was going this road to Rome, many years ago. He, not unlike many other bishops, was fond of wine. And, in order to know at what places the wine was such as to be worthy of his good taste, he sent his courier on a-head, telling him that wherever there *was* wine worth drinking to write up "*Est*" (There is). At *Monte-Fiascone* the courier found the wine so very good, that he wrote "*Est*" three times over, by way of admiration. The Bishop, it is said, on coming up, so far confirmed his courier's opinion of the wine, that he drank of it till he died. On the sign-board of the inn where the traveller stops, the fatal recommendation of the courier is still quoted; and on the tomb-stone of his master, who was buried in a church hard by, the following droll epitaph is engraved.

"Est, Est, Est:"
Et propter nimium "Est,"
Mortuus Est.

The people of the place were accustomed, for years afterwards, to solemnize the anniversary of his death by pouring a whole cask of their wine over the grave. The wine-growers, no doubt, regarded the prelate as a sort of patron saint. But the Pope has since interdicted the custom as being indecorous; and what used to be offered as a libation over the remains of the martyr, is now annually drunk to his memory.—Excellent vine-training at *Monte-Fiascone.*

While we were walking about at *Monte-Fiascone* we chanced to meet a priest, of whom we began to make inquiries. But as soon as he knew what part of the world we were from, he had too much to say in admiration of our country to tell us much about his own. "*Ah, che* "*bel paese, che paese stupendo quell' Inghilterra! che* "*libertà! eh? E quel buon re!* * * * * *Quanto* "*siete da invidiare voi altri Inglesi!*" (Ah what a fine country, what a prodigious country that England! What freedom! eh? And that good king! * * * * How much are you English people to be envied!) This was perfectly *sincere,* too; for almost every soul here that has ever heard of England talks in just the same way about it. It is not that they think *themselves unhappy.* The priest did not mean so. But they have all a notion of the greatness of England which is little short of romance. They seem to suppose, that our country is under

the influence of some *liberty-charm*, of which no other country is even capable of enjoying the blessing.

There is less show of live-stock between this and FLORENCE than I have seen any where before. About *Monte-Fiascone*, however, there are great droves of black pigs, which are fed on the acorns in the woods of oak. From *Monte-Fiascone* we came down into a large plain, on the opposite side of which *Viterbo* was in sight, at about ten miles off, standing at the foot of another mountain. The plain is a great piece of poor down land, growing nothing but grass, and that very coarse. Here were some flocks of sheep, with white long-haired goats amongst them. The sheep were all bad, and the goats all handsome. The sheep-fold here is a net, like a fisherman's net, only made of stronger materials, and with wider meshes. The shepherds, attended by strong dogs, are dressed in the skins of the sheep and goats, the wool or hair being left on the outer side of the garment.

The people along here are marvellously dark in complexion. We see many that appear to be very aged, to all appearance not less than a hundred years old. They give you such an idea of old age as we can seldom have in England. The colour of their skins is the cause of this.

"But Doctor Johnson said there *might* be witches,"

says PETER PINDAR: and I have seen two or three old ladies to-day that were quite enough to justify the Doctor's admission; they had such deeply-tanned skins, such strong features, and such jet-black piercing eyes; wear-

ing too, as the women do hereabout, a white napkin folded over the head and hanging down behind. JUVENAL censures the *delicacy* of the women of his own time, as a sign of degeneracy. He says that the women of former ages were inured to toil, and often rougher to look at than their scorn-eating husbands:

"*Sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.*"

But the satirist must have seen plenty such in his day; or the persons of some of the present race certainly prove that a regeneration has since taken place, for there is enough of the *horridus* about them to be consistent with the purest state of nature. I question, also, whether they ever toiled more than they do now. Every woman is hard at work, spinning, knitting, or at something of a much more laborious kind. The *acorns* too, which our ancestors are supposed to have fed on, were, no doubt, all *nuts*. On every part of the Apennines where there are woods of chesnuts, that fruit is still the food of the labouring people.

We *felt* the influence of one climate to-day, and *saw* the regions of another. The nightingale was twittering close by the road's side, while we were looking at the distant tops of mountains now all buried in snow.

The *Black Eagle* inn at VITERBO is the best house we have met with on this road: and that is not saying *much* for it. In a dining-room, which resembles (not in *cleanliness*) one of the largest English farm-house kitchens, the walls are covered by the scribblings of tra-

vellers. This is the case in many of the inns. It is amusing to read what some have left behind them. There is not consolation enough at the *Black Eagle* to have prevented our comfort-hunting countrymen from being very querulous here.

> "*Wm. Arnold, John Righton, Henry Colbrook:*
> "*three fools for leaving English comfort for the*
> "*sake of seeing greater fools than themselves.*"

How like three *Englishmen!* And I must confess that I am not free from all sympathy with them. It does not do to think of "English comfort" here. There is a frankness in their confession of *folly*, which gives these exasperated John Bulls the credit of having felt what they say. Another malcontent, but with less openness of heart, vents his own spleen upon his fellows in adversity, and writes this anonymous commentary under the record of their chagrin: "*And three still greater fools for owning it!*"

15*th*. BACCANO.—Warm, but overcast (63).—Just as we were about to set off from *Viterbo* this morning, a crash of *crockery-ware* was heard. The window of my bed-room was open; the washand-basin, on three rickety legs, stood close by; the wind was high, and blew in the window-curtain; and thus had occurred this dire mishap. I, luckily, was too far off to have been the immediate cause of it. But the waiter, who, it seems, was answerable for *breakage*, suddenly appeared before me, with a face of most piteous complaint. I knew what

he would have, before he said a word: that I should *pay for it*. He could not be made to see the ridiculousness of such a demand; it was of no use to remind him that I was not the ruler of the winds any more than himself. He swore *per Bacco* that it was very unjust, and, as there was no time to be lost in asserting his claim, he became less civil at every word. The altercation ended by my getting into the carriage to set off, when the waiter, thumping his fist on the step, now swore *(per Cristo!)* that we should not go till he was paid. A number of loitering fellows who stood around, with the waiter, landlord, and all, laid hold of the horses; and we were fairly arrested. This was a little too much to be put up with. And the waiter's last oath, followed up by such a combination to maintain it, showed that my personal strength was likely to be of as little avail as my logic. A short consultation was held; and we determined to see if there was any *law* to be had. A friar, who was just then coming along, after hearing an abstract of my case, advised me to go to the *governo*, to the governor of the town. So off I posted, willingly sacrificing some time to have a little legal experience. The governor was a-bed; but he received my statement, and that of my opponent, who likewise attended, from his valet. The sum in demand was so insignificant, that both the governor and his messenger recommended the payment of it for the sake of peace. But who goes to law without the hope of *justice*? and I had come all the way for this. The merits of the case, therefore, having been more fully

considered, the waiter was cast; and an officer was dispatched with orders at once to set us free, and to bring back the landlord to receive a lecture for such misconduct in his house. As we drove out of the town, leaving all at the *Black Eagle* as quiet as mice, we met the waiter, who was returning from the scene of litigation, and who passed by us not without looking knives and forks through the carriage-window.

Travellers should be on their guard here as to imposition about *passports*. These things are costly, when application has to be made to Ministers. But while you are on the road, though the passport has frequently to be looked at, it is only at certain places that any thing should be paid. The officers who examine your passport are shabby military men. I mean shabby *to look at* only; for, they are generally well-behaved. At some places, however, they exercise a little cheatery. Two *pauls* (9*d*.) was demanded of us on entering the gate at *Viterbo*. And this sum I afterwards caused the soldier to refund, the waiter, with whom I afterwards so unfortunately fell out, having told me that such taking of money was punishable.

We come through *Ronciglione* and *Monterosi*.—A long up-hill slope for a good distance from *Viterbo*. At the top we come in sight of *Ronciglione*, a pretty large *borgo*.—There are not many vines along here, they grow only in spots. Just round *Viterbo* the land is well cultivated, and the vineyards appear to be good.—Near *Ronciglione* is the little lake of *Vico*, surrounded with woods

of oak and walnut.—Between *Viterbo* and *Ronciglione* there is much hazel and broom on otherwise barren land, and an abundance of wild flowers, amongst which is the primrose.—*Monterosi* is a very small place, on a hill, round about which there is a little green meadow land, with some vines on the side of the hill. From this place there is a fine view of *Monte Soracte*, looking like an immense long ridge of earth thrown up in the midst of a great plain. We thought of sleeping at *Monterosi*, the little inn being pleasantly situated; but the landlord, whose eyes had the least fascinating squint, and whose manners were not more pleasing than his looks, drove us away; and *Baccano* is such a place that, in coming here, we have only jumped out of the fryingpan into the fire. It consists of two buildings only; a large post-house and its stable. The house is in a singularly bad situation, in a dell from which, at some seasons, the exhalations that arise are very unhealthy, and cause that fever for which the neighbourhood of Rome is noted.

Here we are within a very few miles of Rome! within a few miles of what was once the capital of Europe; and what do we see here that harmonizes with the recollection? Our inn is what we might expect to meet with in the least civilized part of a civilized country. The part of the house in which travellers are accommodated is on the first floor, where there is a long gallery, with a range of bed-rooms on each side of it, and a great dirty saloon at one end. One lazy waiter is the only person that seems to be doing any thing up

stairs, and he seems willing to do nothing. The people are inattentive and indolent, and as dirty as pigs.

16*th*. ROME.—The morning begins with a shower. We have fine weather till we get towards ROME, and enter this city in a thoroughly wet afternoon (68).

The approach to Rome is singularly void of interest, excepting only the thought of the place you are approaching. Immediately on getting out of the hole in which *Baccano* lies, the cupola of the church of *St. Peter's* is seen. The land all the way is a part of what is called the *Campagna* of Rome, which is famous for its want of cultivation, though the soil is by no means all bad. The far greater part of it bears nothing but a poor grass, brambles, and high weeds. Only a few patchy crops of wheat and lupines. A vast deal of this land has the traces of the plough on it, though it has, for many years, evidently been left to crop itself. There is a little wood-land, at about three miles from Rome, with some cork-trees, some herds of grazing oxen, and flocks of long-legged, ugly sheep.—A part of the road is paved.—A few ruins of towers and old houses is all, in the way of buildings, that you see till you come within about a mile of the walls of the city, where there are dwelling-houses and gardens.

At a mile from Rome we crossed the Tiber on the bridge anciently called *Pons Milvius*, now *Ponte-Molle*, the road leading from which is a part of the ancient *Via Flaminiana*, which brings you to the gate called *Porta Flaminiana*, or, modernly, *Porta del*

Popolo (the Gate of the People). Through this gate you enter a fine large place, called *Piazza del Popolo* (the Place of the People). The gate, and the place it leads into, are such as promise rather the perfection of grandeur than the ruin of it. We were surprised to see any thing so splendid at the entrance to modern Rome. The *Piazza*, which is very large, has a fine fountain in the centre of it, surmounted by an Egyptian obelisk; the principal street of Rome (the *Corso*) runs out of the *Piazza* exactly opposite the gateway; two other streets branch off, one on each side of the *Corso;* and at the two corners of the buildings, formed by the three streets all coming to one point, there are the fronts of two elegant churches. We drove along the *Corso* to the Custom-house, noticing nothing more particular than that the houses were even more high, large, solid, and heavy, than any we had seen before.—The Custom-house here is well conducted. They give you as little trouble as they can in looking at your things; but no one gets clear by bribery.

The difficulty that we have had to get any thing of a lodging for to-night is almost incredible; the city is so full of people, who have come to be here at Easter. There is not a garret to be hired in any hotel; though there are hotels in abundance, some of which are built almost on purpose for the pressing occasion of Holy Week.

17*th.*—Fine and warm (69). The wind, to-day, is what is here called *scirocco*, a warm south-east wind. It is disagreeable, and has an enervating effect. The

scirocco is always prevalent at Rome in the warm months of the year. An Englishman, who has lived in Rome for some years, tells me that he can always feel if the *scirocco* be blowing, even before he is out of bed of a morning. We noticed that there was a something very unpleasant in the air, as we were travelling yesterday, and it was this south-east wind.

Before we set out for Rome, we were afraid that we should have occasion to use a saying of the Italians which is expressive of mischance, and in its literal sense: *sono stato a Roma, e non ho visto il Papa*—I went to Rome, and *did not see the Pope*. But the successor of LEO XII. is, however, elected, and we saw him to-day assisting in a ceremony at St. Peter's.

Well, indeed, has it ever been said, that there is nothing like *experience*. If I had not already been aware of how little profit it is to attempt to imagine great things that are *to be seen*, by *reading* about them, the sights that I have experienced to-day, those of the *Colosseum* and *St. Peter's*, must have pretty well convinced me. How many describers have endeavoured to excite astonishment in speaking of these things, and how much more astonishment does the sight of them give than all that their beholders have been told of them beforehand! The engraver has given us a tolerable idea of the *Colosseum*; and this thing I longed to see, expecting to find more to admire in it than any thing of the artificial kind in Italy. I strolled out early this morning, no antiquary, yet in search of great monuments of antiquity. I

had no *cicerone*, as the guides to curiosities are here called; but chance directed my steps the way I should have wished; and, before I knew where I had got to, I was on the very spot, or very near it, where the *Forum* once stood, where CICERO used to harangue his countrymen; the Capitol on one side and the Colosseum on the other; and amongst triumphal arches, the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, the Jugurthan prison, the Tarpeian rock, dilapidated temples, and a few straggling but noble columns, some now brought down to roll in the dust, others still standing on end with fragments on their heads, as if bidding defiance to all Time's power to destroy. Many as are the centuries passed since the time of ancient Rome, the people continue to this hour to bring buried curiosities to light. One would think that the ardour of antiquaries must have caused all the ground about this city to be long ago completely trenched. There are some workmen now employed in laying bare a part of the pavement of the ancient *Via Sacra*, between the Colosseum and the Capitol; and I saw a piece of handsome tesselated marble pavement, near the same spot, which has been discovered only a few days.—The Colosseum, otherwise called the Amphitheatre, is an immense oval building, on the arena inside of which the Romans used to exhibit their barbarous and cruel combats between men and beasts, and massacres of human beings condemned to death. The rows of seats, which formerly sloped from the edge of the arena all around towards the top of the building, are said to have con-

tained more than a *hundred thousand* spectators. What *spectators!* and what *spectacles!* There is enough of the Colosseum left to attest its original size. History assures us of the almost incredible acts of ferocity performed within its walls. The further speculation would be vain; yet one cannot help wishing to know how many lives have been sacrificed, what measure of blood has been shed, on its vast arena! The size, the whole appearance of this thing, is truly *colossal.* It gives you the idea, not merely of a wonderful race of *men*, but you must almost suppose that those men were *giants.* Every separate piece of the building is in character with the whole of the great fabric. The squared blocks of stone are so huge, that to describe their size would be risking one's character for veracity. There are three tiers of arches, from the ground to the second story, all round the building, and every one of these would be fit, in strength, height, and width, to be the gateway of an Italian city. The materials are a sort of very lasting stone, called *travertino*, which is found at some distance off among the Apennine mountains, and of which the greater part of the city is built. The architects of age after age have carried away a large part of the Colosseum to build houses with; and MICHEL ANGELO, with more care to be immortal himself, than to let his predecessors remain so, was ruthless enough to lay spoiling hands on the Colosseum, and has displayed his own art in pieces of architecture framed with materials that he tore from this. To prevent further dilapidation, the

whole place was, some time ago, *consecrated* by the Pope; so that it is now sacred to all hands. A large crucifix is erected in the centre of the arena, which the Romans kiss as they walk through. Here, perhaps, is exhibited the most signal triumph of Christianity that is to be witnessed in the whole world. Here the cross is planted in the very ground that drank the blood of the primitive Christians, and the Catholics worship their image of redemption in the midst of the ruins of that theatre on which the Christian faith has gone through the most trying scenes of martyrdom.

This evening we heard the *miserere* sung in St. Peter's. The *miserere*, as here sung, is, I am told, the finest piece of music to be heard in the world. There were no *women* among the singers. But there was one circumstance connected with the persons forming this choir, which, whatever may be its influence towards making the music more imposing on the people, does certainly countenance a good deal of what we Protestants have to say against the practices of the Holy See. It may be unchristian-like to look on the Pope as the *scarlet whore*, wrong to say that his doctrine is *idolatrous and damnable*; but the *miserere* at St. Peter's is certainly as vile an insult to reason, as heathen-like a clap-trap for the ear, as any thing that ever was adopted by British Druid or priest of the Hindoos. This thing is enough to justify the coarsest jests; such as SWIFT's about the catholic *holy-water*, which he calls the Pope's *universal pickle*.

18*th.*—Clear, but *scirocco* (71).

19*th.*—Fine warm day (70).—We are just returned from witnessing the august ceremonies of *Easter Sunday* in St. Peter's. And now, sitting down to make notes of what I have seen, how am I to describe the sight in any way equal to its merit; or, if I were to do that (which I cannot), how should I hope to make any body believe that such things really are?

St. Peter's, called *Basilica di San Pietro in Vaticano*, is immediately attached to the Vatican, the Pope's principal palace. The palace stands adjoining one side of the church. The church stands at the top of a gentle ascent. There is a large *piazza*, or open, space in front of it; at the sides of which are two colonnades of semicircular form, the upper ends of which join each side of the church by two long galleries or cloisters. There is a wide space between the lower ends of the two colonnades, for carriages to drive into the *Piazza*. In the centre of the *Piazza* stands an Egyptian obelisk 124 feet high, and on each side of this, at equal distances, are two beautiful fountains, each spouting up water enough to make the stream of a small river. Take off the grand dome and the two minor domes of the church, and the cross on the obelisk, and there is nothing left that would have made me guess this place to be *St. Peter's*. It would not strike me to be a *church* at all. A *palace*, indeed, and that of the most splendid kind that can be conceived. As a church, it has nothing to create that veneration which I expected to feel on seeing it. As a

palace, it is so enormously magnificent (if I may use such big words) that no one but an architect can have any notion of the thing excepting through the medium of the eyes. St. Peter's is 458 feet in height, from the pavement of the church to the top of the cross; and 613 feet in length, from one end of the interior of the church to the other. I never saw so old a building that struck me as looking so very new. The stone (*travertino*) of which it is built, is of a quality that preserves its colour, and the colour is light. Besides which, there is no *smoke* here to alter the colour of buildings. You might suppose, on first sight of the building, that the whole of it were built but a short time ago, and all at one time. I have read, in the book of some traveller, a description of the *filthiness* of St. Peter's, and the general *wretched appearance* of the neighbourhood around it. Travellers must see with very various kinds of eyes; for, the exterior of this church is, to me, singularly free from any thing of the kind; while the inside is as clean as a drawing-room. The insides of French churches are, indeed, very filthy, but the contrary is the case in Italy; and St. Peter's is, as might be supposed, remarkable for the attention bestowed upon it in this respect.

There is not an inch square of the whole interior of St. Peter's that does not strike you with astonishment at the labour bestowed and the money laid out to construct this building. The floor is all marble, and the ceiling is all glittering with gold. The walls are covered with mosaic copies of some of the most celebrated pictures;

and the beauty of these may be imagined from this, that some of the mosaics are considered even to rival the original paintings. The immense columns are all encrusted with the rarest marbles, and other more precious stones; and such a quantity of these are there here, that it is said that the world cannot furnish materials to make *another St. Peter's*. In the niches, and all over the church, are beautiful pieces of sculpture, and colossal statues of many of the Popes. The whole of the interior of the dome is worked in mosaic. Immediately under the centre of the dome is the shrine of St. Peter, with a railing around, and steps leading down to the tomb; and above, round the base of the dome, is the following most apt inscription, from the book of Matthew:

> TU ES PETRUS, ET SUPER HANC PETRAM ÆDIFICABO ECCLESIAM MEAM; ET TIBI DABO CLAVES REGNI CŒLORUM.

"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my "church; and I will give unto thee the keys of the "kingdom of Heaven." The superstructure is indeed consistent with its foundation: the "*church*" is worthy of the "*rock*." There is a very ancient bronze statue of St. Peter standing within the church. The feet of the statue, which represents St. Peter in the act of giving benediction, are about five feet from the pavement. One of the feet projects a little over the pedestal as if on purpose to receive the salutations of pious lips. The kisses given to this foot are so many, that there was,

I am told, one whole set of new toes put on some years ago; and the present great toe is certainly much the worse for wear.—It is said that people are generally disappointed, at first sight, as to the *size* of the interior of the church. It was so with us. But every part of it is so covered with ornament, there is such a glare of finery in every direction, that you are dazzled, and your sight is struck with more than it can bear at one time. The colossal figures in marble and mosaic appear almost of natural size; no individual object strikes you as being large, till you come quite near to it; which proves how immense the place must be, whatever impression it may make upon you at the first glance. It is said that St. Peter's would contain the whole of the present population of Rome, not less than a *hundred and fifty thousand* people. I cannot well guess how many were in it to-day, when the Pope said mass. I should think, however, as many as from fifteen to twenty thousand. But there might have been twice that number for what I can say. The place was so much larger than any place I ever saw a crowd in before, that I could not venture on an estimate of numbers.

Ceremonies so full of pomp as those we have seen to-day, conducted in so magnificent a place, and witnessed by such an assemblage of people of all degrees and all nations, cannot be to be equalled any where else in the world. The Pope came into the church followed by all the cardinals. There was an altar raised over St. Peter's shrine, at which the Pope performed the mass.

There was a throne erected for the Pope, and seats for the cardinals and other dignitaries, for foreign princes and ambassadors, and other great people, all hung with scarlet cloth. On each side of the altar there was a raised platform for nobility and gentry, but for *ladies* alone; and a large part of these ladies were Englishwomen. There was nothing more in the way of *accommodations*; the great mass of the congregation were all standing in a promiscuous crowd; and the sight of all these people, in this church, was a thing really worth coming all the way to Rome on purpose to behold it. Such a sight as this is more than equal in interest to the incidents of many a whole lifetime. Like all other Catholic churches on the Continent, St. Peter's has no division, no *pews*, but is entirely open; consequently there is no distinction of rank as to *place;* no *best* or *worst place;* and it was a pleasing sight to behold a fine lady composedly kneel down, and prepare to say her prayers, by the side of a poor and plainly dressed person. The *coup d'œil* presented to our view was as splendid as it was unlike any thing to be seen out of St. Peter's. There was the Pope officiating at the altar, attended by the cardinals, officers of state, military, foreign princes and ambassadors, all in the state dresses of their different courts; then there were ladies and gentlemen of different countries, the native peasantry, and pilgrims innumerable; little children, some of them of the poorest description, and all these, at the elevation of the host, were kneeling together, the labourer alongside of the grandee.

But, to describe it, to make others see it without coming here; this is impossible. The grand general effect is too much to admit of any description at all. However, there was one part of the show which, while it was by no means the least to be admired, may be spoken of in detail to some profit. That is, the numerous groups of country people, of the peasantry, and of the pilgrims from different parts of Italy. The presence of these people gave a peculiar character to the whole assemblage. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rome, as well as in more distant parts of the country, are conspicuous for their *costumes*. We see pictures of these costumes in England; but in looking at the pictures we cannot help giving the painter's imagination the credit for inventing much of the magnificence they represent. It seems almost ridiculous to believe that labouring country people should dress in such very fine clothes. The dress of the women is, of course, more remarkable than that of the men. There is the most beautiful arrangement of full draperies; pink and blue satin gowns with figures worked upon them; fine transparent muslin aprons. Then there is a boddice, of some colour strongly contrasted with that of the gown, and laced, itself, with yet another colour. Large bows, of various colours, or corresponding with the lacing of the boddice, are on the shoulders; and long ends from the bows hang over the sleeve of the *chemise* (as the ladies call it), which is full and confined at the elbow. On the bust is a muslin handkerchief, crossed in the front, and most beautifully

arranged in plaits down to a point in the middle of the back, so as to set off the figure. Almost all the women wear some ornament round the neck; generally large necklaces of coral, or a gold chain with a cross. The hair is fastened at the back of the head, in the Grecian style, with large silver bodkins, or sometimes with bows of ribbons; and a veil of muslin, worked, or trimmed with lace, hangs gracefully back over the shoulders. This is the holiday dress of a countrywoman in the neighbourhood of Rome; and the very same dress has, perhaps, been worn for hundreds of years back. The styles of dress are very various; and there are many small places within a few miles of Rome each of which has its peculiar costume; such as *Albano*, *Frascati*, *Genzano*, *Velletri*, *Nettuno*, *Sonnino*, and others. The costumes of some neighbourhoods are very costly. Some of the dresses, not including the necklace, ear-rings, or ornaments for the hair, would cost not less than 14*l.* or 15*l.* of our money. There are dresses consisting entirely of scarlet and gold; gold lace in several rows round the skirt, and the same round the cuffs and the collar of the upper part of the garment, which is made in the form of a jacket. There is a certain class of persons called *eminenti*, or *minenti*, of the inhabitants of the city, who also have their particular costume, which is very handsome. I do not know why they are called *eminenti*; for, though not of the lowest class of citizens, they are only one class above it. Their dress is of the most various colours, and is equally showy and neat. The bodkin that

the women stick in their hair is of solid silver, and is about seven inches long, as large as a good-sized dagger, and much resembling that weapon in shape. They wear large gold ear-rings, and shoes of all sorts of colours, with shoe-buckles of enormous size. The dress of the men is a short jacket, and breeches to the knee, stockings, and shoes; and the most showy article of their dress is a long coloured silk scarf, which they wear as a waist-band. The people of this part of Italy are very handsome. We were struck with the beauty of the Roman women as soon as we arrived here. The Romans are a large, stout people, and much more dignified in their manner than the other Italians we have seen. The men are robust and manly-looking, with countenances that are expressive, though not always amiable. Among the peasants in St. Peter's to-day there were some of the most beautiful women that I have ever seen. They somewhat resembled the women of Lancashire, that is to say, in *figure*. They were tall and stout. Their costume was in the highest degree becoming them; and their carriage was so dignified and so graceful, that you might suppose they had never worn any clothes less fine in their lives. Their manner was really majestic; they looked as if they must have been all created to be *queens*. They were by no means what we should call delicate in person; yet there was nothing masculine about them, either in figure, face, or manner. Their complexions were a very dark, but very clear olive, with a tinge of red on the cheeks; they had fine open foreheads; fine large black eyes, and long

eye-lashes; and their hair really vieing with the plumage of the raven. More beautiful complexions, and more regular and expressive sets of features, were never pourtrayed in painting or imagined in poetry. A great many of these people, men, women, and children, have the most noble and most animated countenances that can possibly be.

At the close of the ceremony, the Pope came to the front of the shrine, and, turning towards it, kneeled down on a cushion to pray. When he rose, he was seated, dressed in white satin robes and wearing the triple crown, in a chair upon a platform, and borne, under a canopy, on the shoulders of men, splendid ostrich plumes waving on each side of him. The cardinals all followed, dressed in robes of scarlet, and the procession moved down through the middle aisle of the church, between two rows of the Pope's body-guard. This guard is composed altogether of Swiss, dressed in a most singular sort of regimentals. They have coats and big breeches of yellow and red cloth, alternate stripes of each colour sewed together; a black beaver hat of simple shape, with one side of the rim turned up, and a short black feather; red stockings, and shoes. These fellows are all armed with halberds, which are long-handled battle-axes. All the people now hurried out of the church into the great *piazza* in front of it, and the Pope, having been carried up to a gallery at the front of the building, appeared at a window, still borne on the shoulders of his attendants. This was quite a new scene again; and so quickly brought about; the actors and

the spectators all the same that were in the inside of the church not above five minutes before. The people on foot crowded as near to the front of the church as they could, standing on a long and wide flight of steps. The more distant parts of the *piazza* were occupied by hundreds of carriages full of ladies and gentlemen. When the Pope came forward, the bell of St. Peter's began to toll, and cannon to fire. Every eye was instantly fixed on the Holy Father, who was about to give us all his *benediction*; and as soon as he began to raise his hands for that purpose, every soul, man, woman, and child, dropped on their knees, the people on foot on the pavement, and those in the carriages on their seats. This was a very short ceremony, but the effect of it, while it lasted, was truly grand; the most imposing sight that can be imagined.

20*th*.—Fine and warm, but *scirocco* (70.)—Last night St. Peter's was illuminated. The whole of the exterior of the building, even up to the top of the cross, was covered with burning torches. It looked very fine at a distance. There are a great many hands employed in this illumination. All at one instant the whole of the lights were shifted, so as to make a complete change in the form of the illumination. The shifting of the lights, on some parts of the building, is attended with much danger. So much so, that the workmen always confess their sins and receive the extreme unction before they go to work. Yet they say that no serious accident has ever been known to occur.—To-night there were fire-works at the castle of *Sant' Angelo*, which stands near St. Peter's.

These are considered to be the most splendid fire-works that take place any where.

21*rst.*—Fair; but the same disagreeable wind (70).

22*nd.*—Same weather. The *scirocco* very oppressive (71).—Vegetation is forward; vines in full leaf; figs the size of a pullet's egg; standard apricots as big as a walnut; standard peaches as big as a hazel-nut. The gardens are full of flowers. The acacia is in blossom.

23*rd.*—Same weather (72).—It is of no use to mince the matter in speaking of the *filth* of the Italians. It does not signify talking, as we say: they are a nasty, dirty nation. They are not dirty in the same degree in all parts; as we proceed towards the south, they seem to be more and more so. One would suppose that filth would be less compatible with comfort in a hot climate than in a cool one. Yet the inhabitants of countries the most exposed to the sun are the least cleanly. The English and Dutch of America have lost much of the cleanly habits of their ancestors. Some of the filthiness of this country is such, that to enter into particulars would be a loathsome task. With all the handsome finery that the people sport on holidays, there is a deal of negligence about their ordinary dress. Parties of ladies and gentlemen, dressed in their best clothes, meet together in drawing-rooms the floors of which are of bare bricks that seem never to have been washed.

24*th.*—Very fine warm day (73).—The growth of all vegetables is much more forward than it was about FLORENCE when we came away. The vine-shoots head

are fifteen or sixteen inches long, while, on our road from FLORENCE, they were only beginning to appear.—On this day (25th April) the Romans generally begin to eat cherries.

25th.—Very fine, and hot (75).

26th.—Same weather (74).—The *Corso*, or main street of Rome, was crowded with carriages this afternoon (Sunday). The people seem to take great pride in the power of driving up and down this long dusty street in an open carriage. There are plenty of pleasant drives without the walls of the city. But this recreation is generally confined to the *Corso*, as that is the place where there are most people to be seen by. They seem to have the same notion of riding that sailors have, and all seem as if they were having a ride for the first time in their lives. At each end of the *Corso* there are dragoons on horseback, stationed to preserve order among the carriages.

27th.—Fine and hot (75): at ten o'clock at night (70).—This morning we went through the *Vatican*, to see the wonders of art therein contained. But this place is so immense, and the objects to look at are so many in number, that we could hardly do more than just walk through it. The apartments of the *Vatican* are so numerous as not to be reckoned by *hundreds*, but by *thousands*. The galleries containing the sculpture of the ancients, and the galleries of the library, are of great length and extremely beautiful. Here is the *Apollo Belvedere*, and some others of the most far-famed works of art in marble. Here are the original paintings of RAPHAEL, of which

we see the cartoons at Hampton Court. Among the curiosities of the library there are some letters of Henry VIII., in his own handwriting, to Anna Boleyn, in which the king styles himself her "*loving sweetheart.*"

The Italians are certainly a very temperate people in their eating and drinking. I have heard that the Romans are *drunkards;* but have not, however, as yet, ever met with a drunken man in the street. Your course must be very lucky, in the streets of any English town, to avoid such a rencontre for two or three days together. The Italians do not, generally speaking, eat more than two meals in the day. At their breakfast they drink coffee, or wine and water. They dine late, and the dinner is always the principal meal; yet it is by no means a very solid one, and they never drink wine without putting more or less of water with it. But this climate evidently *requires* less eating and drinking than cold and damp climates do. The Italians themselves say so: they say that it would be injurious to health to exceed their present habits in this respect. I have been surprised to see how little is sufficient for some of them to preserve good looks upon. If we call the French *moderate,* what shall we call these people! But the truth is, that the French are, as to *eating,* the greatest gormandizers in the world. They are at once the most dainty and most devouring. The meat at Rome is not good. Neither are the people good cooks; at least, they are nothing like, equal to the French in this. They eat a good deal of food that is poor. Some of their dishes are strange,

disagreeable compounds, which must, one would think, tend more to the destruction than to the nourishment of the human frame. There is one, in particular, that beats all the messes I have ever tasted. They call it *agro-dolce* (sour-sweet); and the name could not be more proper, for I should imagine the principal ingredients to be the two opposite extremes of pyroligneous acid and honey.—Most of the milk that is consumed here is that of goats. There is not good grass enough about Rome to admit of their keeping many cows. The goatherds drive the goats into the city, and they are milked in the streets. The goats here, which are mostly white, are very beautiful animals. They are one of the great ornaments of the rural scenery of Italy.

28*th*.—Same weather (73).—English people are shocked at the accounts they hear of the state of *matrimony* in this country. If I am to believe what I hear at Rome, those accounts do not much exceed the truth. We must not, however, be made to believe that there is no such thing as an instance of conjugal fidelity in Italy. I am told that the morals of the Italians, in this respect, are a good deal mended within a few years back; and whatever reproach may still be deserved, there is no doubt but that all the weight of it should fall upon the *men*, leaving the *women* out of the question, as the slip of the wife must, almost always, be attributable to misconduct in the husband. In that way, at all events, the matter should be regarded, when, independent of individual cases, the vice is considered as characterising a whole

country. It was formerly the fashion here, as we have all heard, for all married women of any rank to have what the Italians call a *cicisbéo*, or *cavaliere*, that is, a *knight in waiting*. Now-a-days this custom is less prevalent; but it is by no means utterly abolished; and I understand that the ladies of Rome are far from being the most eager to discourage its continuance. I have this day heard of one most curious instance of a blessed husband. I can hardly believe the story myself. And yet, I may almost answer for the truth of it; for the parties live under the same roof with the person (an Englishman) who related it to me. There is a man and his wife, and a family of children. When the marriage took place, the lady insisted on a stipulation, in the marriage contract, that a certain gentleman, whom she had thought worthy to be her *cavaliere*, should *live in the house*. There they all are, and have been for *thirty years*, all three living together! It is said that the resemblance between *half the children* and the *cavaliere* is so striking as to leave no doubt that his capacity, as a member of the family, has not been merely of a nominal kind. This, then, is a woman with *two husbands*, as near as can well be. And, what is most to be admired, I am told that the family is free from discord, and that the two lords are on a footing of mutual good understanding with one another. There are sons and daughters, grown to be men and women, who still live with thei mother. The *cavaliere* assumes the principal authority in the household; he is *head man*; while the lawful

husband is contented to retain the one great undisputed honour of being called "*papa*" by *all the children!*

29*th.*—Fair, but cool (65).

30*th.*—Change of weather. Rather cold, with some rain (64).—You may now see fruit formed on some of the vines; the bunches of grapes are about half an inch long.

MAY.

1*rst.*—Fine day, but rather cold wind (65).—There was a frost last night, which cut down some of the vine-shoots, and the French-beans.—The ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars are immediately on the Palatine Hill, where Romulus is said to have built the original city of Rome. On this hill, and amidst the ruins, there is a modern villa, with a fine large garden, which we saw this morning. Here there was a greater quantity of roses in blossom than I have ever seen in any twenty gardens all put together. There was an arcade of trellice work, about sixty yards long, literally covered with the blossom of Chinese roses.

2*nd.*—Fair (64).

3*rd.*—Fine (64).—From the length of time that the ruins of the Colosseum have been standing, great numbers of shrubs and plants have taken root among the mortar and rubbish. This vegetation adds much to the picturesque of the interior of the place. There are sumac, honeysuckle, trefoil, garlic, foxglove, wallflower, and a great many other shrubs and plants. Some French lady has published a work, relating entirely to the shrubs and plants which grow on these ruins. A sermon is

preached, every Sunday afternoon, among the ruins of this place. The preacher is a priest of the order of Capuchins. It would be impossible to give an idea of the style of one of these sermons. They are so animated, so full of speaking gesticulation, so abounding in familiar figures and illustrations. The Capuchin friars are one class of Franciscans. They have their hair shaved off, leaving just a ring of it round the head, but the crown quite bare; and their beards grow long. They wear a large gown with sleeves, and a cowl which is to cover the head, but which generally hangs behind. This dress is made of the coarsest cloth, of a sort of rusty russet colour. They generally go bare-headed, though a small black scull-cap is, properly, part of the costume. Their necks and legs are quite bare: they have, in short, nothing else on their bodies, excepting a coarse pair of sandals for the feet. They have a common hempen cord tied round the waist: and from this hangs a large string of wooden beads and a cross. The congregation at the Colosseum was as attentive as the preacher was earnest. I really like these preachers: there is so much *nature* in their rhetoric. The object of the Capuchin's eloquence was to inspire humility (the characteristic virtue of his order); and in this he very soon succeeded. "Kneel down," said he; and they knelt; "strike your breasts," and they did so. Then he told them that they should punish their bodies for the good of their souls: "*Così, così,*" said he, (thus, thus,) at the same time exemplifying the doctrine by laying on upon his own shoulders with his hempen girdle. In be-

seeking them to reflect on the brevity of this life, he exclaimed "*Da qui, a cinquant' anni*—then paused, kissed his hand, and added—*piazza pulita!*" (Fifty years hence—and you are all gone!) But this is no translation. Our language can hardly express the idea. How much less could any language convey an idea of the preacher's *manner!*

4th.—Fair (65).—The public are not admitted to the courts of justice at Rome; at least, not to all of them. The doors of the criminal court are always closed. There are three courts, however, of one jurisdiction, into which any body may go. These are inferior courts, which have a very limited power, and decide questions of debt not exceeding a certain amount. I saw these courts to-day, and heard the arguments and decisions in several cases. The judge, the lawyers on both sides, and the audience, were all talking at the same time. A famous place to learn to talk Italian! But that any thing like *business* should be conducted in such places appears to be impossible. There is no such thing as *trial by jury* here. An advocate of the Roman consistorial court with whom I was talking to-day, a learned man, and a writer, too, on law, had evidently no notion of the administration of law in England. He was quite astonished, and seemed, indeed, rather shocked, to hear that our juries were not always composed of the *highest order* of persons in the nation. "*Pardi!*" said he, "*je n'aimerais pas d'être jugé par ces jens là,* (Faith! I should not like to be tried by *that* sort of people).

5th.—Warm showers (67).—My experience to-day has been more among the dead than among the living. This is the festival of Pope PIUS I., and the remains of his body were exposed to public view this morning, according to custom, in one of the finest churches of Rome, *Santa Maria Maggiore.* Many persons, among the pious or the curious, were present at this exhibition. I afterwards went to a convent inhabited by the Capuchins, who showed me their cemetery, the place of deposite for the bodies of their dead. There were a suit of apartments under ground. All the walls and ceilings were decorated by various devices formed with the skulls and other bones of the friars. There were large piles of bones, with niches made in them, in which were complete skeletons standing erect or lying at full length. Some of the skeletons were dressed out in the full costume of the order. The place of interment were the floors of this cemetery, which were of bare earth. There were the graves of some of the friars not long extinct, whose remains must, in their turn, be taken up and piled on the general heap of bones, to make room for others.

6th. VELLETRI.—Delightful summer's day (72).—Thus far (about 28 miles from Rome) on an excursion to Naples, whither I am going in company with a young Roman lawyer, who has hardly ever left his native city before, and who is anxious, like myself, to have a look from the top of Mount Vesuvius. — We came through *Albano, Aricia,* and *Genzano.* For about eleven miles from Rome the land is a dead flat; a good

deal of it uncultivated; but some crops of wheat and rye. A few straggling ruins of ancient Rome are still to be seen on this plain, one of which is a part of an aqueduct. On quitting the level we had to ascend for about three miles to *Albano*, which stands on a mountain of the same name. The country was very fine all the way here from *Albano*. The situation of that place is delightful; there is an extensive view of Rome from it, of all the plain for miles around, and of the sea. It was sudden hill and dell all the way, and the land good. The land is so well cultivated here, that it makes amends for the appearances of sterility on the *Campagna* of Rome. The vineyards and the corn rival those of *Lucca*. The vines are trained in the neatest manner, and mostly close to the ground: they stand in rows five or six feet apart, and in the intervals there are French beans, Indian corn, rye, or wheat. The rye has been out in full ear for some days.—*Velletri* contains abqut 12,000 inhabitants. The other places we passed through were of much less size. Their situations are all most agreeable. Not so, however, the towns and villages themselves: these are picturesque, as forming a part of the scenery; and they all have the appearance of great antiquity about them, which, of itself, gives one kind of claim to the traveller's admiration; but there is much about the insides of them to shock people who come with English ways of thinking. If there are one or two main streets of some width, and pretty well free from dirt, the rest of the streets are extremely confined, the houses out

of order in every respect, and many of them with heaps of filth about the door-ways. I dare say that the inhabitants now live in very nearly the same way as they used to at the time when *Velletri* was the dwelling-place of AUGUSTUS. But this, if such be the fact, does not say much for the ancients, and is not enough to reconcile us to the habits of the moderns. The places we passed through to-day were not, to be sure, like *Acqua-pendente*; and the people do seem to be considerably less dirty than the Piemontese. Yet some of the best-looking and best-dressed of the people we saw in St. Peter's on the 19th of April were from *Albano*, *Genzano*, and *Velletri*; and they do not, I am sorry to perceive, appear to any thing like the same advantage at home as they do when abroad. It seems that there is no such thing as what we call a "*country place*" in this whole country. The small towns or villages are so many *cities in miniature*; they look like blocks of houses all taken up together and brought away from some larger place, and planted down in the country.

7th. TERRACINA.—Beautiful clear day (74).—From *Velletri* we descended from the mountains again, coming down upon an immense tract of perfectly level land. For some distance our road lay through a sort of scrubby forest ground. Where the land was cultivated, there were good crops of wheat, rye, oats, beans, and lupines. We soon came to the border of the *Pontine Marshes*, a part of the country which has become famous for the *pestilence* it produces. The road to *Terracina* runs

through these marshes for about twenty-four miles. The road is excellent, for a great part of the way as straight as an arrow, and with rows of poplar trees on each side of it. Here there is a fine view of the lofty mountain *Circæus*, mentioned by the poets in the voyage of Æneas. The marshes are by no means clear of water; large canals run alongside of the road, however, which keep it from being overflowed. Endeavours have been made, from time to time, from the age of Julius Cæsar to the present, to lay these marshes dry. There is a fine road established; but the country is still pestiferous, and must continue so, I suppose, for ever. There appears to be no means of getting rid of the water; a great part of it is always stagnant, and gives rise to a fever during the latter part of the summer and the autumn, on account of which it is dangerous even to travel across the marshes for some months in the year. We are told by some that *we* are not quite safe in undertaking our present journey. The *look* of the marshes, however, is by no means alarming: they are really a fine piece of country, whatever may be the air breathed upon them; very different from what I had imagined, from the many accounts I have listened to of this deadly spot. Here is fine high grass contending with the strongest weeds. The whole of the Pontine Marshes belongs to a very few individuals; the greater part of them, I believe, to one person. But little of the land seems ever to have been broken up. Nevertheless, it is not unprofitable. The draining has succeeded so far as to admit of grazing

cattle here. We see numerous herds of horn-cattle and horses, sometimes two or three hundred of these in one herd. The cattle are guarded by men who, at the hazard of their lives, have to remain on the marshes at all seasons of the year. They are dressed, after the manner of this part of Italy, in jackets and breeches of coarse linen; they wear a hat with a very peaked crown; a sort of stockings made of the same material as the upper garments; on the feet a sort of sandal (called *ciocia*), which is an oblong piece of leather, with the hair left on, the hairy side being worn outwards. There are six holes made in the sandal, one on each side of the toe, the same at the heel, and the same half way along the foot. A long tie, consisting of a slight piece of cord, is passed through these holes, brought over the instep, and, being drawn tight at the heel, the two ends of the tie are repeatedly crossed round the ancle and fastened at about half-way up the leg. These herdsmen are all mounted on horseback, wearing a spur on one heel, and carrying a long pole to drive the cattle with; and they have dogs to assist them. There is something romantic in their appearance: to see one of them couching his pole like a lance, and galloping off at full speed, you might take him for a knight errant, if you did not happen to see the stray cow or colt that he was in pursuit of. The horses that are bred on the marshes are said to be some of the best in Italy. The horn-cattle, of a light colour, are large and exceedingly handsome. They all appear to be very wild; and well they may, for they are as nearly

in a state of nature as possible. There are great numbers of the buffalo in the marshes; some of these are perfectly wild, some of them are tamed, and used in harness. This is a very ugly beast; as ugly, too, in disposition as in form, for they attack people. It is about the size of an Alderney cow, entirely black, with horns about fourteen inches long turning down towards the face.

When we were in the midst of the marshes, we stopped at a small inn to bait the horses. Not to bait ourselves, however; at least if we had expected any entertainment here we should have been disappointed at what we found. The landlord told us that he should be able to remain there only a certain time longer; and then he must be off, for fear of the *fever*. The spot on which this little inn now stands is supposed to have been the site of the place called *Forum-Appi*, no traces of which now remain. HORACE mentions it, in his journey from Rome to Brundusium; and comparing his account with our experience, this neighbourhood does not seem to have undergone much improvement since HORACE travelled here. The poet complains most bitterly of the bad water and wine, and of being kept awake by the frogs and mosquitos of the marshes. We can answer for the badness of the water and wine; and if we had put up for the night, as HORACE did, we should certainly have had our share of the frogs and mosquitos.

Terracina stands immediately on the sea. Here is an immense precipice of rock, overhanging the shore, at the top of which the original town (called *Auxur*) was

situated. This might be a delightful place if the air were wholesome. But, though they have here all the benefit of every breeze from the sea, the looks of the people betray the influence of the marshes, which continue as far as to this town.

The country-people hereabouts are all dressed in pretty much the same way as those herdsmen whom we saw today. A hat with pyramidical crown, rather broad in the brim, and one side of the brim turned up; all the rest of the dress, jacket, breeches, and stockings, of coarse brown linen; and sandals on the feet. It is really a very handsome dress, as far as *form* goes. In the parts of the country where the sandal is worn, the people are distinguished by this article of their dress; and all those who wear the *ciocia* are called *ciocieri*.

Terracina contains 9,000 inhabitants. Nevertheless, there is but one inn that is any way tolerable. This my itinerary calls "*une auberge magnifique*." There is, indeed, travelling enough on this road to support a magnificent hotel at this place. But the "*auberge magnifique*" is a great dirty place, and the keepers of it are not attentive. They are as lazy and careless a set as I have ever met with. The house stands right on the shore. It is a pity that the tide does not flow through every one of its apartments during one half hour in every week; for, one drop of fresh water never seems to have been spilt here for the purpose of *washing*. What they gave us to eat this evening, I can hardly tell. It was clear that there was *maçaroni* in the soup; but nothing else was to be known

by name; every dish had undergone such culinary transformation and mixture.

8th. SANT' AGATA.—Warm, fine day, with some rain in the afternoon (66).—We had a delightful ride to-day, coming through *Fondi*, *Itri*, *Mola-di-Gaeta*, and *Gaviyliano*.—Our road, for the first three or four miles, was bounded by the sea on one side, and by a continuation of the mountain at *Terracina* on the other. Soon after leaving *Terracina* we entered the Neapolitan territory, passing through a strong gate, called *Torre dei Confini*, or Tower of the Frontiers, at which we were detained a short time to have our passports looked at. Coming towards *Fondi*, there was a small lake of stagnant water, and some marshy land, which make all that neighbourhood extremely unhealthy. The fever that the people are here subject to is, they say, a dreadful malady. More or less of it arises every year; and to look at the people is quite sufficient to inform you of the pestiferousness of the air they breathe.

Fondi and *Itri* have each four or five thousand inhabitants. These places are really shocking; the latter particularly. I have never seen so wretched a place as *Itri*. The inhabitants, their streets, their houses, their dress, every thing about them is a spectacle that it is quite melancholy to behold. The state of filth in which the people live, and their poverty, in these two towns, are beyond all powers to describe. Indeed one might think that these poor creatures were suffering under some especial curse. Surely there can be nothing worse than *this* to

be seen. If the charms of Italy are worth coming thus far to see, it is worth going as far to avoid seeing these her horrors. A minute description of *Itri* could hardly be credited. At that place we had to stop at a custom-house. We were surrounded, in a moment, by beggars who came in crowds; and among the rest came the pauper-like custom-house officers, who looked almost as miserable, and begged quite as hard, as any. It would, in some manner, be consolatory to find the surrounding country all barrenness; for that would suggest the least painful reason for the existence of so much human misery. But the country is all fine: as soon as we were away from the marshes, we came amongst hills of good land abounding in plantations of the vine and the fig-tree, and flourishing crops of corn. I hear that a large part of the population of *Fondi* and *Itri* are thieves, highway robbers, and that they have assisted in the robberies and assassinations committed by bands of men who, till very lately, have been permitted to attack travellers and carry them off into the mountains.

As we left *Fondi* and *Itri* we had some high mountains to come over. But the scenery, the shape of the land, and its cultivation, were, for the most part of the way, far exceeding in beauty any thing that I had been induced to look for between Rome and Naples. Neither the *good* nor the *bad* of this road have been justly spoken of by travellers. *Mola-di-Gaeta* is a sweet place. Just before you come to this, you see a lofty pile of stone and brick work, circular in form, and something

like a tower, which is supposed to stand on the spot at which the murderers of CICERO overtook him, and to have been raised as a memorial of that event. At *Mola-di-Gaeta* there is a little gulf, formed by a promontory of land which juts out into the sea, immediately on the point of which stands *Gaeta*, an episcopal town, with a citadel, and containing about 15,000 inhabitants. ÆNEAS is said to have named the place after his nurse *Cajeta*, who was entombed on the spot; and VIRGIL has given it "eternal fame" in his tedious narrative of the hero's adventures:

> Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Æneë nutrix,
> Æternam moriens famam, CAJETA, dedisti: &c.

There is an excellent hotel at *Mola-di-Gaeta*. From the back windows you see *Gaeta* across the little gulf. This is the nicest inn that I have any where seen in Italy. The view it commands is most picturesque; and the country around is most beautiful.

Garigliano is a small place on the river *Liris*. The country all the way to *Sant' Agata* is fine. Here is a luxuriance in vegetation which nothing I have seen in other parts of Italy is equal to. The vines, from tree to tree, grow higher than I have seen any before. The fig-tree grows like a natural product of the soil; and the orange, lemon, and pomegranate, nearly the same. All the crops are good: wheat, Indian corn, rye, horse-beans, French-beans (or lentils), and lupines. There is much Indian corn grown

here: the people make bread of it. But who can be in such a climate as this, who can see such a sky, and feel such a sun, as we have seen and felt to-day, and wonder to see every thing spring up and flourish as it does? The district of country that we have been coming through, is called *Terra di Lavoro*, Land of Labour: to see this country (forgetting all about *Fondi* and *Itri*), one might call it, some parts of it at least, the land of *Paradise*. There is, however, a great deal to check your admiration of the *country*, in what you see about the *people*. I cannot help looking for nice *country-houses*, *farm-houses*, and *cottages*; it seems impossible that such things should not be, where there are so many inviting spots to build them on; yet I look for them in vain. The *way of life*, the being crammed up in a filthy little town or village, instead of living among the fields, this is all I find to dislike; but not to dislike this is more than can be expected of the least prejudiced Englishman. Here, at *Sant' Agata*, we are in another nasty inn. It is a house standing at about a mile out of the town, and in a most agreeable situation. The house is quite full of travellers to-night; every room is occupied. There must be, and must have been for some years past, a great deal of travelling on this road. The innkeepers must receive large sums of money; and how it is that the inns are not more tolerable, I cannot think.—As we approached this place we could see the mountain on which, as is supposed, grew the vines that produced the wine called *Falernian*, the wine so much extolled by the ancient poets. But the

mountain yields no wine, now-a-days, worthy of any particular praise.

9th. NAPLES (in Italian NAPOLI).—A most beautiful day, and quite hot (75).—We came through *Capua*, a fortified town on the river *Volturno*, with a population of 18,000; and *Aversa*, a small episcopal town.

Nothing could be more pleasant than our ride to-day, excepting only the clouds of dust that we were all the way involved in. The road from Rome to Naples is, all the way, almost every inch of it, remarkably good. The materials of that part that we travelled to-day appeared to be the same as the upper soil of all the fields. The land here is very light, but it is not poor; it cannot at least be called so, if we are to judge by what is seen growing upon it. The sun here seems sufficient to make the land bear almost any thing. The principal crops are wheat and Indian corn; these, and rye, horse-beans, kidney-beans, lupines, oats, fig-trees, cherry-trees, plumb-trees, and vines, are seen growing all together. In some places the vines climb up the fruit-trees, and their shoots are trained from branch to branch; and the form of this, and the mixture of foliage just at this time, are very beautiful. Within a few miles of NAPLES the vines are trained to elms or poplars, generally to poplars. Here are the words of VIRGIL'S Georgics, and those of HORACE'S "*Beatus ille*," in practice: *the vine clinging to the elm-tree—the lofty poplar married to the vine.* These trees are not closely headed down here; they grow to their natural height, the side branches being lopped

away just enough to let in the sunshine between them. Only think of fifty or sixty acres of land in this way; high poplars standing in rows with wide intervals; vines clambering up every tree, their long shoots led from the branches of one tree to those of another, crossing in all directions, some of them hanging down towards the ground. This is infinitely less formal, too, than what I have seen elsewhere; the poplars are allowed to grow so high, and the vines, with their shoots crossing one above another, seem as if they had the power, by nature, of throwing themselves from tree to tree. One would suppose that the land must be sufficiently drawn upon by the vines and the impoverishing poplar-roots. Nevertheless, there are luxuriant crops growing under the trees; capital wheat, now all out in ear and turning yellow; fine Indian corn, planted in drills from two to three feet apart; besides oats and beans, and other things. Thus is the land cultivated, nearly the whole of it, for miles before you come to this city. The country was level; we had nothing else in view on either side; but what could be more delightful than to look, as far as the eye could carry, between the stems of the poplars, the bright sun shining through the lofty branches and shoots of the trees and vines, down upon the crops growing under them? This, I take it, is about the perfection of Italian agriculture. You do not here see such great care and neatness as about Lucca and some other places; but if the industry and art of the Lucchesi are to be admired, what nature has done for the Neapolitan farmers is much more aste-

nishing.—There is a great deal of Indian corn grown about Naples. It is of a large kind here; always planted in rows, and cultivated, not with the plough, but with a deep hoe.

There are fine trees of the *carob* (*ceratonia siliqua*) in this country. The Italians call it *carubbio*. We have seen more or less of this tree everywhere in Italy. It bears a large pod, containing a hard seed, and a pulp that is very sweet. The pods are used as food for cattle. I have been told that the mules in Spain grow fat upon it.

We did not see Naples until within a short distance of it. We entered a straight piece of road, on a gentle descent of about a mile and a half in length, with double rows of acacias in blossom on each side of it; at the end of this drive the carriage wheeled round to our right hand, and we looked down on Naples, having the city, its Bay, and Mount Vesuvius, all together in one view. As we came through the suburbs of this city, and coming into the city itself, the people were swarming; I never saw such multitudes; the place seemed to be fairly *leaping alive*; twas enough to make a Malthusian fall down with affright. A great part of the people of this country wear as little covering on their bodies as decency will permit; taking *decency*, too, in the *Italian* sense of the word. Hundreds of the children run about out of doors with nothing but a shirt to their backs, and many of them stark naked.

10*th*.—Fine, clear, hot day (77).—NAPLES stands right on the brink of its Bay, a beautiful gulf formed by

a deep and expansive recess which there is here in the land. At a short distance without the Bay there are three islands, called *Procida, Ischia,* and *Capri.* The city, to be viewed from the sea, or from the sea-side at a distance, is situated to the greatest advantage. It extends for a great distance along the side of the water, and the ground rises gradually from the shore to great height, a large part of the buildings standing on the side of a mountain that is so steep as for the ascent to be quite painful. The houses are immensely high, with flat roofs, and most of the streets narrow. All that has been said of the famous street, the *strada Toledo,* is just, as far as relates to the people that fill it: such numbers, and such a motley crowd, and such confusion in every way, are, I dare say, to be seen no where else. But you must get somewhere out of the city, or somewhere to see more than any one street merely, in order to find much to admire. Every view of the city is beautiful, when you can see a large part of it at one time. It would be difficult to build a place that should not be so, in such a situation as that of Naples. There is the appearance of great magnificence here. The king, FRANCIS I., has a splendid palace on the edge of the Bay. He is a great fat fellow, and the ladies call him "*Gros de Naples.*" He appears to live in high pomp. When any of the Royal family go out from or return to the Palace, the circumstance is always proclaimed by a flourish of trumpets. There is a great deal of military ostentation at Naples. The soldiers make more show, have a more

ently a ppearance, than any soldiers I have ever seen, those of England only excepted. The Neapolitan soldiers are, too, very large and fine-looking men. The people in this part of Italy are not considered to be comely; the women, like the men, are large, but generally not handsome. It is a saying, that when you see a pretty woman at Naples, you may set her down for *a foreigner*. However, one would not think of the soldiers, to see them, that they deserved the character which they have obtained for a want of courage. They are *big* enough, at all events, whatever they may be in pluck. They look like the soldiers of a *military government* (which this government is), being finely dressed, and evidently as well fed. The population of this kingdom, including Sicily, is 7,420,000: the present standing army, 30,000: the King's revenue is nearly 4,000,000 of pounds sterling. The Neapolitan government is not much relished by the people; and this more especially in Sicily, where the taxes are heavier than they are even at Naples. It is not long ago that there were some serious conspiracies against the government. I hear that there are now many of the conspirators imprisoned in this city, where they are likely to remain shut up. The *barracks* and the *prisons* are among the grandest edifices of this place. The Neapolitan rebels are called *carbonari*. There are some of the subjects of the Pope, also, that have a decidedly discontented way of thinking, and who are secretly proud of the title of *carbonaro*. *Carbone* is Italian for *coal*, for *charcoal* particularly, that being the

chief fuel throughout Italy. The charcoal is made among the woody mountains; and those who make it are called *carbonari*. When the political conspirators here were being pursued in all directions by spies and soldiers, they, in order to be able to appear in this city and other populous places, put on the dress of the *carbonari*, and, blackening their persons with the dust of the material, they came down from their hiding-places in safety, driving before them mules with bags of charcoal on their backs. Hence it is that the Neapolitan radicals are called *carbonari*. The worst of treachery was shown by the *carbonari* towards one another; and the most dreadful examples were made of those who were betrayed or otherwise discovered; they were shot, in different parts of the country, like wild beasts, or dragged off to dungeons without any hope of ever being free again. I hear that the spy-system is here in perfection. Every stranger that comes, and who is in the least suspected, has some one to watch every step he makes. But this must of necessity be the case in such a state of things. A visitor must not remain in Naples more than a very few hours, without applying to the police for a written *license to remain;* and any housekeeper, entertaining a stranger who has not done this, is liable to a penalty.

Every body has heard of the *lazzaroni* of Naples. *Lazzarone* has about the same meaning as *sturdy vagabond*. *Lazzaro* seems to have been the name for *pauper* in this country; just as *lazzaretto* was the name for the hospital wherein the leprous, or the poorest diseased pau-

ere relieved. The population of Naples is be-
n 4 and 500,000: it is the most populous city in
ope, after London and Paris. It is said that there
d to be as many as 40,000 of the *lazzaroni* alone.
BONAPARTE pretty nearly abolished this class of the
litans. There is, still, something remaining of
ut not much; there is just enough to give you an
what they once were. I see some people, of both
s, and of all sizes, on the quay, who answer to the
ions of the *lazzaroni*. I believe most of the
are fishermen. They used formerly to sleep at the
f the streets, or on the quays, in *hutches*, like so
ny dogs. These *lazzaroni* are very bare in clothing,
as indeed are all the common people of this country.
They wear a shirt or a jacket of coarse linen, short trow-
sers to the knee, a woollen night-cap on their heads, and
nothing at all on their legs and feet. I see some of them
with their hutches at the sea-side. They are the very
picture of sloth; not, however, of misery, for they are
the most careless and independent-looking set of low
people that I ever saw. Their complexions are as dark
as those of *white people* can be. The men lie sleeping
on their backs, their faces exposed to the burning sun-
shine, just as I have seen the lazy negroes do in America.
There is no such thing as comparing the state of *pau-
perism*, in a country like this, with the same state in
England. You cannot be in Italy long without perceiv-
ing that those people, with their *climate*, can never have
half the *wants* that we have. The same quantity of

food goes a great deal further here than with us. The working people, or the paupers, do not require one-half so much *clothing*. As to *lodging*, the serenity of the climate causes the poor to be altogether negligent about their dwellings. Of food, the main thing of all, the poor people here want but little, and they eat of the simplest kind. There are thousands of them who hardly ever eat any thing but *macaroni*. This is eaten everywhere in Italy, and a great deal of it; at Naples it is, perhaps, the chief sustenance. The people here bear the character of extreme disinclination to labour. But this seems to have always been the case: "*otiosa Neapolis*," idle Naples, was proverbial among the ancients. They are content with little, but they have no care for the future; the "*quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere*," to be free of all thought of the *morrow*, is a piece of advice that they put in practice; and they enjoy all they have as far as it will go, like the Indians, who begin to hunt not before they are urged to pursue their game by hunger. An English gentleman tells me a good anecdote to illustrate this. It is common in Italy, as in France, for men to have their shoes shined in the streets, and the shoe-blacks go about the streets carrying a little box, which serves both to carry the blacking and brushes and as a stool to put the foot on. The Englishman, happening one day to see a boy who was in the habit of cleaning his boots lying asleep in the street against the wall of a house, his box serving him for a pillow, he gave the fellow a shove with his foot, and told him he wanted his boots

blacked. "*No, Signore,*" said the Neapolitan, turning round and recognising his employer with half-open eyes —"*No, Signore: ho già mangiato.*" (No, Sir: I have *had* my dinner!)

Maccaroni, like vermicelli, is only one of the forms into which the Italians make what they call "*pasta,*" or paste. It requires a particular sort of wheat, a brittle, flinty grain, to make this *pasta;* a wheat the flour of which is never used for bread. The manufacture is very simple. The paste is made, I am told, with nothing but flour and water; and when put into the form required, it is dried and hardened in the sun. The macaroni is made (as we have all seen it when brought to England) in small, hollow sticks, exactly like the tube of a common tobacco-pipe. The sticks are generally made about thirty inches in length; and they are dried by throwing them over poles, which are fixed up, for the purpose, before the houses of those who manufacture this article. While we were stopping in *Capua*, on our way hither, we saw the process of making macaroni. The weather was very warm, the doors of the shop were open; and the men at work were going about with not a stitch of clothes on their bodies, excepting just a short piece of linen tied round the middle. The way in which they treated the *dough* was not very delicate: there was a quantity of it in a large tub, and one of the fellows standing in the tub and kneading the *pasta* with his naked feet!—Macaroni is eaten in all sorts of ways. But the common way, the way of the poorer people, is to eat it boiled in water,

and with cheese grated over it. A man may thus get his dinner for three half-pence sterling. One of the curiosities in Naples is to see the people eat macaroni. There are shops on purpose for selling of this food by the plate-full. They do not here break the macaroni into pieces before it is put to boil; so that, being very tough, it goes into the pot like sticks, and comes out like strings. The Neapolitan takes the plate, lays hold of its contents with his fingers, and, beginning with a mouthful at the end of fifteen inches of macaroni, he keeps drawing the food out of the plate as he chews.

11*th*.—The same beautiful weather (77): at ten o'clock at night (66).—From the window of our lodging we can see *Vesuvius*. There is continually more or less of smoke rising above the top of the mountain, and at night there is now a little flame to be seen. These appearances are constantly varying. A total cessation of both flame and smoke, lasting for some time together, is looked upon as the forerunner of a serious eruption.

We went this morning to see the *Tomb of Virgil*; what, at least, is called his tomb. Some antiquaries have doubted whether it be so or not; but they cannot have a very great respect for the name of VIRGIL, or they would hardly endeavour to destroy this illusion, supposing it to be one, by a display of their own science. Every thing about the spot is so much to be admired, that the mere belief of his being laid here is enough to ensure the poet's immortality. The tomb is just at the extremity of the suburbs of the city. To go

to it we went for about a mile and a half alongside of the sea. The houses facing the sea are very fine. At one part, for nearly three quarters of a mile, the street is called *Chiaja*. For those who like to live in sight of the sea, this is the most delightful place of town-residence that can be: a spacious street before the houses, and, between the street and the shore, a garden, called *Villa Reale*, of about three quarters of a mile in length, nicely laid out with gravel walks shaded by trees, and ornamented with statues. One side of the garden runs all the way close upon the sea. See the trees and shrubs growing here, and you cannot help wondering at the climate of Naples. Here, exposed to all the sea wind, the *oleander* is now in full blossom, and growing to a large size in the open ground. This, on account of its situation, is the finest promenade that I have ever seen: it beats the gardens of Paris all to nothing. At a short distance beyond the *Villa Reale* we came to the hill of *Pausilippo*, through which is cut what is called the *Grotto of Pausilippo*, an under-ground road for carriages, a sort of tunnel, three quarters of a mile long, perfectly straight, fifty feet high, and more than thirty feet wide. The work of the *Grotto* is attributed to the ancient Romans. To mount the hill we had to go up a very steep zig-zag path, which brought us to the door of a large garden. There was a person to keep the door, who led us through the garden, a rich piece of irregular ground, amongst vines, fig-trees, and other fruit-trees, and gourds and cucumbers already spreading two feet

in diameter in the open air. The tomb, which is approached by a rugged path, has been described as resembling a small chapel; such it is supposed to have been once; but it is now a mere heap of unshaped stones and earth. There is a small square room on the inside of it, which you may enter. The tomb stands on the brink of a precipice, and you look down from it into the road just at the entrance to the *Grotto*. We are told that VIRGIL, and others of the poets, besides some of the most opulent of the Romans, used to reside on the hill of *Pausilippo*; that it was "at once the monarch's and the muse's seat." From a terrace that there is in the garden, you see over the greater part of Naples and its Bay, and have a splendid view of Vesuvius and the other mountains around. The name of the hill, *Pausilippo*, or *Posilipo*, is derived from a Greek term, signifying the *absence of sorrow:* and no wonder that the name should be here conferred, such is the beauty of this spot and the grandeur of the views it commands.

12*th*.—Same weather (67).—Just returned from *Pompeii* (or *Pompeia*) and *Herculaneum*. These places, and the *Mount* that has done them so much mischief, are the great objects of curiosity at Naples. *Pompeii* is about fourteen miles from the city, and little more than a mile from the sea. The road runs between the foot of Vesuvius and the sea, passing through a town called *Portici*, and other places, *Resini*, *Torre del Greco*, and *Torre della Nunziata:* all of which are, in fact, a continuation of Naples along the shore. *Pompeii* is said

to have sustained great injury from an earthquake in the year 63, was buried in 79 by a great eruption of Vesuvius, and lay completely hidden until 1751, when some peasants who were digging over the ruins in a vineyard, discovered something of the lost town. *Pompeii*, though as much as six miles from Vesuvius, was buried by an immense quantity of ashes and pumice, which, along with boiling-hot water, were vomited in this direction by the mountain. For miles around, the country looks like a great bed of ashes and cinders. Yet it is not altogether unproductive: poplar-trees, vines, wheat, rye, and peas, are all growing immediately around the ruins of *Pompeii*; growing, I dare say, *upon* a large part of the town; for it is supposed that there still remain a great many houses under ground. There are various opinions as to the origin of the towns destroyed by Vesuvius; but the great lapse of time, the fact that these places were buried for so many hundred years, and that the towns are *now to be seen*, must render them almost the greatest, if not the very greatest, curiosities in the world. Some of the ancient historians suppose that *Pompeii* was originally built by Hercules, and that the city has owed its name to the triumph (*pompa*) with which he entered this city, bringing with him the heads of the treble-bodied *Geryones:*

> ——————Nam maximus ultor,
> Tergemini nece Geryonis spoliisque superbus,
> Alcides aderat.

All that is left at *Pompeii* is taken great care of. The

place is constantly guarded, and no one is allowed to enter the ruins unaccompanied by a guide. The roofs have, in great part, been destroyed; but every wall has had a little roof placed over it. It is a pity, however, that any thing should have been *taken away* from this place. The statues found here, the pictures from the walls, the furniture, the utensils of all sorts, most of what was portable has been carried off to the Museum in Naples. There were not many human skeletons found among the ruins, and very little money, or very valuable goods; which shows that but few of the inhabitants perished in consequence of the eruption of the mountain, and that they must have afterwards disinterred some parts, at least, of their city. The streets are straight, and narrow. The houses are small, and few of them appear to have been above one story in height. The streets are very curious. They are just as perfect as if made only yesterday. There are raised walks on each side of the street for foot-passengers, just as we have in England; and before those houses which belonged to the principal citizens these walks are paved with marbles, mosaic, or some other showy material. The pitching in the middle of the street is precisely like that in our streets, only that the stones (pieces of lava) are very large, and irregular both in shape and size. This pitching seems to have been here for a great many years before the city was buried; for the wheels have made complete ruts in the stones. The ruts are at such a small distance apart (about four feet) that the carriages, it

appears, must have been very narrow. In some places there are high stones placed, at intervals across the street, for foot-passengers to step across by in rainy weather.

There are two theatres laid open, one a *tragic*, the other a *comic theatre*; a very large *amphitheatre*; a *tribunal*, or court of justice; temples, of *Isis*, of *Jupiter*, of *Venus*, of *Esculapius*, of *Hercules*; a *market-place*; an *academy of music*; a *pantheon*; two *forums*; *mausoleums*, with urns containing the ashes of the dead; a public *hotel*; a *post-house*; a house supposed to have been a *coffee-house*. Some of the houses, those of the higher ranks of the people, must have been very elegant. The walls of all the houses are built of *lava*, a sort of stone that comes *red-hot* from the crater of Vesuvius. On the inside, the walls are almost all covered with stucco, plastered exceedingly smooth, and painted. The pictures on the stucco are tastefully executed. These pictures are very interesting, from their great age and the freshness which many of them still retain. They represent a variety of subjects; landscapes, portraits, and figures of different animals. There are pictures of deer-hunting and boar-hunting, which are full of life. All the rooms are paved with mosaic; it appears to have been fine or coarse according to the degree of the householder. Figures are represented in the mosaic, which is of two colours, white and black. On the floor of one house there is a wild boar surrounded by hounds and hunters. At the door-way of another house there is a

large black dog; at another door-way you read, "CAVE CANEM" (Beware of the dog), wrought in mosaic; at another, "SALVE" (Welcome). Some of the houses have numbers on them, and the names of some of the shop-keepers and of their trades are written up with red paint. On the outer wall of one house, supposed to have been a butcher's shop, you see the picture of a pig's head, a string of sausages, and some ribs of pork or mutton. This painting looks fresh enough to have been done only a few years back. There are marks, made with some material of red or black colour, against the outsides of the public buildings: these are all looked upon as proclamations, advertisements, &c. but they are not all legible; and some of these scribblings may, I think, be reasonably attributed to the Pompeian *boys*. There are houses that belonged, evidently, to bakers; you see the ovens for baking the bread, and stone mills for grinding the corn, both together. The pantheon, and some of the temples, appear to have been magnificent places. You may now see the altars at which the heathen priests officiated, and on which they made their burned offerings. The temple of Isis (a goddess of the Egyptians) is very curious. Here are seen the altars to offer the sacrifice upon; places on which the devoted animal was slaughtered, made rather sloping, and with a little spout at one side, in order to catch all the blood; and you may see a hiding-hole by the altar, and near to where the statue of the goddess was placed, whence the priests used to pronounce the oracles which the statue itself was sup-

posed to utter. Among the discoveries is that of the house of a sculptor, in which were found the tools of his art, blocks of marble to be worked upon, and pieces of sculpture, some quite finished and others partly so. *Pompeii* was enclosed with a high and strong wall, built of *tufo*, a volcanic stone. The wall extended for nearly three miles in circumference, and a great part of it may now be seen.

13*th*.—Same weather (77).—As we returned from *Pompeii* yesterday afternoon, we stopped at *Resina* to talk with Mr. Salvatore Madonna, a man who lives there, and whose business it is to guide people to the top of Mount Vesuvius. He settled with us to be in readiness to start at midnight; so that we might have darkness to see the eruption more clearly, and see the run rise from the top of the mountain. Some people ascend the mountain just before sunset, and return in the dark. We went back to *Resina* again at eleven o'clock last night; and after stopping a little while at the house of the guide, we set out. It is customary to *ride*, on asses or mules; the guides walk, however; and the journey on foot is but a trifle for a strong man. Some travellers sleep at the house of Salvatore; but we avoided doing this, as every thing about his mansion seemed to promise bugs and fleas in still greater abundance than we have had to feel them in Naples. There are a great many asses about *Resina*, kept, at this season, in constant readiness for visitors. Salvatore, the principal guide, has a certain number in his own stable, but not enough to

serve every body; so that there is much competition among the neighbouring donkey-proprietors. When we were about to mount, the clamour, arising from the rivalship between these fellows, beat every thing of the kind that I have ever witnessed. There had been particular steeds saddled for our use, and particular men appointed to guide us. But a whole drove of donkeys, each one belonging to a different man, were brought to the door, in order, if possible, to cut them out. Every fellow was abusing all the rest, and praising the virtues of his own ass, while he beat it to bring it closer to us. Each beast was so shoved about as to be as unfixed as a wave. There was thumping and kicking, and bawling and braying, a storm of noise and confusion, that continued for as much as ten minutes before we could get away.

The ascent towards the top of Vesuvius begins immediately after leaving *Resina*. I should think that the distance, altogether, must be about six miles. Our asses carried us by such a path as I was quite astonished to look at this morning by daylight; a path of light earth or ashes, full of large abrupt rocks and stones, some fixed and some loose; over and amongst which my donkey picked his way as handily as a cat. Vesuvius is situated with the Apennines on one side and the sea on the other. There are two other mountains, *Somma* and *Ottojano*, which are supposed to have been formerly embodied with Vesuvius, the three all forming one mountain. There is one common base for the three mountains, which is about thirty miles in circumference.

ɔsed that some of the early eruptions separated
of the three mountains from each other. The
of Vesuvius is nothing very great; there are
r mountains within sight of it. For a certain dis-
our path lay amongst vineyards; and there were
ıs kinds of fruit-trees and crops growing upon the
and amongst the huge stones that have been
ɐn from the crater. Then we came to some scrubby
ɛe-wood. And finally, after leaving a hermitage,
ı stands at about three parts of the way up, we
to the foot of the cone, or pyramidical top of the
ɪtain, where there is nothing but stones and lava
s. Here we had to leave our donkeys, riding
ɪurther being impracticable. We were two hours
ɪng from Resina to where we dismounted. And to
ɪk up the cone, which is said to be a mile (but is not above half as much) took us about twenty minutes. This, however, was twenty minutes of difficult scrambling. The ascent is extremely steep, all consisting, too, of a deep bed of ashes and loose stones. Some persons cannot walk up at all without being assisted by the guides, and others are carried in a sedan chair. Women are generally carried. Our guides brought large torches with them from *Resina*. These would have been necessary all the way, if the moon had not been shining; but they did not light them till we entered upon this last stage of the journey. While MURAT was King of this country, he once tried to take his horse to the top of Vesuvius; but he found it impracticable, the horse could

go only about half way up the cone. The point of the mountain is stated to be 3,900 feet above the level of the sea. When we arrived at the top it was still quite dark, so that we could plainly see all the fire that was issuing from the crater. There was but little, comparatively speaking, to be seen last night: nevertheless, that little was something quite new to us, and, at the same time, a beautiful sight. To look down into the crater is like looking into an immense, deep, round pan, leaving out of consideration all little irregularities in shape. The edge is irregular, some parts of it being much higher than others, and consisting of large masses of loose rock amongst the cinders. The inner sides of the crater are not perpendicular, but shelve inwards considerably. The bottom of it is perfectly flat, being like a little plain of land. After being amongst scenery like that of Naples for some time, it becomes difficult to trust to the eye alone in judging of the *dimensions* of objects like this. I am told that to walk all the way round the edge of the crater of Vesuvius, you must go *three miles and a half;* some say *four miles*. The tour is a very arduous and rugged one, and not to be performed, as our guide told us, in less than from an hour and a half to two hours. Yet, on merely looking across and around the edge, as far as I was able from the spot where we were, I should have supposed the distance to be much less. The depth, from the edge down to the plain, cannot, as it appeared to me, be more than 250 feet, though they say it is more. This, however, is for ever subject to the greatest varia-

tion. An account which I read of the state of the mountain in 1826 says, that at one part the depth was in that year 1,200 feet, at another part as much as 2,000 feet. The plain at the bottom of the crater, the bottom of the pan (if I may so call it), may be said to be nearly quite smooth all over; and this is a floor consisting always of the solid lava, just as it subsides and becomes hard at the end of every succeeding great eruption. The floor is sometimes so solid, and it is now, that you may go down and walk upon it with safety. There are cracks in different places: through some of them you may see red-hot fire only a few inches beneath; some of them emit little volumes of smoke, and others steam. To those who have not studied the nature of volcanoes, it is strange to see signs of *water* where *fire* has been raging for so many ages; yet here is a continual contention between the two elements. The Neapolitans call the crater "*La cucina del diavolo*" (The devil's kitchen). I asked our guide what he supposed was doing underneath. "No doubt," said he, "it is the devils cooking macaroni." The part where the eruption now takes place is just in the centre of the plain, where there is the appearance of a *little Vesuvius;* a large conical heap of cinders, at the top of which there is a hole, or small crater, which is now vomiting smoke, ashes, cinders, and small stones. The cinders, when cold, are black, hard, and heavy, much resembling those which come from melted iron ore. The eruption, however small it may be, is always accompanied by loud noise within the crater.

This noise, as we heard it, was not continuous; it occurred at irregular intervals of a minute, or two or three minutes, and was just like the discharge of fire-arms at a distance. The eruption itself is irregular, like the noise; and I observed, that immediately after each noise fresh matter was thrown up with additional force. The cinders, stones, &c., all rise into the air perfectly red-hot, amidst a glowing flame, and to the height, perhaps (at this time), of about 70 or 80 feet; and then they fall rolling down round the sides of the growing heap as fiery as when they came out of the crater. It is really a very beautiful sight, worth taking the trouble to climb so far to behold; though, to be sure, the present appearances of Vesuvius can give us no idea of a great eruption. What must it be, when the lava boils up so far as to overflow the edges of the crater, and runs in streams, like rivers of fire, to the bottom of the mountain! The first eruption that has been recorded was that of 79, which destroyed *Pompeii*, *Herculaneum*, and another town called *Stabia*. This eruption has been described by PLINY the younger, whose uncle was stifled by approaching the mountain too nearly. Thirty-six great eruptions are stated to have occurred, from the year 79 up to the present time. During that which occurred in 1631, the column of smoke that rose from the crater was calculated to be *thirty miles* in height. It is supposed, that if all the matter, the cinders, ashes, stones, lava, &c., thrown from Vesuvius since its first eruption, were all collected together, the heap would be four times the size of the mountain itself.

One historian asserts, that the eruption of 472 filled *all Europe* with ashes, and produced such an alarm at Constantinople (750 miles off), that the then Emperor, Leo, abandoned the city. It is certain that there must have been great eruptions long before the year 79, since those very cities which were buried in that year are mainly composed of volcanic materials. The substances thrown from the crater, or found in it, are of many different kinds: the ores of iron, copper, and silver, are said to be sometimes found. There are various crystallizations; great quantities of sulphur, which you may pick up in the crater in the shape of cinders, quite yellow in colour. There are many sorts of stone, slate, granite, and limestone, among the number. Some of the ashes, as analysed by chemists, have been ascertained to have *gold* in their composition.

Warm as the weather now is, we felt the air keen on the top of the mountain; and while waiting for day-break we were glad of the presence of a little boy, who had come with us from the hermitage on the speculation of selling a bottle of wine, which he knew would be of use to us before we knew it ourselves. This wine was of the kind called *Lacrymæ Christi*, the reputation of which has arisen from its being the produce of the land of Mount Vesuvius. It is made only from the vines which grow on the side of this mountain. There is a red and a white *Lacrymæ Christi:* the latter is by far the best of the two. They are both strong, and both partake of the nature of the soil in one respect; they are

remarkably *fiery*, compared with any other Italian wine that I have tasted. The red is so hot in flavour as to be rather disagreeable.

We stopped until the sun had risen to some height. The morning was as fair, as clear, and as tranquil, as can possibly be. The view was the most glorious imaginable. Not, indeed, *imaginable* at all. There is no such thing as conceiving it in any way without *seeing* it; and I would not advise any traveller to avoid going to the top of Vesuvius, if he have an opportunity to get there. We were twelve or thirteen miles from Naples, by the road we had come; yet the city, and the bay, and all around for miles distant, appeared to be so nearly underneath our feet as if we could almost jump down upon them. As we came up the cone, our guides, with their torches lighted, conducted us as much as possible where there were stones, so that the feet might have something to hold by; to ascend through the bare ashes would be hardly practicable. But coming down again, we followed them through a bed of pure ashes, into which we sunk nearly up to our knees, holding back with difficulty. A large body of ashes moved downwards with each step, and one step told for three. A boy, who set off before us, was down at the bottom where our donkeys were standing almost as quickly as a bird could fly.

This expedition cost us but a trifle: we paid about *5s.* to the two guides who went with us, and *2s.* for each of our donkeys.

We stopped at Resina to see the ruins of *Herculaneum*,

from which have been taken some of the finest statues that are preserved in the Museum of Naples. These ruins are nothing like so interesting as those of *Pompeii*. Nearly all that is to be seen of them is many feet under ground, and you can see them only by the light of torches; while every thing at *Pompeii* is thrown open to the air and the day-light. The excavations at *Herculaneum* were filled up again, as fast as they were made, in order to build the houses which now form the towns of *Portici* and *Resina*, so that little remains to be seen. Besides which, *Herculaneum* was covered either with solid lava, or with cinders which are said to have become consolidated by the hot water that was showered along with them. We were conducted down steps, cut out of matter, which looks like solid stone, to the depth of 80 feet or more. We saw the benches and the stage of a theatre, which were laid perfectly bare. A man led us along a great distance of winding passages, passing through which we could hear the carriages over-head, rattling on the street of the modern town. This city was first discovered in 1713, by a man in Portici, who was sinking a well, when he had got to about 30 feet down.

14*th*.—A fine warm rain (67).—See the *Museum*, which contains an almost endless variety of curiosities, amongst others a large collection of pictures, and statues from different parts of Italy. But what renders this Museum most curious is, the objects here preserved which have been brought from the buried cities of *Pompeii*, *Herculaneum*, and *Stabia*. Twenty days would hardly

suffice to see all that is here collected. Here are some of the most celebrated works of the ancient sculptors. The walls of one large hall are covered with paintings, which have been removed, along with the plaster on which they are painted, from the walls of *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum*. The subjects of these pictures are very various: many relate to mythological history; some of them are pictures of animals, admirably painted; some are caricatures, or representations of absurdities in imagination; there are pictures of little people with big heads, just like what we see in the print shop in London; one of them is a pretty little sketch of an old woman feeding chickens. I wonder that these paintings have not been more spoken of. The things collected from the buried cities are almost innumerable; and these are really objects of curiosity, since they give so much indubitable information relative to the people of this country in ancient times. There are implements, utensils, and different kinds of household furniture, which occupy a large part of this large Museum. The following are peculiarly interesting, as the *purposes* of most of them are so familiar to every body.

Pots and *Kettles*.—*Moulds* of various shapes, supposed to have been used in the making of *pastry*.—*Stewing-Pans*, *Fryingpans*, and *Gridirons*.—*Brass Saucepans*, some of which are lined with silver.—The *Gallipots* and *Bottles* of a Pompeian apothecary.—*Musical Instruments*.—*Ink-stands*, with the ink dried up in them.—*A Lanthorn*

ed with horn. — *Children's playthings.*— or-locks and *Keys, Hinges, Bolts, Latches,* 'a 's and *Screws.*— *Tickets for admission to the theatres.*—*Bells for the necks of the cattle.*— *Glasses to drink out of.*—*Lares,* or *House-ld Gods.*—*Earthenware Plates and Dishes.* —A great variety of *Gold Ornaments* and rinkets; *Necklaces, Ear-rings, Finger-rings, Brooches,* and *Bracelets.*—*Rouge for the cheeks of the ladies* (to keep the ladies of *our* day in countenance!).—*Bridle-bits* and *Stirrups.*— *Dice* for gaming.—*Scales* and *Weights,* and brass *Steel-yards.*—*Colours used by the painters.*— Pieces of *Window-glass.*—*Smelling-bottles.*— *Knives used in sacrifices.*—*Cups and Saucers of silver,* and *Silver Spoons.*—*Surgical Instruments.* —A piece of *Honey-comb,* some *Loaves of Bread, Olives* and other *Fruits, Grain* of different sorts, and other *Eatables,* most of which are burned to cinders.

In the temple of Isis at *Pompeii,* there was found a table on which were fragments of victuals, bread, fowls, eggs, and other things. The spot in which these were, is supposed to have been the dining-room of the *priests* of the Temple; and a skeleton, probably that of a priest, was discovered near the table.

15*th.*—Beautiful day (74).—We went out again to *Herculaneum* this morning, to see the remains of a house

that have just been brought to light. Fresh discoveries are constantly being made at this place and at *Pompeii*.

The notions about witchcraft or enchantment formerly entertained by the people of this country, have not yet disappeared. The common people, the little children in particular, wear a chain or string round the neck, bearing an amulet of some kind, and I observe that mothers are careful to put this round the necks of their babies. The amulet, at Naples, is generally a little piece of coral in the shape of a *horn*. A woman, of whom I asked the reason for this to-day, told me that it was to keep off the "*mal' occhio*" (the *evil eye*), the very same charm that was dreaded by the ancients.

The *lava* of Vesuvius is a stone, varying both in degree of hardness and in colour; the most distinct colours are grey, or slate colour, and white. The curiosity of the thing has caused the people of Naples to make great quantities of trinkets, necklaces, boxes, seals, crosses, and rings, of this material. Some of these trinkets are pretty, and they are not dear.

16*th*.—Same weather (77): at nine o'clock at night (67).—This morning we went on an excursion along the western shore of the Bay of Naples. This is treading on what the school-boys call "*classic*" ground. Within a few miles of Naples, in this direction, there are many different curiosities to be seen in a short space of time. We passed through the Grotto of Pausilippo, and after going for five or six miles, amongst vines and crops cultivated in the beautiful Neapolitan fashion, we arrived at

the edge of the Bay. Two miles farther on we came to *Pozzuoli*, a very ancient place, which once belonged to the ancient Romans, who called it *Puteoli*, from the wells which were dug here. *Puteoli*, though at present bearing but a shabby appearance, was much admired by the Romans for its situation. Some of the most wealthy of them had magnificent houses here. CICERO called it a *little Rome*. There are the remains of two antique temples at *Pozzuoli*. One of them, originally dedicated to Octavian Augustus, is now the cathedral church; the other, the temple of *Serapis*, is a ruin, but seemingly once very grand.

Pozzuoli is famous for its harbour. Here is a beautiful little bay, formed, on one side, by the town, which juts out for some distance with a mole of considerable length, and on the other by *Cape Misenus*. The land, all the way round from *Pozzuoli* to the point of the *Cape*, about three miles, is full of objects of interest. We hired a boat in the harbour, and after rowing half a mile came to the lake *Lucrino* (*Lucrinus*). This lake is only just off the shore; it communicates with the sea by a ditch of but a few yards in length. It is now nothing more than a small fish-pond in size. At about three hundred yards further inland is the lake *Averno* (*Avernus*). *Avernus* is a small lake, or, more properly speaking, a large *pond*. The water is dark, and apparently stagnant. Its sides are covered with trees. And here, at one side of the lake, is a dark subterraneous passage, which as some think, was the *an-*

trum, or cave, of the *Cumæan Sibyl*. The lake *Lucrinus* was nearly filled up, in 1538, by an earthquake; and the same earthquake, accompanied by volcanic eruption, is said to have formed a mountain, which is hard by, called, on account of its sudden appearance, *Monte Nuovo* (New Mountain). We got into our boat again, and proceeded a few hundred yards further to some caverns in the side of high land overhanging the shore, which are called the *Baths of Nero*. In these caverns there is a spring of water, the only curiosity about them, which is hot enough to cook an egg. At about another mile further is the site and some remaining ruins of the ancient town of *Baiæ*, which, according to STRABO, was so called after *Baius*, the companion of Ulysses, who was buried here. *Baiæ* was situated within a little recess. We turned a sharp point of rocks overhanging the water's edge, on which was the villa of *Julius Cæsar*. Much of the ruins of this villa is still perceptible. We landed at *Baiæ*, where there are three edifices called temples of *Venus*, *Mercury*, and *Diana*, the forms of which are still pretty well preserved. The land all around *Baiæ* is a sudden rise, and continues rising to the extreme point of the promontory of *Misenus*. After ascending for half a mile or so, you look down on a stagnant piece of water called *Mare Morto* (Dead Sea), supposed to have been the *Stygian Lake*. And here, on the side of the mountain, on which the vines are growing to high poles, as hops do in England, our guide told us that we were in the *Elysian Fields*. There was an ancient town

Cape, and here is a snug little port, called *Porto* *lio*, after Julius Cæsar, who established it. In this lay the fleet commanded by PLINY, when he left o view the eruption of Vesuvius, which caused his h. *Misenus*, as VIRGIL tells us, takes its name e Trojan who accompanied Æneas to this spot, no was buried, according to the poet's account, on top of the promontory.

> But good Æneas ordered on the shore
> A stately tomb; whose top a trumpet bore,
> A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.
> Thus was his friend interred: and deathless fame
> Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

ere can be no doubt that in this neighbourhood, for no eat distance around, was laid the whole scene of the sixth ok of the Æneid. But, as relates to some of the particulars, what means can there be of arriving at any thing like certainty? There are different opinions about the locality of the *Sibyl's Cave* and the *Elysian Fields*. Even to identify the *Stygian Marsh* can be but a speculative pursuit, and little aided by the details of the poet; particularly considering the change in form that, from earthquakes and other causes, the land must have undergone through the course of so many ages. To look at the maps which have been made of these dominions of the dead, we might suppose that antiquaries had actually traced each footstep of the good Æneas; to such a nicety do they pretend to have ascertained every spot he visited, and all the bearings of every path that VIRGIL made

him tread. However, here are the promontory of *Misenus* and the ruins of *Baiæ*, which speak for themselves. The dreariness of the marshes and lakes must formerly have been strikingly contrasted with the beauty of the land above them. No wonder that the poets, who can enlarge mole-hills into mountains, have made so much of scenery like this, by nature so various and romantic.

Baiæ, the town, is now almost nothing. There is a small miserable village at a short distance above the shore, and some straggling cottages near the place where we landed. The women and children came to us with nosegays to sell, and bits of mosaic, coloured glass, antique marbles, and other little relics of antiquity, which they pick up along the shore, or among the ruins of the ancient town. The place would, perhaps, be still more interesting if it were entirely deserted. It was, by all accounts, once a very paradise of Roman luxury. The ancient writers speak of it with the highest admiration. The house of *Julius Cæsar* is that in which the young Marcellus was put to death; and here, they say, were superb villas belonging to *Nero*, *Domitia* his aunt, *Pompey*, *Marius*, *Hortensius*, *Sylla*, *Agrippina*, *Piso*, *Julia Mammea* the mother of *Severus*, and other great people. According to TACITUS, the plot against Nero was formed in the house of Piso at *Baiæ*. We saw some remains of the villa of *Lucinius Lucullus*, celebrated for his extravagant love of pomp. Tiberius died at this villa. HORACE, from what he says him-

self, must have passed some of his time here. *No bay in the world*, says he, *outshines delightful Baiæ:*

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis.

SENECA the philosopher, in one of his letters to Lucilius, states the delights of this place to be such as must put good morals in jeopardy. And HORACE condemns the luxury of *Baiæ*, where the rich people, careless about death, were not satisfied to enjoy all the land, but encroached upon the waves by extending their building beyond the shore on artificial ground:

——— sepulchri
Immemor struis domos;
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.

We returned to *Pozzuoli*, cutting straight across the Bay. Near to *Pozzuoli* there are some remains to be seen of the foundation of a bridge made by CALIGULA, a costly piece of work, which extended the whole way over the bay from *Pozzuoli* to *Baiæ*.

On the left of our road back to Naples there were three other curiosities to be seen: the *Solfatara* (anciently called the *Forum of Vulcan*), the lake *Agnano*, and the *Grotta del Cane*. These are curious, both for their present appearances and for their great antiquity. The *Solfatara* may be said to be a plain of burning brimstone. The ancient writers speak of this as a volcano. It is surrounded by hills, is about 300 yards in

length and about 250 in breadth. On the surface of this plain there are crevices through which issue flames and smoke. Some suppose that this place is subterraneously connected with *Vesuvius*. A modern scientific Neapolitan contends that it is one of the mouths of *hell!* If you cast a stone on the plain, a sound is returned from which it may be concluded that there is a vast hollow beneath.—*Agnano* is a small lake surrounded by a ridge of mountain, near which was an ancient city called *Angulanum*. Some of the remains of the city are perceptible at the bottom of the lake. Towards the bottom of this lake the water is salt, while in some parts it has the appearance of boiling; and from this it is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano.—Very near the brink in the side of the mountain, is the *Grotta del Cane*, which is merely a large hole; guarded, however, by lock and key, in order to make the curiosity better worth seeing by your having to pay for enjoying it. From the floor of the *Grotta*, which consists of a light, sandy, and rather humid earth, there is a vapour; and this vapour, which has given the *Grotta* its fame, kills every animal that holds its nose near the ground for more than a few seconds at one time. Many naturalists have given accounts of this vapour, PLINY among the rest. We found an old woman at the door, with the key, and holding a little dog in a string. This place has been called the *grotto of the dog* from a dog's being the animal kept here to show the effects of the vapour. The woman took him by the legs, and held him down

close to the ground. In a few seconds the dog appeared to be dead, and on being brought out into the open air again his animation returned with violent convulsions and foaming at the mouth. In about a minute he had completely recovered, and began to rave at us, as if reproaching us for having been the cause of his torture. It is very curious that, though the vapour has so violent an effect on the dog, it does not injure the animal's general health. He has to act his part as many times in the day as there may be visitors to see him, but is said to be never ill. The effect of the vapour is to stop respiration almost instantaneously. When inhaled through the nose, at about eight inches from the ground, it produces just the same sensation as the fixed air of a glass of champaign or any effervescing beverage.

17*th*.—When we were setting off for Naples, I was told to go to the house of one *Antonio*: "*for he, as I am informed*," said my adviser, "*is the only honest man in that city!*" This is the way the Neapolitans are spoken of almost universally. My experience will be of too short a duration to enable me to say much about them. Yet, from what little I have seen, I am rather pleased with the Neapolitans. There is a great deal of gaiety about them; in this respect they much resemble the French. In the matter of *gesticulation* they surpass all that I have ever seen; all the Italians are remarkable for this; but the Neapolitans especially. A *Frenchman*, at Naples, is comparatively *inanimate*. If you could confine a Neapolitan's head, shoulders,

arms, hands, and legs, and forbid all motion to his features, it would be almost gagging him; the man would be deprived of the best half of his powers to make himself understood. The language of this people is one of the *dialects*, or corruptions, of the pure Italian. The Italians of various parts recognise one another by slight differences in their phraseology or pronunciation, just as it is with the inhabitants of different counties in England. But in Italy there are certain peculiar dialects, as those of *Genoa*, *Naples*, *Venice*, and *Milan*, all equally different from each other and from the pure Tuscan. Great numbers of Neapolitan authors have written in the dialect of their country. The poets of this part of Italy have written in *Neapolitan*, as those of Venice have in *Venetian*. I find here a complete translation of Virgil into the Neapolitan dialect. CARO has put Virgil into verses which do more honour to the real *lingua Toscana* than any other work of modern days. But the language of the Neapolitan translator resembles that of CARO as little as either of them does the original. Take the five lines of the ÆNEID, on the death of Pallas, *lib.* xi. *v.* 67.

All pale he lies and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.

DRYDEN.

Del giovinetto il delicato busto
Composto si giacea qual di viola,

O di giacinto un languidetto fiore
Colto per man di vergine, e serbato
Tra le sue stesse fòglie, allor che scemo
Non è del tutto il suo natìo colore,
Nè la sua forma; pur da la sua madre
Punto di cibo, o di vigor non ave.

CARO.

E stennecchiano chine de sconfuorto
A sto lietto servateco lo muorto.
Parean ne sciore, quanno se lo tene
'N pietto na dammecella, e da quaceh' uorto
Nne lo zeppoleisje, e se mantene
Ammosciatiello, e co lo cuollo stuorto:
E le bellizze soie se le rretene,
Si bè ca è mmuscio, e sse pò dire muorto,
Ca nne l'hanna da terra scervecchiato
L'ogne: nè da la terra è cchiù allattato.

NEAPOLITAN.

Out of the *forty-nine* different words in these last ten lines, there are but *eighteen* that are known to the Tuscans.

When two acquaintances meet in the street, they commonly begin to talk by action before either opens his mouth. Not from *want of words* however, for the Neapolitans are voluble and vociferous in the extreme; the most noisy talkers that I have ever heard. The Italians are all given to clamour in conversation. They wax so warm, talk so loud, and are so extravagantly animated over slight matters of dispute, that you cannot help thinking them angry when they are not so. Like all people that are much given to *disputation*, they are not over and above *reasonable*. I have never known a

Frenchman confess that he was *in the wrong*, not even as to the most trivial question; and the same defiance of all reason characterizes the Italians. Our style of debate is displeasing to them; we are too methodical and close; we have not *words enough* to satisfy their love of talk. When their opponent's argument approaches to any thing like fair *conclusion*, they become impatient. You may *talk* to them without end, the more words you use the better, for they always find themselves your equal here; nay, you may say harsh things, and they will forget them in having the pleasure to retort others upon you; but, attempt to end the wrangle by an appeal to *reason*, succeed in convincing them that they are *irrational* if they do not confess that they are *wrong*, and they are offended, think you uncivil, and your ceasing to contest the point is regarded as a breach of good manners.—In the shops of this country it is the practice, as it is with the French, to have two prices; an *asking* price and a *taking* price. We, in fact, have the same thing in England. In making a purchase yesterday, I gave the money that was *asked*, and was surprised to see one-third of the sum returned to me in change. On asking the reason for this, the man told me that such was the custom when the buyer did not *beat down* the price. I have seen this also among the French.

The *Strada Toledo* to-day (Sunday) was an extraordinary scene of amusement, gaiety, and confusion. It is nearly the same every day, particularly in the cool of the evening, when the street becomes crowded with

loungers of all degrees, and the balconies (every window here has an iron balcony before it) are filled with spectators of what is going on below. The people walk up and down in a promiscuous crowd, as much in the middle of the street as on the sides. It is exactly DANTE's Neapolitan crowd of foot-passengers as described five hundred years ago: an incomparable route of chattering and clamorous stragglers, intercepting the steps of one another, and bending their way in all directions. The *noises* of Naples are loud beyond every thing: the vendors of various commodities in the street are so many stentors. In England, where the sun has so little power and where the streets are so wet, there are parasols in greater abundance than any where else, and hackney-coaches the least fit to ride in. The ladies of this climate do not so much dread the sun. There are very nice open carriages in the streets for the use of the public. The Neapolitans have a hackney-carriage which is peculiar to this city. It is a gig, a two-wheeled chaise, with one horse. The trappings of the horse and the body of the chaise are gaudily decorated. The hirer holds the reins, and the coachman, who stands behind on a foot-board, brandishes the whip. The horses thus driven are small, but prompt and active. One horse is often made to draw six or seven persons sitting in, standing on, or hanging to, one of these little vehicles; and, as if the having two drivers ought to double the powers of the driven, the speed of the animal is great in proportion to his burden.

The Neapolitans like the French better than they do the English. They lament the defeat of BONAPARTE, and the restoration of the Bourbons. The Sicilians, I understand, prefer the people of our country. Between the people of Naples and Sicily there is much enmity: the Sicilians are more heavily taxed than even the Neapolitans, which excites a continual jealousy between the two parts of the kingdom. In travelling towards the south, I have found that the people of every part of Italy have something disagreeable to say about their southern neighbours, just as it is in America, where the people of each state apply "*Yankee*," as a term of reproach, to the nearest state bordering on the east. My Roman fellow-traveller discovers many things to ridicule in the Neapolitans. The most amusing of all is, that he gravely accuses them of being *dirty!* I tell him that his disgust reminds me of our saying about *the pot and the kettle.*— The Neapolitans bear the character of being *ashamed of their name.* This, to be sure, is no proof of their honesty. A young man, who lodges in the same house where we have been living here, and who went with us to Vesuvius, has been making me believe that he was a *Frenchman* for these last four days. I could not detect his imposture by his language; but the *Roman* suspected him from the first. Why he should pass for any thing other than he is, I do not know; unless he be a spy, which is not improbable. This is a species of deceit which they confess themselves to be in the habit of practising on strangers.

There are six or seven theatres in this city. Two of

them are opened twice during each twenty-four hours, so much are the people given to play-going. The principal theatre, *San Carlo*, is a very fine building, about equal to our Opera-house in London. In the theatre of *San Carlino* (Little St. Charles) there is an exhibition peculiar to Naples, that of *Pullicinella*, or Punch as we call it. The part of Punch is not merely acted by a puppet, as we see it in England; it is introduced in many different little farces which are represented on the boards of the *San Carlino*. *Pullicinella*, in these pieces, is something similar to the clowns in the comedies of SHAKSPEARE and other old play-writers. The play, however, is always a broad farce; and the acting and dialogue are most animated and rapid. *Pullicinella* talks in the Neapolitan dialect; so that it is difficult for us to understand any thing he says; but the people are delighted with his performance. He acts like a simpleton, but utters all sorts of drolleries, and keeps the audience constantly laughing. The biographers of Punch have traced his history back to ancient times. This very neighbourhood is supposed to have given birth to him. At an ancient town called *Atella*, near *Capua*, there were formerly comedians, who became celebrated by the poets and historians for their buffoonery; and to their stage our London Punch is said to owe his origin.—These people are charmed with every thing in the way of *amusement*; and I dare say they enjoy more of it, and in greater variety, than any other people in the world. They are fond of music, poetic fables, and the romance

of their country's history. This taste is not confined to the rich or the well-educated. The common people, the *lazzaroni*, may be seen crowding round a professor of poetry in the street, who bawls out the cantos of *Orlando Furioso*, and accompanies the recitation by his own *spiegazioni*, or interpretations of ARIOSTO.

In this city there are three hundred churches, but few of them are very fine. One, however, *San Martino*, is much spoken of. This church is not large, but it is one of the most rich and most splendid in Italy. It contains some fine pictures, marbles, carved work, and altars decorated with precious stones. Its splendour is enough to dazzle you, even *after* the seeing of St. Peter's. *San Martino* stands in a situation the most commanding, perhaps, of the whole neighbourhood of Naples. It is at the highest extremity of the city, with a long and very steep ascent leading to it from the lower streets. On this spot formerly stood the country house of the king. In 1325 a church and monastery were here erected and endowed; in 1807 the monastery was suppressed, and converted into barracks; and the place is now the habitation of invalid soldiers. Very near the church is the castle of *Sant' Ermo* or *Sant' Elmo*, a fortress in the finest possible position, on the summit of the mountain, overlooking the whole of the city and the bay. The castle is very strong, and is kept up in grand style, with a formidable artillery and a large garrison. We climbed up the mountain this morning to see the beautiful monastery and the view from it. As we approached the castle

winding path, we had to pass several stations of nels. We inquired the way of these military gen- nen; but they understood neither Italian nor French; y were all *Germans*, and could speak their native guage only. This is the policy of the Neapolitan rnment, to guard itself with foreigners who are pable of exchanging a word with the people they are ught to keep in subjection. BLACKSTONE, who takes by storm with his eloquent description of our rights, l to read whose book is enough to make us glory in freedom while we hear the chains of our slavery rattle ut us, says that *we* do not bear the burden of stand- g armies in time of peace, because OUR LAWS do not allow it. But, if we make *comparisons*, if we think of *England*, when we see these raw German troops at Naples, must we not be induced to doubt the virtue of all *forms of government*, and to conclude, with POPE, in spite of all LAW to the contrary, that *whatever's best administered is best? My* memory, to be sure, may naturally be more alive than that of most others would; since I can remember the interior of *Newgate*, and cannot forget that the presence of *German soldiers* in England was a circumstance connected with the expe- rience. Those English travellers who see such signs of slavery here, who pretend to despise the Italians for bear- ing it, who know any thing of the history of England for the last twenty years, and who, at the same time, can think of their own country without any feelings of shame and indignation, must be base indeed, and the govern-

ment of the Neapolitans is infinitely better than what such Englishmen deserve to suffer under. I dare say that the Germans at Ely could speak as little English as the fellows here do Italian; that they had as little sympathy with the people is pretty clear, from their being not only able to look at, but brought to superintend and enforce, the scourging of Englishmen's backs. Talk of "*military despotism*," indeed! with what face can we reproach other countries with this, and boast our own freedom from it, while we remember the flogging of English local militia men under a guard of the hireling Germans; and while we remember the sentence of our famous LAW OF LIBEL on the Englishman, who, for having remonstrated against such a scene, was sent from the Court of King's Bench to be shut up for two years in company with the felons of Newgate?

18*th*. SANT' AGATA.—Very fine, and hot (77).—Thus far on our way back to Rome.—The police appear rather to discourage *travelling* in the people. At different offices where I have attended about the business of my passport, I have heard Italian travellers very closely questioned as to their callings, their motives for leaving home, the business they were going about. My companion (a young man of twenty-three years of age) was not permitted to go from Rome *without his father's leave*. The police required that the father should be, in a manner, answerable for the son.

19*th*. TERRACINA.—Fine day, with rain in the afternoon (70). The weather that we have had since we left

has been as warm as that of the finest weather the English have in July or August.—The Indian about Naples is now about two feet high.

h. VELLETRI.—Fine day: rain at night (75).—aking is now going on about here.

. ROME.—A severe storm of thunder and lightnd rain (66).

d.—Rainy day, but warm (67).

rd.—Fair (74).

th.—Very fine (76).—To-day we see the Pope *ke possession,*" as it is called. He rode in procesto the church of St. John, and there took possession of the keys of the kingdom of heaven." This church is the *cathedral* of the Pope. It is a magnificent building, and one of the churches built by CONSTANTINE. Just opposite the church is a building called *Scala Santa*, from its containing a flight of steps brought hither from the house of Pontius Pilate. Our Saviour is supposed to have walked up these steps, which has given them the name of *Holy Staircase*. The Catholics who visit the *Scala Santa* all walk up the steps on their knees; a penance which they seem to perform with great pleasure. —The Pope came to the church with a very plain equipage. A great concourse of people were in front of the church. Carriages in great numbers; and temporary stages were erected, on which seats were let for the occasion. The ceremony of taking possession, of receiving the keys, took place inside the church; after which the Pope appeared at one of the windows, and

gave his blessing to many thousands at the same moment.

25th.—Very fine (76).—We hear that the neighbourhood of *Genzano* is undergoing shocks of an earthquake.

26th.—Thorough wet day, and thunder (70).—I have before noticed the *dirtiness* of the people. It is surprising to see furniture so showy in rooms where the stone or brick floors are so dirty. The large door-ways, courts, and stair-cases, the approaches to the apartments of some of the genteel inhabitants, to such houses, even, as are here called palaces, are incredibly nasty.

Italy abounds in *poets*; in *poetasters* at least. The people here are as much prone to poetry as the people in Sussex are to pudding. There is a too great facility for versification and rhyme in their language, which, by everlastingly inviting them to string words together with a jingle, has perhaps given the Italians credit for even more imagination than they have. They fall into rhyme upon occasions that make it perfectly absurd. I have met with a captain in the Italian army who has been writing about rural economy. He has a little treatise on what he calls *la panificazione del gran Turco*, that is, the way of making bread of Indian corn; which he read to me with much gravity. The captain's flour is hardly well in the tub, when he breaks forth with half a dozen rhymes in praise of the food that is to be made of it; then he kneads the dough in sober prose; but has another stanza before the batch goes into the oven! The productions of the imitators of PETRARCH, the *sonnetteers*, are re-

kable for their want of meaning: nothing can be so insipid as an Italian *sonnet*.—No one is long in ne without perceiving the truth of the old Italian ng—*The Tuscan language in a Roman's mouth.*) common people have a disagreeable *patois* of their , which they pronounce with an ugly sing-song nasal twang. It is not here as in Tuscany, where the language of all classes is equally pure in grammar and equally insignificant in sound. Here the many speak ill, and the few correctly. But, the language of the few makes amends for that of the many. It is delightful to hear the well-bred Romans talk; they pronounce every syllable so distinctly and with so much fulness of sound. At Rome the "bastard Latin" really bears some resemblance to the genuine language of the ancients. The voices of the Romans are often strong and harsh: this is particularly observable in the women, many of whom speak with a kind of croak that is very disagreeable. Some of them give a roughness to their language that would seem almost impossible for this language to have in any mouth. But, hear a Roman lady who has a voice like that of an English woman talk her own language, and then you hear *Italian* in perfection. So much does the smoothness, the harmony of a language, depend on the voice in which it is uttered. I have been told that the voices of the German women make their language *musical*; and I can almost believe this, after knowing how much discord may be imparted to the *Italian*.

27*th.*—Cloudy, and *scirocco* (73).

28*th.*—Much rain (69).—The Italian way of counting the twenty-four hours is to begin at the evening, at which time terminates what they call "*il venti quattro,*" the twenty-four, when *Ave Maria*, the concluding prayer of the day, is said in the churches. An Italian tells you that he will come to see you "*all' Ave Maria,*" that is in the evening, or at the close of the day. When the French came into Italy, they introduced the same manner of reckoning time as we have in England; and in the northern parts of Italy the new fashion has been established to the exclusion of the old. In Rome almost all the people still reckon time as their ancestors did; while in the midway region of the Florentines both manners are in use, and you are puzzled by the confounding of *tempo Francese* with *tempo Italiano.*

29*th.*—Very fine (77).

30*th.*—Same weather (78).

31*rst.* TIVOLI.—Same weather (77).—We came out to this place to-day, along with some English friends. We had proposed to stay a little while at *Aricia*; but much alarm has been created, during a few days back, by the quakings of the earth in that neighbourhood; and the reports of danger not having yet ceased, we make our excursion in this direction.

JUNE.

1*rst.*—Delightful weather (76).—*Tivoli*, sixteen or seventeen miles from Rome, towards the north-east,

ow a population of 14,000. It is a town of very nt origin, and was formerly called *Tibur*. In this bourhood were the Sabines and the Æqui. We are n pleased with the place; its situation is extremely stic and beautiful. *Tivoli* stands among Apennine tains. We came over the flat *Campagna* for the ter part of the way yesterday, and the last three or so were a steep winding ascent. By the time had arrived here it was too dark to look far around We came up the hill through fine plantations of s on each side of our road; the evening was calm sultry; and the *fire-flies* were sparkling in thousands een the stems of the trees.

Our inn, which is the resort of artists and other visitors ost of number, is called *La Sibilla*, taking its name from a very celebrated temple that stands here in the yard. The temple, by some called of the *Tiburtine Sibyl*, by others of *Vesta*, is but a few feet from the back part of our lodging, and stands on the brink of a precipice of rock, close by the far-famed *Water-fall* of Tivoli, and overhanging the *Grotto of Neptune*. The river that flows here is the ancient *Anius*, now called *Teverone*, which joins the Tiber at some distance below. This stream has a petrifying quality, causing the land through which it runs to turn into the stone called *travertino*. A steep zig-zag path leads you down to the *Grotto of Neptune*. The water comes down in two separate streams, the one rushing through a vast and rugged passage in the rock, the other falling perpendicularly from a

height of seventy or eighty feet. The *Grotto*, in which there is a beautiful rainbow, is a large cavity in the rock, near the juncture of the two cascades. The fall causes so much spray, that to be within twenty yards of it is like being in a heavy shower of rain. LORD BYRON has called this place "*a hell of waters, where they boil and hiss.*" What with the great roar of the water, and its agitation, the ear and the eye are here equally well entertained. But the beauties of a water-fall are among the things the least easy to describe. Alongside of the path leading down to the *Grotto*, there is the mark, in the travertine rock, of the spokes and felly of a carriage-wheel, which had been buried at some time before the earth became petrified.

The Italians are an *artful* people: they certainly are. I have had occasion to observe this, both in great things and in little things, at many different times since we came among them; and in one instance to-day. We were walking from our inn this morning, when a crowd of little children ran alongside of us, as they do here with all strangers, to beg. These children were not begging for want of food, though the habit is one of meanness; you find more or less of it in all places where foreigners resort. One pretty little girl about seven years old, and the best-dressed of them all, persevered in her petition longer than any of the others. The prayer was, "*Dia un mezzo bajocco, caro Signore;*" which she put to me with all the usual variations of inducement to comply: "*Per carità*" (For charity's sake), "*Per l'amor di Dio*"

(For the love of God), "*Per la Vergine santissima*" (For the most holy Virgin). But I had before heard these from so many mouths, and the child looked so unlike starvation, that I had neither admiration for her piety nor pity for her condition; and, getting impatient with the little lady, I was going to drive her off with no ceremony. But she had *one more* way of coming at me, and this way was *her own*. "*Oh, dia un mezzo bajocco, caro Signore:*"—then, looking across me into the face of an English lady who was leaning on my arm, she added with an emphasis as persuasive as the words themselves, "*Tanto* è bella la *Signora.*" (Oh, give us a halfpenny, dear Sir—the *lady* is *so* handsome.) As if the lady's *beauty* were any *reason* in the case! But the little hussey had not miscalculated; her flattery was too flagrantly ingenious not to be deserving of some reward; so she got the *mezzo bajocco* in a moment, and scampered off to her companions.

The stream of the *Teverone*, from beneath the cascade, runs down over an irregular bed of rocks, in a deep and narrow valley, towards the plains which we came over from Rome. The town stands on the top of one great hill round the foot of which the river winds its way, and the land on the opposite side towers up to a mountainous steep of much greater height. The main part of the beauty of *Tivoli* is seen in the *giro*, or tour, which consists in passing a bridge just at the head of the fall, where you cross as over a mill-dam, and then continuing along a road leading all the way on the side of the river

opposite to the town, for about a mile and a half, when it brings you to another bridge on the river, which you cross, ascend a long hill, and get back into the town again. This *giro* we performed to-day. The *distance* was what a man might walk on a level road, through a country void of interest, in twenty minutes. But we were all this morning, as much as five hours, about it. We had something fresh to stand or sit down to look at almost every minute. I have never before seen such a great variety of beautiful scenery within so small a compass. We cannot have gone over above two miles and a half, or at most three miles, of ground, including all turnings and twistings; yet it seems to me that nothing short of a good day's walk could have afforded so many objects to please the eye, so many changes of view to admire. When at about half a mile on the road, we came in full view of the Fall, and the temple of *Vesta* surmounting the precipice that overlooks it. We were on the spot, at a turning in the road, at which so many hundreds, thousands I may say, of painters have endeavoured to overcome the impossibility of carrying away *Tivoli* upon their canvass. The mountain round the side of which our road lay is clothed with the finest olives that I have yet seen. I am told that the olives here are the most beautiful in all Italy. They are very large, and very old. This tree is something like the willow; its shoots are slender, and droop like those of the willow, only not so much; the leaves are like the willow's, but shorter and more grey. The stem, the bark of which is

of a light slate-colour, becomes irregular in shape, knotty, and various after a certain age, and renders the tree exceedingly picturesque. Some of these olives are not less than thirty-five or forty feet high. They constitute one half of the scenery of the place. At about six hundred yards from the principal waterfall, and on the side of the hill on which the town stands, are other falls, called the *cascatelle*, or little cascades. The water that forms these runs under-ground, beneath the foundations of the town, on a stratum of the travertine rock. The water, after passing invisibly under the town, comes out again on the side of the hill, turns the wheel of some iron works, and then pours down again, in many separate streams, into the torrent that flows from the great Fall along the bottom of the valley. The *cascatelle* are, as their name implies, inferior in size to the other fall; but in my opinion not at all inferior in beauty. They are what I may call the most *graceful* streams that can be imagined. The villa of *Mecænas*, Augustus's favourite, so famous for refusing honours to himself and conferring them on other people, is delightfully situated on the side of the hill. Its walls are still standing, and support its original flat roof, the roof on which, I dare say, Mæcenas and Virgil and Horace have often walked together and enjoyed the same view that we enjoyed from the same place to-day. The front of this interesting ruin exhibits a number of lofty Doric arches, out at which, as from a fountain, rush some of the streams of the *cascatelle*, and pour down the hill amongst trees, brambles,

and high herbage the verdure of which is preserved by the constant irrigation. The great fall, with the temple of *Vesta*; the side of the hill, decorated by the *Villa of Mecœnas* and the *cascatelle*, with grass of English green where the water runs, and with vineyards and olive-trees in the drier spots; the torrent of the *Teverone*, making its crooked way through the ravine, foaming and growing more rapid and violent as the junction of each succeeding stream augments it; all this is seen at one time, from one point, at the side of the valley opposite to the town.—At a short distance from the *Villa of Mecœnas* is the building of modern times called *Villa d'Este*, the house in which, they say, ARIOSTO wrote a part of his *Orlando*. This villa is really curious, on account of its *garden*, which is made in the pure old Italian taste. It is the extreme of formality in every part: the cumbrous flights of steps, the great fountains and grottos, the ponds, the walks and hedges; the whole is so artificial as to be perfectly ugly.

The people of *Tivoli* pretend to show you the remains of many country houses of the ancients; those of *Varus*, *Catullus*, and *Sallust*, among the rest; and the very land which once formed the *farm of Horace* is supposed to be ascertained. But there is too much *doubt* connected with these things for them to be very interesting.

2nd. ROME.—Same weather (77).—I come into Rome to-day, for the purpose of going to *Aricia*.—One striking sign of the climate is, the habit which trades-people have of working *in the streets*. In Rome you

the tailors and shoemakers at work out of doors on shady side of the street.

3rd. ARICIA.—Very fine day (67).

4th. TIVOLI.—I went out to *Aricia* yesterday afternoon on purpose to hear what I could about the *earthquake*. The whole country has been in a sort of consternation about this matter ever since it first began to be talked of. Earthquakes occur not unfrequently among the mountains of this country; in some places hardly a year passes without shocks, more or less, being felt. In the present case the earthquake has been perceptible, if we are to believe the reports, throughout the whole range of mountains from *Aricia* to *Tivoli*. It was beginning to grow dark as I ascended the hill leading up to *Albano*; towards the foot of the hill there were numerous little tents pitched; and I met many of the inhabitants of the town coming down the hill, carrying their bedding, to sleep out in the fields. Not a few of them have fled as far as to Rome; and as the earthquakes have been mostly felt in the night, the people abandon their dwellings during the night-time, preferring to lie in the open fields or in the vineyards to being buried (for that is what they fear) beneath the ruins of their houses. This is a people to *make the most* of every thing; that is to say, every thing that is with them a subject of *complaint* or *fear*. Yet earthquakes have done such terrific mischief in this country, that we can hardly wonder at the people for thinking of them with so much seriousness as they do. Just within the gateway of *Albano* there is a chapel. I

had heard a solemn sound as we were approaching this spot, and stopped to see what was going forward. The chapel, small itself, has a large door which, being thrown open, exhibited the whole interior of the building visible from the street. It was now quite dark; there were five or six priests, dressed in their robes, chanting at the altar, which was lighted up with quite a blaze of tapers; reclining at the foot of the altar's steps was a wooden crucifix, half as large as the life, and so painted as to represent the sufferings of our bleeding Saviour in the most painful way; the place was full of people, and the congregation, consisting of men, women, and children, big and little, were all on their knees before the image, and with clasped hands, looks earnestly devout, and accents full of fervour, every now and then joining in loud responses to their pastors. It is customary in all the towns to have pictures of the *Madonna* in the street, against the walls of the houses. Some of these pictures in Rome are by no means bad paintings. I observed at *Albano*, that each of the *Madonnas* had a little lamp lit up before it this evening, by way of propitiating the Virgin at this time of general alarm. *Albano* is scarcely a mile from *Aricia*. I walked the distance; stopped and slept at *Aricia*; and expected to be roused up by a shock of the earthquake during the night; but nothing of the kind occurred. The panic of the people, however, had not at all subsided. The people of fortune who are in the habit of passing the summer at *Albano* or *Aricia* have been deterred from leaving Rome; and the house

of SIGNOR MARTORELLI, at which I put up, and which, at this time of the year, should be full of artists or other visitors, is quite empty; all in consequence of the earthquake. My landlord, as soon as I arrived, took me to witness a scene still more novel than what I had met with at *Albano*. Just without the further gateway of *Aricia* there are three or four acres of waste grass-ground, shaded by fine lofty elm-trees; to this spot a considerable part of the population of *Aricia*, along with their priests, had come out of their houses to pass the night. Here there was quite a little town of tents, and of huts made with green boughs. Bed-time was not yet come, or their fears, perhaps, had kept the people from going to sleep. The night was dark, and the air rather chilly. Fires were kindled in all parts of the little settlement; and there were the father and mother and children, each family with its fire, kneeling and squatting around the blaze, and all joining together in *Pater Noster* or *Ave Maria*, audibly and emphatically repeated. The countenances of the people, made unusually expressive by the occasion, the various attitudes of the little dark-faced boys and girls, assembled in groups, and seen by the strong reflection of the fire's light, made so admirable a subject for the pencil, that I could not help regretting that I was no painter.

5th.—Fine (78).

6th.—Very beautiful day (78).—The children in this country are very forward. It surprises us to see at what an early age they begin to have the use of their legs and

tongues. The babies are wrapped in what we call *swaddling-clothes*. The arms of the child are free, but the legs are confined. A band of thick cotton stuff, about seven or eight inches wide and some yards in length, is tightly winded round and round the child, beginning immediately under the arms and continuing all the way down to the feet. It appears inconsistent to load with so much clothing, and so to confine, the body and limbs of a child which, as soon as it is able to step unaided, will be allowed to run about in the open air almost naked. But the people suppose that to bind up their children thus is necessary; it is the *custom*; and, judging by the persons of the bigger children, the swaddling certainly does not produce *distortion* of any kind. The thing is, however, exceedingly ugly; the swaddled baby, even when *clean* (which it very seldom is), is essentially a barbarous sight. How different the infant in its mother's arms from the same object in our country! The child of the Italian peasant looks more like a long dirty bundle of rags than like a little creature of the human species.

7th.—Same weather (76).—We spent the whole of this day among the ruins of *Adrian's Villa*, which are at about a mile and a half out of *Tivoli*, and delightfully situated amongst woods of high trees, gardens, and vineyards. This villa, it appears, was one of the most magnificent things of the kind ever built by the ancient Romans. We are told that it was to be measured, not by *feet* or by *yards*, but by *miles*; of such

monstrous extent was this imperial country-house. The facts may be exaggerated; yet, so much of Adrian's Villa remains, and what remains extends to such a distance, that it seems reasonable to credit the accounts, surprising as they are, of this place as it was in its original state. These ruins are nearly solitary; you may see the whole of them without having any modern building in sight; an advantage that does not belong to the Villa of Mecænas and the Temple of Vesta, which are the less interesting from being mingled in one view with the houses of Tivoli. Among the antique productions of art found at Adrian's Villa, is the original beautiful mosaic representing four doves perched on the rim of a vase, copies of which, in mosaic and in alabaster, we see in the shops of London.—The *oleander*, *jasmine*, and *pomegranate*, are now in their full blossom, in the open ground. I have seen the *oleander* in Rome as much as twenty feet high.

8th. ROME.—Rainy day (69).—In Italian hotels, even the best hotels in the largest cities, you are always waited upon by *men*. There are no *chambermaids*; all the dusting and sweeping and the making of beds being done by men-servants. It is very seldom that ladies who travel in this country find any person of their own sex to wait on them.—Here is mighty room for a display of *patience*, and I should advise everybody coming to Italy to be prepared with a large stock of that virtue. The Italian servants will even recommend it to you themselves, exclaiming, "*Pazienza!*" when they think you

more in a hurry than is consistent with their notions of despatch. The *procrastination* of the people is intolerable. But this, indeed, is a thing that strikes us the moment we get across the channel from our own country. "No sooner said than done," nothing, I am sure, ever was in Italy; at least, as far as relates to *waiters* at inns, who are here the slowest in their movements of all mankind. I have several times been amused to see how completely the impatience of my countrymen may be cooled by these fellows, with whom, as I have learned from experiment, it is not a bit of use to be *angry*. They are civil; but they will not bear to be reproached with their most palpable fault: if you call them *dilatory*, you raise their indignation. There are no *bells* to summon servants by, so that all is done by calling; and a pretty noise there is, when the house is full, the waiters in request, and the crooked word *cameriere* being constantly bawled out, with the different pronunciations of different nations, from every story of the lofty building, and each pressing applicant receiving answer from below in the provoking terms of false promise—"*Subito*"—"*Adesso vengo*"—"*Eccomi*"—"*Un momento*"—"*Momentino*," &c. (Directly—Now I'm coming—Here I am—A moment—Half a moment.)

Servants and their employers are much more on a level than in England. Masters are not so imperious, and servants are not so prompt in obeying, as with us. The two converse with each other in a more familiar way. I have been assured that, when the citizens go out to

their country houses, as during the vintage, the family of a gentleman will sit down and play at cards along with their own domestics. There is no "*swinish multitude*," no "*basest populace*," as the bog-trotters BURKE and CASTLEREAGH styled the labourers of England: the lowest class of society here have too much intelligence, and are too decent in their demeanour, to deserve any such names.

9th.—Rain (67).

10th.—Fair (72).

11th.—Showers (71).—The *Jews* at Rome are all confined to one small part of the city, which is called the *Ghetto*. They have only two or three streets, and these are shut up during the night by high gates, so as completely to prevent the inhabitants from having any communication with the Christians for that part of the twenty-four hours. In the place allotted to them, the Jews have their synagogue, and keep shops at which they carry on dealings with the Christians, who come to the *Ghetto* to buy things *cheap*. Their principal traffic appears to be in woollen, cotton, and silk manufactured articles. There is an hotel in the *Ghetto;* and when a Jewish stranger comes to Rome he is obliged to lodge there. A rich Jew of distinction, who lately arrived in Rome, took up his quarters at one of the other hotels of the city; but the police became quickly aware of him, and handed him off to the *Ghetto*. The situation of the place is said to be unhealthy: it certainly is not such as I should like to be obliged to dwell

in. I believe that the Jews were, until lately, compelled to wear a peculiar kind of dress, so that they might be at all times recognised; but this is not the case at present. I have a copy of an edict published on the 14th of last month, of the Inquisitor-general of the Holy Office of the Pope's province of Romagna, a part of which relates to the Jews. It tends to restrict, as far as possible, commerce of any kind between the Jews and the Christians. It forbids their eating, sleeping, gaming, dancing, and going in masquerade together; the one from going to the coffee-houses of the other; the Christians are forbidden to go, and the Jews to introduce them, to the Hebrew ceremonies, to the synagogues, lectures, preachings, marriages, circumcisions, vigils, feasts, bread-makings, &c.; the one is not to go to the schools of the other, or frequent the houses of the other for the purpose of teaching, or nursing children.* The edict does, in fact, as nearly as

* "Ordiniamo, e comandiamo, che niuno ardisca di trasgredire "gli ordini, costituzioni, e bolle pontificie, colle quali si pro- "ibiscono agli Ebrei, ed a' Cristiani, certi commerce particolari "tra loro, come di dormire, mangiare, giocare e ballare, andar "mascherati insieme, e gli uni recarsi al caffè degli altri, e così "pure proibiscono a' Cristiani andare, e agli Ebrei introdurli, alle "loro ceremonie Ebraiche, Sinagoghe, lezioni, prediche, uffizj, "sposalizj, natività, circoncisioni, vigilie, pasti, azzimi: proibis- "cono inoltre portarsi gli uni alla scuola, o alla casa degli altri "per insegnare, o imparare a leggere, scrivere, o cantare, o "sonare, o ballare, o far altro esercizio, allatare, o per allevare "figliuoli, o per esercitare altre cose da' detti ordini, decreti, "costituzioni, e bolle pontificie interdetti, vietando ancora sprea-

can be, put an end to all community between the Jews and the Christians. The treatment of the Jews has been a subject of great outcry with English Protestant visitors in Rome. But if we are to judge by the vicious example of these people, in all that relates to dealings between man and man, how could the Roman government justify itself for placing them on a footing with its Christian subjects? If we look to places where the Jews have any power, there is nothing in their conduct but what makes it lucky for the Romans that Israel, in their city, does not extend beyond the *Ghetto*. When I was in Tuscany, I heard a good deal about the Jews of Leghorn, a city in which they have so much influence; and an Englishman, one by no means prejudiced against any thing belonging to the country, told me that a Jew could not be sent to jail at Leghorn, but he was sure to *escape from it;* such power have they with their *money*, as even to set the walls of a prison at defiance.* What wretched cant,

" semente sotto pena di una multa e di carcere, ai Cristiani " l' accendere agli Ebrei, ed a questi fare accendere da detti " Cristiani il fuoco in giorno di Sabato, o altre feste Ebraiche, " e praticare simili servizi agli Ebrei, o lasciarsi praticare " alcuno di questi, e ogni altro servizio in tali giorni."

* " Play is prohibited on purpose to be taxed. While the police " lay card-playing under severe restrictions, a Jew pays to that " branch of Government 800 crowns a month for the monopoly of " the gaming-houses, and lets out at a rack-rent this violation of " the law to other farmers of iniquity. Usury is not, like theft, " checked by any regulation. A Pisan of my acquaintance, " having occasion to borrow here 1000 sequins, agreed to the

too, it is, excepting only when arising from ignorance of the truth, for us to make a clamour about the *cruelty* of the Catholics towards these "*poor people.*" Have we seen no poor people in our own country as badly off, in a condition a hundred times worse than that of the Jews here? Is it any more *cruel* for Catholic inquisitors to endeavour to prevent Christians from getting to be like Jews, by separating them from each other, than for parish-officers to treat paupers as they do in England, where misery and degradation have come to such a pitch as for poor men and their wives to have been, in fact, *divorced* by the overseer? The edict sets out by enjoining persons of all degrees in society to *inform against one another*, in certain specified cases of heresy, defence of heresy, &c.; and it threatens them with *excommunication* if they fail to comply with this injunction. I had the copy of the edict from an Italian, who, as to *faith*, is a sort of *nothingarian*, and who was delighted with this production of the Holy Office as a proof of its tyrannical disposition towards the people. But why call it *tyrannical?* Why may not this measure of precaution against destruction to the souls of the Pope's people

" usual rate of 4 *per cent. a month*; the money-lender counted " down the whole sum, and then *demanded back* 480 *sequins for* " *the first year's interest.* In vain did the borrower remonstrate " against pleaded custom. He took the 520 sequins, and two " years after he paid 1480 for the whole."—FORSYTH's *Remarks on Leghorn.*

be as consistent with all liberty as our measures against those who would destroy the bodies of our rulers? OLIVER and CASTLES and EDWARDS carried on their operations in England. The Whigs openly *praised* the avocation of these men, saying, that it was *right to employ them.* And our Whigs are every where so frightfully famous for their love of *liberty*, that there is, as I have been assured, a list of the most alarming of their names made out for the *police of Austrian Italy*, in order that, by not allowing their persons to enter that state, the politics of its people may be free from the contamination of such violent purity.

12*th.*—Very wet day (67).—What is the meaning of the word *scandal*, a word so much used by people having the power to govern? I have heard the question put, by a Catholic priest, "Do you not think that a great deal of the *scandal* attending the trial of your Queen Caroline would have been *spared your nation*, if the court, instead of being open to the public, had been *closed*, like the courts in this country?" If he had said, "spared your *government*," there would have been something to understand. But "*scandal*," as used in this question, has an obscurity of meaning about it that is suspicious and ugly. Two cases have occurred, since I have been at Rome, in courts of justice here, which are *scandalous* indeed, in a comprehensible sense of the term. One was the case of an author, who had a trial with a bookseller. The author is a Roman and a strict Catholic, and any thing but an enemy to the state of things in his country;

but he surprises me by the accounts he gives of the *perjury* of his countrymen. In the other case, a Roman sues an English gentleman for remuneration for services which were never rendered, and brings a whole crowd of witnesses to swear to an acknowledgment of the debt who never knew any thing about the matter further than what they have been informed by the plaintiff. It is pretty clear that something besides the law of God, and the duty of confession, is necessary to restrain these rascals; yet they do, as I hear, commit all this perjury with *impunity*. The plaintiff, in the latter of the two cases, has a double string to his bow in pursuing the defendant, the one by an appeal to the law, the other by a violation of it: he has recourse to a court of justice to obtain his claim, and, at the same time, threatens to *stab* the Englishman because he opposes it! That there is most shocking false-swearing in the case there can be no doubt; and yet the fellow is not without hope of *gaining his cause*. As an *assassin*, the police has its eye upon him; but it is a question whether any means of doing justice here can withstand the phalanx he has suborned, or punish him or them for the perjury.

13*th*.—Very fine (74).—Apricots have been in the market for these some days past.

14*th*.—Same weather (76).—To-day is the festival of St. Anthony, and a procession took place this afternoon in honour of the saint. Holydays and religious processions are very frequent here. "Le feste," said a tailor to me yesterday, "sono la rovina dell' *artista*" (The

holydays are the ruin of the *artist!*); especially, said I, of those artists who are lazy on working days. The processions are sometimes of great length, and the persons forming them walk through the principal streets of the town; there is a banner, with the picture of the particular saint upon it, which is carried in front, and following it are the banners of other saints, images of Christ and the Virgin Mary, crosses, &c. There is always an immense cross, borne by one man alone, which is just as much in weight as to require the whole of one man's strength to support and balance it. The monks and friars join in these processions, the different orders walking separately, one after another.

The Romans were much disappointed this year by the death of the late Pope, Leo XII., which prevented their having any *carnival.* It seems that he was not at all popular; and, whatever the people might think of him, he could not have mortified them in any way so much as by *dying* just at the time when he did. Accordingly, he was no sooner dead but the Romans assailed him in their own peculiar way, that is, with a *pasquinade:*

"Tre dispetti ci festi, O Padre Santo:
"Accettare il papato—viver tanto—
"Morir di carnival per esser pianto!"

(*In three ways hast thou offended us, O Holy Father: in accepting the papacy—in living so long—and in dying at carnival-time in order to be lamented.*)

Italian *families,* those more especially of the richer

classes of people, are not so large as in England; and the increase of population here is so far encouraged by the Pope, that the possessing of a family of *eleven children* entitles the parents to an annuity of *sixty scudi* (13*l.* 10*s.*).

15*th.*—Fine, hot weather (80).

16*th.*—Same weather (78).

17*th.*—Same weather (78).

18*th.*—Same weather (78).—This morning we saw another great ceremony at St. Peter's, the procession of *Corpus Domini.* Thousands of country people were present. The Pope was carried from the church all round the Colonnade in front of St. Peter's and back again to the altar, the bishops, cardinals, and priests of different degrees, and the monks and friars, dressed in heir various costumes, following in the train. His Holiness was borne on a platform, on which he was in a kneeling attitude, leaning on a cushion and holding in his hands the Host. There were temporary stands erected in front of the houses of the *piazza,* and every window was crowded. Great numbers of ladies, splendidly attired in the costumes of different neighbourhoods. The fineness of this climate, the clear sky and the brilliant sun, contribute very much to the effect of these grand forms of festivity: how would such things be at St. Paul's, on a misty day, compared with what they are here?

19*th.*—Same weather (79).—The *curiosities,* the *sights,* of Rome are so many that it must be a volume of

some size in which they could *all* be enumerated. Every body has read some description of the city in its ancient times; and those who have not been informed beforehand of the present appearances of Rome, must be rather surprised, on coming here, to see so few ruins of the antique amongst the extensive mass of modern buildings. All the effects of *time*, however, not considered, it is not to be wondered at that the Romans have so few remaining edifices of their ancestors to show, when we see with what negligence they treat these that do remain. In many parts of the *Campagna* of Rome there are edifices of the ancient Romans, and the forms of some of these are very far from being destroyed; such are the *Sepulchre of Cecilia Metella* and that of *Nero*; but no sort of attention appears to be paid towards the future preservation of these things; there is no one to guard them, and the curious may, if they have only strength enough to do it, carry away a wheel-barrow full of the materials. After the *Colosseum*, the most grand and beautiful piece of antiquity is the *Pantheon*, or *Rotunda*, the temple of all the gods, which was built by AGRIPPA. The statues formerly contained in this building, and other of its ornaments, have been removed; but it is still the least dilapidated, as well as one of the most magnificent, remains of the architecture of the ancients. It is now a place of Christian worship. *Trajan's column*, and the copy from it, are not to be reckoned among the *ruins*, for these are little damaged. This column, the Pantheon, and the Colosseum, are most wonderful (in

respect to *size*) of all the antiquities of Rome. The triumphal arches of *Titus*, *Constantine*, and *Severus*, have lost only just so much of their beauty as to make them the more admired. But, if objects of *astonishment* be what you seek among the remnants of the ancient city, you need look for nothing beyond the *Colosseum*, for, after that, there is nothing to be *astonished* at.

ROME has many fine *piazze*, or large open places, similar to the *squares* of our towns. In most of these there are fountains, and beautiful obelisks which have been brought from Egypt to this country. The fountains at Rome are more magnificent than any one can have an idea of who has never seen such things. The mass of stone composing a single fountain would be enough to build a pretty good-sized English house. The *Tiber* runs through the city, and there are seven or eight bridges across the river. The *name* of this river has a high sound; but it is a very poor thing compared with our Thames. The stream is rapid enough, but the water is muddy, and neither above nor below the city is there any beauty on its banks. Rome at the present day is, as it was in ancient times, abundantly supplied with good water from other sources; the water is brought to the city through great aqueducts; in this way it flows to the fountains, and in such quantities that these fountains are very refreshing objects in hot weather. Some of the water thus obtained comes from a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, all the way through the artificial medium of an aqueduct. The *Fontana di Trevi* is the finest of

all the fountains; and it is particularly beautiful in the weather which we have just now, and when seen, as MADAME DE STAEL describes it in her *Corinne*, by moonlight. The summer nights at Rome are the most serene that can be: night after night the moon has been shining with a dazzling brightness. The city, for its size, is surprisingly quiet, even in the day-time. After sunset very few carriages are moving. The people may be said to sit up, or, rather, to walk about all night here. It is the fashion with all classes, to rise early; then the dinner-hour is early; and, during the warm months, they take a sleep after dinner, actually undressing and going to bed. If you want to purchase any thing in a shop, between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon, you will be pretty sure of finding the shop door and windows shut and the shop-keeper asleep in bed. This is the general custom of the people; they look upon it as necessary both for comfort and health. I do not know whether there may not be something in the air or sunshine of this country which is pernicious to those who are working or wakeful in the warmest part of the day; but I suspect that it is the disinclination to activity, more than any thing to be afraid of in its consequences, that sends them to bed at such a time of day. However, the English people who reside in Rome do as Rome does in this respect, and agree with the natives that it is right. The afternoon's nap, which is from one to two hours in duration, keeps the people from going to bed early at night; there is more promenading after dark than during

the day-time. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen, fashionable people, the ladies attired as if for an evening party, with light clothes and having only a veil or nothing at all on their heads, walk up and down the *Corso*, from nine o'clock at night to one o'clock in the morning. And the tranquillity, the absence of any thing the least like disorderly conduct in the streets of this great city, is such as one would suppose to be impossible.

Almost every big house here is called *a palace;* and, as far as *size* goes, a great part of the houses in Rome are worthy of the name. The palaces of the princes and nobility are enormous, and so are the collections of pictures that they contain. Here, in these *pictures*, and in the really princely and noble manner of admitting the public to the sight of them, is the great spell which draws so many painters to Rome, and makes them delighted in the life they lead there. It is not necessary for any one to *affect* to have a taste for these beautiful works: the indubitable proof of their merit is, that nobody in the world can see them without admiring. It seems strange to us to see so many people having judgment as to the fine arts; the poor people here have generally more or less of passion for, and capacity to criticise painting. But this must necessarily be the case: what they have been accustomed to see from their infancy, in such quantity, and in such variety, they cannot help knowing something about. It is difficult for us to come to Italy without boasting an acquaintance with the *fine arts;* to appear to know something of this matter is so

important a point with the "accomplished" traveller, that, if he writes his *book* (which every body does now), and knows nothing about the subject (as is the case with most travellers), he cannot well avoid treating us to a little of the *connoiseur's* prattle on "*the arts.*" The last book of travels in Italy that I have seen is written by a Mr. Hog, an English lawyer, who, speaking about the pictures in the *Borghese* palace at Rome, has mistaken Titian's personification of *Profane Love* for the portrait of *our Saviour!*

There are about four hundred churches in Rome. St. Peter's is so famous, that the rest have been *comparatively* thrown into obscurity. But there are a great many churches here that are exceedingly magnificent and beautiful. There seems to be *no end* to the splendour that you have to behold in *this* way.

20th.—Same weather (78).—The *ladies* of Italy are not, generally, so handsome as the women amongst the common people, which may be attributed to the manner in which they are brought up, and particularly to the little exercise and air enjoyed by them. The sun of Italy, so far from destroying the complexion, seems to add lustre to its beauty; at all events it gives the glow of health to those who are from necessity exposed to its rays; whilst the ladies, who seldom leave the house before the evening, unless it be to go to church, are for the most part pallid, and have not the bright countenances of the country women. But the same style of beauty prevails throughout the south of Italy, the finely-formed

features, and the same large black or blue eyes, with their long silken fringes, seem equally bestowed on the princess and the female peasant. It is to be regretted that in this land of loveliness and of the arts, where the climate is such as to admit of the most beautiful and fanciful fashion in dress, and where we see the commonest amongst the labouring women going to church with their fine heads of hair dressed in the Grecian way, and merely a veil falling over the shoulders, and preserving, from a motive of pride, in every other particular, the ancient costume of their native village or district, that their mistresses should encumber themselves with French bonnets, stiff stays, rolls of hair on each side of the face, and pyramids of it on the top of their well-shaped heads, and demean themselves by imitating that little wriggling walk the performance of which no one but a French woman is properly capable of. They certainly do, whenever they appear in their carriages in the *Corso*, or walking there in the evening, display considerable airiness and tastefulness in their dress; but *they* appear to be foreigners visiting the place, while their inferiors have a grandeur about them that would seem to denote the true descendants of the ancient Romans.—The condition of the Italian women, as regards the matter of *decorum*, appears to English people as full of inconsistency. The mammas, who show much of the *liberal* in their own conduct, watch that of their daughters very narrowly. The contract of marriage is much more relaxing than restrictive in its consequences. As soon as the young women are

married they go wherever, and do whatever, they please. But, before that, they stay continually at home; or, when they do go out, they are not allowed to do so without being accompanied by some experienced and trustworthy person of their own sex. You seldom see an unmarried lady walking alone in the street. Lovers, when they have not access to the habitations of their mistresses, are very openly clandestine; the lady appears at the window, and her suitor in the street, and the courtship is carried on through the iron window-bars.

21*rst*.—Hot (81).—The Italians are formal visitors. Their *homes*, as respects the entertaining of neighbours, are very different from ours. I do not know, however, upon the whole, which kind of *neighbourhood* is essentially the best; for, if we feel ourselves more at home under the roofs of our neighbours than the Italians do, there is, I do think, more idle back-biting and ill blood amongst us than is to be found in any other country. The people here are indolent; they have, compared with us, *nothing to do*; so that there is more time for lounging and public amusement, in the enjoyment of which they meet one another from home. They exceed the French in their overstrained *compliments*. A stranger is surprised to see so much ease in manner accompanying the utterance of so much falsehood; but they flatter with a good grace because their consciences do not reproach them with insincerity, there being a clear understanding that certain phrases, having meanings the most gracious and agreeable, are to pass for nothing at all.

The sin of gambling prevails all over Italy. People of all degrees are gamblers. Billiards is the principal game among the rich; and the labouring people play at what is called *mora* or *morra*. *Mora* was one of the games of the ancient Romans. It is for two persons, and is performed by a casting of the fingers; both parties present the right hand, and, at the same instant, call out a certain number, which may be any from one to ten. The ingenuity required is in guessing how many fingers the opposite party intends to cast. The game is played with surprising rapidity. The porters may be seen gambling in this way at the corner of every street. They have such a passion for gambling, that when the value of a halfpenny is at stake, their attention seems to be as much engrossed, and they talk with as much vehemence, as if they were about to win or lose a hundred pounds. Some dispute is constantly arising, and it frequently becomes a quarrel. The game of *mora* has caused great numbers of stabbings and deaths in this country; but to *suppress* so fascinating an amusement has not been practicable.

22*nd*.—Same weather (82).

23*rd*.—Same weather (83).

24*th*. ARICIA.—Hot summer weather (82). The contrast between the air of this place and that of Rome is very great: here the night air is still quite cool; in Rome the nights are sultry, and the days very hot. By what I can learn, the accounts of the *fever* at Rome are a good deal exaggerated. It is certain that the *air* of

the city, during the hottest part of the summer, is to most people exceedingly weakening. Some strangers will live in Rome for years, and never be out of health; others, again, are laid hold of by the tertian ague, which, in many cases, will stick to a man during a large part of his lifetime.—Figs are now beginning to be ripe.

25th.—Same weather.—We went this afternoon to *Gensano*, to see what is called the *Infiorata* or *Festa di Flora*, always held in that town on the 25th of this month. It is a religious festival, similar to others that are held, on certain days of every year, in the different country towns. These festivals are all gay holydays; and the ceremonies of the day consist, principally, in a great procession of persons belonging to the church. But there is something peculiar in the *Festival of Flora*, at *Gensano*; which is, that the way along which the procession has to pass is always covered with *flowers*. Blossoms of roses, broom, wild tares, and other flowers, are spread in such a way on the ground as to produce the effect of a carpet or a piece of mosaic. The people, who take a pride in their *Infiorata*, take the trouble to collect a great quantity of flowers of the most showy colours; and so much pains have they to do the thing well, and so much taste in the execution of it, that not a single flower-stalk is seen; the blossoms are all taken clean off their stalks; so that the ground appears a many-coloured bed of pure blossom. The procession was long, and, like all such things here, slow in its motions. A bishop proceeded in front, and was followed by priests,

and others dressed in robes of divers colours, who bore banners, crosses, images, and lighted tapers, and who chanted something in Latin as they went along. An altar was erected just on the outside of the town, at the top of a steep straight street which terminated at an avenue of trees where the procession halted. A bishop performed some service at the altar, and at the end of it delivered a general benediction to the town, while all the people, along the avenue on either side of the altar and down the street in front of it, were on their knees. With the benediction the ceremony terminated, and the bishop, bearing the host, along with the rest of the procession, returned to the church through a long crowd of people kneeling. A young Scotch gentleman who was present gave offence to the bishop: he stood in a conspicuous situation, and not only did not kneel, but even neglected to remove a large straw hat which covered his head, while the host was being carried close by him. The bishop, catching sight of this very rigid nonconformist, suddenly stopped, and the soldiers who attended the procession quickly, and with little ceremony, induced him to doff his hat. There was, perhaps, no insult *intended* in this case; but the people evidently thought that there must be; they could not suppose such a violation of good breeding to be involuntary; and very much offended at it they were. "Pare," exclaimed an old woman in the crowd, with eyes flashing indignation, "Pare, da vero, che sieno *Turchi* questi forestieri!" (Really one would think that these foreigners were

) I remember reading some articles in the
ı newspapers two or three years ago, in which two
shmen were carrying on a dispute about the man-
in which we Protestants were *treated at Rome by
Pope*. The fact is this, that the Pope has been
ly indulgent, forbearing to a degree far beyond
, while the provocation given by the different
of anti-Catholics would have justified this govern-
ıt in having a *tread-mill* for the special purpose of
ing them alive to a common sense of decency. It
to be so bad, some time before the late Pope died,
he was obliged seriously to hold council as to the
: of dealing with the disorderly. He refrained, how-
ever, from acting with as much severity as the circum-
stances required, for fear of hurting the Catholic cause
in England. This moderation, however undeserved by
those to whom it was shown, was well advised: for,
what a noise would it have made all over England; what
a yell would have been raised by our saints; what a
"*no-popery*" cry would have rung in every parish of the
country, if the Pope had given only half a dozen of the
insolents their due, by packing them off to the Jews'
Ghetto, or flogging them at a cart's tail! The great
accusation brought from Rome was, that the Protestants
were not allowed to have a place of worship *within the
city*. This was a sheer *falsehood*. They have been
allowed to do *as they pleased* in this respect. They
chose to congregate in a large hall just without one of
the gates, a place which they now have, and which was

pitched upon from motives of convenience to themselves. What is more, they are not only permitted thus to exercise their own forms of worship, but there has even been a military guard appointed by the Pope to ensure the impossibility of their experiencing any thing like interruption from his Roman Catholic subjects. *Interruption*, however, there is not the slightest reason to apprehend; for, notwithstanding the cause of anger that has been given them, the *forbearance* of the people is wonderful. How quickly would any foreigner find himself in the middle of a horse-pond, or under the spout of a street-pump, if he dared to attempt the same outrage *in England* which some Englishmen commit *here!* The common people are a good deal puzzled *what to think of us.* They express their idea of all that is infidel and anti-Christian by the word "*Turk;*" and some of them, I have a notion, must suppose that we are a sort of *mongrel Turks.* At all events, they have a peculiar way of speaking of *themselves,* by which they give us to understand that they do not look upon us as *Christians* exactly; for, in talking about us as compared with them, in matters of religion, it is "*Noi altri* Cristiani" (*We* Christians). A great many of the English travellers that come here, nay, even the rich, the titled, what are called "the most respectable" people, seem to look upon the Catholic church service as a show that they may come and divert themselves in the presence of and treat with any sort of contumely they please. I have heard such accounts of

the insolence of English people during religious ceremonies here as are hardly to be believed. The very actors in such disgraceful scenes take a pride in confessing it, saying, "Oh, the Pope knows better than to put an *Englishman* into prison." So that, because there is no fear of *punishment*, they behave among the Romans, who treat them like *men*, in such a way as they would not dare to do at Constantinople, where they would be treated as they deserve, that is to say, like *dogs*. Brave champions of their own faith! But what *faith*, what sort of *religion*, can there be in the minds of such persons, of these "*liberals*," who borrow a name to call themselves by from the "*philosophes*" of France; *philosophers*, forsooth! the beauty of whose tenets consists in a general mockery of all that is most sacred, the best part of whose wit is that wantonness which characterizes their nation, and in whose opinion not even the name of heaven itself has claim to exclusion from among the objects of their impious merriment. Guard us, ye powers that preside over whatever is not designing in hypocrisy or crazy in conceit, against all that calls itself "*liberal*" or "*philosophe*"! The friends of "*civil and religious liberty all over the world*" appear here to be afflicted with impiety as if it were a *distemper* inevitably their lot in this state of society; the first symptoms show themselves in the shape of *conceit*, which leads to contempt, and finally to malignity; and it runs through the whole "liberal" herd as the murrain does with a drove of hogs. I have heard English people say,

that if they could have had any doubt of the absurdity of the Catholic doctrine before coming here, the witnessing of such "mummeries" as are here seen would be enough to convince them. This saying is *the fashion;* with some it may be sincere, and the conduct of the English Catholics has not done much for their religion in *our* eyes: as *politicians* they have, to be sure, been as base as their enemies need wish. But I must say, for my own part, my opinion on *experience* is the very contrary of what some pretend to entertain. I never feel so much respect for these people as when I see them in the exercise of their religious duties. Here is a uniform simplicity and modesty in dress, an absence of any thing approaching to ostentation or dissembling, a decorum and a dignity prevailing throughout every scene of divine worship, which, whatever any one may *say*, must make all beholders *think* in favour of it. If we could forget, as their scoffing haters do, the name in which they are "gathered together," and the consequent promise to all in common upon such occasions, the very *manner* in which they offer their prayers, so expressive of unaffected piety and devotion, is what can be witnessed without admiration by no being whose heart has any of those feelings in it. Not to be inspired with humility, rather than with a desire to hector—to kneel along with, rather than to spurn at—to join in supplication, rather than interrupt with muttered sarcasms of profanity, betrays such a sort of *belief* as is consistent in the rabble-rout of sectarians who come here from abroad, but not such as

belongs to any one having an atom of real *religion*. We are not *obliged* to come here: we might spare our "enlightened" understandings the shock of seeing such "prostration of intellect" as the mass, the processions of the church, and the ceremony of Holy Thursday, when all the curious "liberals" crowd to see the Pope wash the feet of the "filthy pilgrims" and wait upon them at dinner. But the Catholics are taunted with *intolerance*, *bigotry*, and *superstition*. These terms have got at last to be vastly edifying to our ears; and more especially, too, when we hear them from the *Americans*; from sober, sedate, most reflecting and calculating Jonathan, in whose country are the Presbyterians of New England, commonly called "*blue*" (the colour of the flames of *brimstone*); Jonathan, in whose ultra-ranting Methodist-meetings I have seen little children scared into fits by the preacher, and well-dressed women, under the influence of *the spirit*, groaning, and flounder-ing about at full length on the chapel floors; Jonathan, whose woods are the scene of "*camp-meetings*," and resound with howlings of the faithful that are about as rational as those of wild beasts; Jonathan, to whom be-longs the origin of the sect called *shaking quakers*, whose mode of worshipping God is like no other antick of which man in his senses is capable, the Indian *war-dance* only excepted. I see no cause for our great abuse of the *priests* of this country, unless it be that they are numerous, and, generally, sleek, plump, and good-looking men. They are distinguished from other

people in their costume, which makes their numbers more apparent. Surely *we* have nothing to brag of on *this* score. I dare say that the Roman priests are a tolerably well-behaved set of men *as the world goes:* if we have not quite so many, those that we have manage to dispose of enough of the fruits of our labour. At all events, the priests here enjoy what they get in the presence of the people. They stay *with their flock*, and the flock *keep together*. While the shepherd is absent or asleep, the flock will stray; and what wonder is it, then, that *we* run so many ways, led off by the vigilant interlopers who have taken advantage of our wandering or drowsy priesthood? What wonder is it that the clergy of our church have come to the disgraceful pass, of being forced, in order to keep the people from being *all sectarians*, to imitate the industrious dissenting parsons, by becoming "evangelical" and carrying about bundles of religious tracts? If the present rage for *educating the people* and *disseminating the gospel* be any good, to whom do we owe the beginning of it but to the dissenters from our own church? Among the *non-resident* who come to Rome, I see the winning face of the Reverend Dr. NOTT, who is a Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, and who, free from the anxiety that attends a chance of *church preferment*, nurses his gout in the neighbourhood of the Pope.

26*th*.—Same weather (80).—A very large part of the heavy work of this country falls to the lot of, and is, I think, about equally divided between, those two parts

of God's creation, which, little as they resemble in other respects, happen to be the two most remarkable for their powers of *patience*: I mean, the *women* and the *donkeys*. The men work; and horses are employed; and more mules than horses. But, the women and the donkeys appear to have *the most to do*. The women are in the habit of bearing great loads on the head. Every burden, if it be of any weight, they put on the head. In this way the women and girls carry water, whether the distance be small or great. They have copper cans for the purpose, which will contain an English bucket, bucket and a half, or two buckets of water at once; and these are always borne on the head. This has not the effect of making the women *stoop*; on the contrary, they are very straight. Carts are not much used in this country, amongst the mountains. Instead of carts or wagons, they use large *panniers* hung across the backs of horses, mules, or asses. The pannier is a sort of big, open basket, made of wicker-work. The ass here, as in all parts of the world, is banged and goaded along with loads that seem too great for him even to stand under. Here it is, in the countries of mountains, where his services are of the greatest importance, and where the painters bring his picturesque portrait into every landscape, that this little animal is the least kindly treated. The thickness of his hide and his wonderful patience have been the ruin of the ass; they have given him the character of total insensibility to both burdens and blows; and he is here laden and belaboured accordingly; nothing

that man's own shoulders would avoid the carrying of is thought too much for the back of the ass, a back which these people seem to look upon as formed, by nature, to feel no difference between what is *light* and what is *heavy*. The number of men, women, or children, that mount the omniferous beast at one time, is just as many not as he can carry, but as can find *room to be* upon him, room to sit between his withers and his rump or to lie in his panniers. The very *name* of the poor ass is reviled. His proper name in Italian is *asino*; but the more popular, *somaro*. And it is a custom, in decent society, never to mention the "*somari*" without, at the same time, making the parenthetical apology of "*con rispetto parlando*" to the person addressed, for having alluded to a subject so *low*. The name of *somaro* must, I should suppose, be derived from *soma*, a *load* or *burden*, and applied to the ass on account of the reputation which his all-tolerating back has made proverbial. An English gentleman, who was with us the day before yesterday at *Genzano*, hired an ass of a woman at *Aricia* to ride the distance. The ass, while at *Genzano*, suddenly died; and the sum demanded by the woman in compensation for her loss being exorbitant, the matter was referred to a country judge in the neighbourhood, SIGNOR MARTORELLI undertaking to act as *advocate* for the defendant. Our host, who is an extraordinary instance of affability, humour, and politeness, began his speech, according to the manner of his country, with a conjunction: "Dunque, Signore," said he to the judge,

somaro (*con rispetto parlando*) &c." Now,
jack-ass (*speaking with respect*) * * * *
this neighbourhood is full of beautiful scenery.
went to-day to the top of a very high mountain,
d *Monte-Cavo*, at about four or five miles from
. The matter of which it is formed seems to have
all on fire; it is an immense heap of cinder-
soil and porous stone. On the summit, which comes
perfect peak, there is a convent; and from the con-
you look down on *Albano*, *Aricia*, *Genzano*, the
and *Campagna* of Rome, and the sea: a most
lid view, but more especially so in the reflection of
a sun as shined upon it to-day. Close by *Albano*
there is a lake, called *Lago-Castello*; and close by *Gen-*
o is another lake, called *Nemi*. These lakes are
four or five miles in circumference, having deep and
steep banks covered with underwood and vineyards; and it is supposed, from their form and the nature of the soil of the neighbourhood, that they have originally been the craters of volcanoes. On the bank of the lake at *Albano* there is a little place called *Castel-Gandolfo*, at which the Pope has a country house; and on that of *Nemi* there is a little town of the same name. *Nemi* is supposed to have taken its name from the *nemus*, or sacred wood, of the nymph Egeria, who, according to OVID, was of the town of *Aricia*. These two lakes, seen from any part of their banks, are strikingly beautiful objects; and there are so many circumstances of ancient poetry and history connected with them and every spot around them, that

they are everlasting subjects of the painter's study. Our way up to the convent was through narrow tracks, shaded by woods and coppices of hazel and chesnut. At about two-thirds of the way there is a small village called *Rocca-del-Papa*; and near this we saw a chapel in which is the picture of the Virgin called *Madonna del Tufo*. This picture is believed to be of *miraculous* origin. It is said that a large mass of the volcanic stone called *tufo* suddenly gave way on the side of the mountain, and that the picture, which is now preserved on the spot, was found ready painted on a flat piece of surface in the stone. The *painting* is one of that sort which might arise from accident without any very great stretch of possibility; at least it would do but little credit to *the art*. Pictures representing the miracles wrought by this *Madonna* are hung up in the chapel, a thing which I frequently see in the churches in Italy. The pictures, which are always mere little daubs, are a kind of offerings made by the persons who, by her interposition, the Virgin has preserved from death or great danger: you see a man falling from a horse, or out of a chaise, or from a window, or with a wheel going over his neck, or being pursued by a bull, or something as terrific as these accidents, the fatal consequences of which have been averted by the Virgin.

Coming from *Albano* to *Castel-Gandolfo*, a short distance, we passed through a lane called the *Galleria*, or Gallery. I was struck with this lane before, when on my road to Naples, when I was not aware of its cele-

lutty. It is the most picturesque *lane* that I ever saw; and the beauty of it is in the old trees of flex or evergreen oak that grew along it, which are exceedingly fine and various in shape. They grew in such forms as if on purpose to be put into pictures. Almost every tree in the Gallery has its *nightingale*, which sings here both night and day. The whole lane rings with music from one end to the other. Nothing in rural poetry seems complete without the nightingale. How could the Italian poets do without their "*vago angelletto*," this charming little bird? ARIOSTO makes her sing as far north as Scotland, where her song was never heard.

27th.—Same weather (81).—We go to *Marino*, a small place beneath the mountain of *Rocca-del-Papa*.—*A wash* is not here the same matter of domestic trouble that it is in England. All washing is done out of doors. Somewhere just without every small town or village, a large oblong bay is formed with stone and cement. The thing is built on the nearest river, or spring of water, the stream running in at one end and passing off at the other, carrying with it the suds as fast as they arise. In this way you see twenty or thirty women all washing their clothes together at the community's common washing-tub.

28th. ROME.—A very severe storm of thunder and rain (74).

29th.—Rain (80).—This is St. Peter's Day. The Pope officiated at the mass in St. Peter's this morning. The bronze statue of the Saint was attired in the robes of his

Holiness, having the triple crown on its head, and the Pope's own ring on one of the fingers of its benedictory hand. The church is illuminated, and there are fire-works again this evening. St. Peter's shrine is lighted up with lamps, and hung round with beautiful festoons of red and white roses. On this day people are allowed to descend to the under-ground parts of the church, which is full of sights as well as the part above; but *women* do not partake of this privilege.

30*th*.—Very fine (80).—I went early this morning to the top of St. Peter's church. The path leading to the pinnacle of this piece of ambition was far more convenient than that of our St. Paul's. I have been told that a pope once drove a pair of mules half way up; which really would not be impracticable. At the lantern of the church, which is just under the ball, I saw a small *fig-tree* and a bit of the plant called *roving sailor* growing between the stones of the building.

JULY.

1*rst*.—Same weather (81).

2*nd*.—Same weather (81).—It is too much the custom in England for visitors to contribute towards the expenses of the houses in which they visit by giving money to servants. The same custom exists here; only here the meanness attending it is much greater than with us. This morning, as I was preparing to go out from the hotel, I heard a knock at our door, and on opening it recognised a *cardinal's footman*. He was a fine, tall, stout,

king Roman, dressed out with an abundance of
e; and the most *gentlemanly* footman in man-
at I remember to have seen. He made me a bow
be made by a courtier to a king. As I was leaving
aster's house yesterday, this footman very politely
d *where I lived*, in order, as he said, that he
now where to go if he were sent to me with a
sage. I wondered, at the time, what could be his
ive for making the inquiry; but the first look he gave
his morning opened my eyes; at least, I violently
ected that he had a design on my *purse*. So
ecting, I determined to have some fun with him.
When I asked him his business, he muttered something,
out of which I could only hear the words "*Il Signor
Cardinale*"—"*la famiglia del Signor Cardinale*"—
"*visita*"—"*complimenti*." What could I understand,
if not that the *Cardinal*, with all his *family*, were come
to pay me *a visit*, and had sent this smooth-spoken gen-
tleman up with their *compliments*. I *pretended*, at
least, so to understand him, and would not be thought to
know what he meant till I brought him so far to the
point as to use the word "*denaro*" (money), which he
did, after some time lost in evasion, and, no doubt, con-
siderable suffering from a sense of *delicacy*; and then
he told me that it was *the custom*, &c., the *sum* being
left to *my discretion*. I offered him no *words* of rebuke;
but he had come a mile through a hot sun-shine; and I
gave him the smallest piece of silver I had (5½*d.*),
thinking it would be worth so much to see *how he could*

take it... Fortunately I did not intend this as payment in anticipation for the bow he gave me *on departing*, or all the money would have been thrown away!

3rd.—Same weather: the days are hot and clear; but the nights are yet pretty cool (82).—This morning I had the honour of an audience with the Pope, and at the same time, that of receiving the *blessing* of his Holiness. The levee was held at his palace on the Quirinal Hill, where he resides during the warm months, on account of the air of the situation, which is better than that of the Vatican. It was a most *unsovereign*-like levee, in respect to *time of day*, for I had to be at it by *eight o'clock in the morning*. The first apartment, after ascending to the first story, was a magnificent hall, in which stood a small guard of Swiss soldiers; the next was the waiting-room of the Pope's household servants, who were dressed in suits of crimson damask; two further chambers led to the anti-chamber, at the doors of which stood military men with their sabres drawn. These men belonged to what is called the *Guard of Nobles*, a guard composed entirely of noblemen; and each sentinel was relieved, at every few minutes, by an officer and some men who remained in one of the chambers without. This was a day for *private audiences*; and the chamberlain, who was dressed in a purple gown, introduced those who were to be admitted one by one. His Holiness, (PIUS VII.) who is sixty-eight years old, and whose manner appeared to me very paternal and condescending, was sitting under a canopy, with some papers

on a table before him, at one end of a long saloon, the walls of which were decorated with tapestry and the floor paved with marbles. He was dressed in white satin throughout: a satin robe with a row of buttons all down the front, satin shoes, and a small close cap of the same material on the head. The *form* that is required to be observed in the presence of the Pope is no more than that of *kneeling* to him, and he is always addressed by one or other of the appellations, *Vostra Santità* (Your Holiness), or *Santo Padre* (Holy Father). The act of genuflexion, on entering, has to be thrice performed; first, as soon as you come into the audience-chamber, secondly, when you have got half-way across it, and lastly, on nearly approaching the person of his Holiness. The *kissing of the toe*, a ceremony so horrifying to some Protestants, is not a *sine qua non* in visiting the Pope; this is just according as the conscience or curiosity of the courtier may or may not move him to solicit the favour.

4th.—Same weather (83).—In speaking of the *character* of the people of modern Italy, the inhabitants of this part of the country, the *Romans* are, of course, the most interesting, and, consequently, those of whom travellers take the greatest notice and have the most to say. The epithet in the mouths or from the pens of all is, "*degenerate*;" which is applied to all Italy, and more especially to *Rome*, in the name of which, as associated with former times, we are taught to comprehend every thing that is noble and great. Travellers have their

heads full of the tales of historians, credible or incredible, all equally well *believed in*; their eyes are fascinated by the few majestic ruins, and the specimens of art of the people that made Rome so famous; the *marvellous* of history is the most pleasing to most men; and whatever remains now *to be seen* of the ancients is *in their favour*. In comparing the abilities and performances of ancient and modern generations, the world seems pretty nearly divided in its opinion: "*every generation grows wiser and wiser*," is the notion of one half of us, and the other half think almost just the contrary. The Romans of the present day are considered, as ADDISON calls them, a mere *base degenerate progeny* of the old race; while the "*march of intellect*" lately begun in England would have it that our own ancestors, during the most prosperous times of England, were barbarians in comparison with their descendants. BRUTUS, for killing a single great man, is lauded like a god; and THISTLEWOOD, for wanting to kill a whole room-full of them, is despised as a simple traitor: we were converted to Christianity by an "ignorant" and "barbarous" monk; and the blessing of our *national debt* was conferred upon us by the wisdom of a modern bishop. But, what proof of purity in motive or justification in circumstances have we, to make the one killer a bit more praiseworthy than the other; and why is not ST. AUGUSTIN to be called "enlightened" for having caused a whole nation of Pagans to become Christians, as well as BURNET for having done his best towards turning them all back into

In seeing the Romans, I can really see nothing much to conclude that their *nature* is now not exactly me as ever it was. Their bodies are well-shaped strong, their countenances handsome, their minds f talent and intelligence. *Intelligence:* that is to sound sense and quickness of perception, leaving *ous belief* all out of the question; for, if we bute their supposed degeneracy from the Pagan stock heir *creed*, the conclusion is but a poor compliment to stianity in general. We are lost in admiration when ok at the *Colosseum*, because it was made *so long* But what *wonder*, why should it *not* have been then as well as now? Then, the moderns are d upon as *degenerate*; yet, *St. Peter's* is a pro- tion of theirs. For *genius*, or *innate* greatness of d, for any gift of nature, I question whether the people of this country are any more changed than the soil or the climate of the country itself. The proofs of greatness left behind by the ancients have not, like those of the moderns, a host of our prejudices to contend with. In our reflections on the Augustan age, we do not imagine any such common-life occurrences as disgust the English stranger among the moderns here. If we could be convinced that the inhabitants of *Pompeii* were just as *dirty* (and no doubt they were so) as the Neapolitans of the present day, this one circumstance would bring the ancients a great way down towards a level with the moderns in our fancies. The Romans are very different in their *manner* from all the other Italians that we have seen.

They are more sedate and grave; by no means wanting in vivacity or grace, yet they have a kind of dignity, both in look and in tone, that not unfrequently appears like *haughtiness*. They have not the gaiety of the Neapolitans, nor the suavity of the Florentines. Among the common people, among people of all classes indeed, that I have had opportunity to notice, there are instances of absolute *moroseness*, a thing which I have experienced no-where in Italy but in Rome. They are not a people that have much appearance of *studying to please*; but, when they choose to be so, the most pleasing of all Italians; of all Italians they are those that make you feel most *respect* for them. Less obsequious than others; and when *uncivil*, more *seriously* so. I have received many just such short answers here as I should have expected from nobody but a surly Englishman. I have generally heard too much of "*your humble servant*" in Italy: no one need be afraid of having his ears thus wounded in *Rome!* Get towards Naples, and every man that has a good coat on his back is called "*Eccellenza*" (Your Excellency). There is really no *fawning*, no *cringing to superiors*, among the Romans. They are, from all I have heard, by no means wanting in *personal courage*. They show this, at least, in their way of fighting. The common people always settle their quarrels *with the knife*. Cases of cold-blooded assassination occur; but more cases of furious but fair combats, in which the parties give and take stabs with seemingly equal satisfaction. A short time ago, two very young men at *Aricia*,

t any previous cause of hatred to each other, were ting about who could do most in the *fighting way*. gliamo provare quale sia il più forte ?" said one of (Shall we *try* which is the best man ?): then they just without the gate of the town, and were both d back again, after a few minutes, streaming with . An Englishman tells me that he saw two men ut by accident on one of the bridges over the Tiber; were *old enemies*, and took the opportunity for ge: each drew his knife and began to hack the r, and they were *both killed* on the spot. The itants of that part of the city which is on the north of the river, are distinguished by the name of "*rastevere*" (over the Tiber), and these are said to remarkable for two things, the pride which they feel upposing themselves to be the *immediate descendants* of the ancient Romans, and the signal way in which they support so high a character by their deeds of the *knife*. These people showed real valour in their attack of the French when they came to Rome. BONAPARTE made examples of many by hanging them for their stabbings. But the virtue of their ancestors was not extinguished in their breasts, and the knife still holds its fatal office in their hands. The labourers whom we see at work among the mountains and in the *Campagna* of Rome are really a fine set of fellows. There is no labour or fatigue that one would not suppose these men capable of. The men who are paupers in the city, and set to work by the government, in uncovering ruins, and carry-

ing on improvements like our stone-crackers in England, are of a different kind. It is quite ludicrous to see these latter at work. They will wheel a barrow fifty yards with hardly more than one shovel-full of earth in it. They will pitch down their load at that distance, and there make a heap of it, while others, loading at the first heap, will be carrying off the materials to make another heap *at the same distance further on.* Here is LORD CASTLEREAGH'S doctrine of temporal salvation exemplified in practice: *digging holes one day to be filled up the next.* However, there *is* some use in the pauper-work here; it is all tending, at least, to the ornament of the city. The laziness of the workmen appears to be sympathized in by their overseers; there is nothing like *coercion,* and ten men here do as little as one would in England.*

* In the debate on the Duke of RICHMOND'S motion for an inquiry into the internal state of the country, made March 18th, 1830, the Earl of MANSFIELD is reported to have said, in supporting the motion, and in remarking on the *patience* of the people, on account of which they deserved that the Duke's proposal should be acceded to: "Their Lordships ought not to consider "themselves on an eminence placed *above the sympathies of the* "*people.* In *other countries* they saw the splendid palace fraught "with every luxury, and beside it the miserable thatched cottage "of the peasant, like Lazarus at the gate of Dives—an unnatural "contrast. In those countries there was *no feeling of sympathy,* "*no reciprocity of interest with the people.* But in England there "were *greater masses of wealth than elsewhere, yet the wealth* "*was more diffused than elsewhere.* Every stranger must re-

English people are treated with respect and distinction by the Italians. I have been told that, in *money affairs*,

"mark in this country, that although there might be distress, the "stamp of misery did not appear upon any one class."—No doubt that when the noble Earl said this he was *sincere*, and that he spoke in the spirit of a true English nobleman. Yet, take all this passage, excepting the *first* proposition, and do the words not say exactly the contrary of what is the truth? The mention of the "*thatched cottage*" was a mistake: the thatched cottage is what an Englishman most *misses* out of England; the English thatched cottage was *once* the thing the most symbolical of the best we could ever boast, the thatch being upon a roof underneath which dwelt the industrious, ingenious, well-fed, well-clad, and happy labourer of England. There is no need to *go abroad* to find pictures of misery; no need of libelling the people of *other countries* to discover an *unnatural contrast*. The DUKE, in making the motion, said, that he had remonstrated with the overseers in Sussex, as a magistrate, against *the putting of men to draught work like horses, with a man to drive them!* Here is *Lazarus*, at all events, and in such a plight as shows that *Dives* must be near at hand; and no parliamentary rodomontade can reconcile us to this. It is really a little too bad to hear the aristocrats of our country vaunting about their "*feeling of sympathy*" "*and reciprocity of interest*" with labouring Englishmen: it is the same kind of *sympathy* as mountaineers have for the mules and asses they drive, the same kind of *reciprocity of interest* that wasps have with bees. The poor man with us not only has to give up the fruit of his industry to support those who disgrace his country, but he is deprived of the *personal respect* which those of his class have paid them in other countries; the very mouths that devour his earnings talk to him as if he were inferior to themselves even as an *animal*. The manner in which Irish gentlemen address those who are beneath them, is more galling than any thing I have ever known offered by one man to another.

the people here will trust Englishmen when they will not trust one another. Whatever this may say for the *Italians*, it does not say much for *us*: out of the many English people who come to Rome, there are few that are needy enough to require any *credit*; and at *Boulogne-sur-Mer* we hear a very different story. I hear from English people who live here, that all classes of the Italians are *tricky* in pecuniary matters. They are very much *closer* than we are in this respect; gold and silver are really handled like *precious metals* in this country; there is not that sweeping, slap-dash way of carrying on dealings here that we have. They are more scrupulous to their own interest in *smaller matters* than we are; they will say as much about six shillings as we should about as many pounds; so that they can hardly behave *unjustly* without, at the same time, appearing to us to be *mean*. There must be some experience, more than I can have had, to be able to judge decidedly of them in this respect. Poor people, who have any thing to sell or any services to render, are more extortionate and less independent than the same class of persons in England. The Americans, I am sorry to say, may fairly declare the same in their own favour in comparing us to themselves. But, how much are the terms of national self-flattery abused: *honest—honourable—independent—liberal—generous!* Who would say that the brave Yankees are a *dishonest* or *dishonourable* nation? yet, who will show me any thing under the sun to beat the roguery practised and countenanced amongst American traders? I do not

like to hear *Irishmen* affecting disgust at this people for their *want of principle*, their *trickery* and *meanness*, in contrast with themselves as the perfection of *open-heartedness* and *generosity*. I cannot think of *national degradation* without remembering the treatment of the poor QUEEN by the Irish, and their reception of the KING directly after she was dead; of the *loyalty* of the "first gems of the earth and first flowers of the sea"; of the abundance of blarney to which they treated his Majesty, saying that he had a "true *Irish heart*" (an ironical compliment), which must have made the King heartily ashamed of all that part of his dominions if he had any feeling of real kingly dignity about him. When I see an Italian endeavouring to take me in for the value of a few shillings, I am to call him a low cheat: when I see an Irishman raising the wind by the means of what is called an *accommodation bill*, which he never thinks of paying himself, and spending the money in treating his companions, I must attribute it to his love of "*hospitality*," and admire his sacrifice of twenty per cent. discount to obtain the means for so *generous* a purpose! But which is the *best* of the two knaves? Their *qualities* are about the same: if there be any choice, it must be as to *size*. The one is *little*, to be sure; but if the transaction of the other be on a *larger scale*, it should rather cause the individual to be punished for fraud than raise the national character for *generosity* and *hospitality*.

Rome is a terrible place for *fleas*. I never go into the

streets without finding them hopping over my clothes. To prevent their being engendered in this climate must be impossible; but they are here in such numbers as to make it really a serious matter of annoyance, both in your walks by day and your rest by night. The *tarantula* abounds in some parts of the country; *scorpions* also, but of no great size, are found every-where about Rome; and both of these are venomous. There are snakes and vipers in the mountains, pretty much like those we have in England. The lizards are sometimes eight or ten inches long, and of a beautiful golden-green colour. At this time the trees are full of the *cicada*, or *locust*, which the Italians call *cicala*, an insect about the size of our chafer, and which keeps up an incessant noise.

5th.—Same weather (84).

6th.—Same weather (84).—The palace of CARDINAL FESCHE, the uncle of BONAPARTE, contains the greatest collection of pictures in Rome. The mother of BONAPARTE is living, and resides in this city.

7th.—Same weather (83).—It is not the fashion here to inhabit the ground floors at all: the *higher* you are up the more *genteel*. The buildings are most admirably calculated for comfort in hot weather; the walls so solid, the rooms so large and lofty, the halls and flights of steps so spacious. A large part of the houses have terraces on their tops, and the gardens within the city are very numerous.

The people here have an aversion to sweet smells, and

do not so much dislike nasty ones: the former, they say, are *artificial*, and the latter *natural!* Smelling-bottles and nosegays, used in a room, are considered to be very unwholesome in this climate.

8*th.* ARICIA.—Same weather (82).

9*th.*—Fine, clear, warm day: a thunder-storm this evening, accompanied with hail (74).

10*th.*—Fine, but less warm (73).—The harvest in the *Campagna* of Rome is now nearly over. The last cutting of wheat takes place about the end of June. One immense piece of land, undivided by any fence, is all sowed with one sort of grain; and the reapers go to work in bodies of a hundred or so together. Teams of oxen carry the corn, which is tied in sheaves, to one spot, and there it is threshed out *on the ground* and *in the open air*. The ground is made sufficiently hard by wetting and beating it, and on it the grain is knocked out by the trampling of horses or mules. A shed is erected to shelter the workmen at night, or from the sun while they are not at work during the day. The wheat, when threshed, is thrown into one great heap in the field. A riddle, or large sieve, is suspended from the head of a triangle, and through this the grain is winnowed. What certainty there must be in the *climate*, to have such a custom as this!—I have no doubt but that in agriculture there has been little change here ever since the times of the ancients. There is no reason to suppose that the vineyards and olive plantations were not as neatly cultivated in those times as they are in the present.

The two-pronged hoe which is used now is just what the ancient writers call by the name of *bidens*. Antiquarian farmers have taken the Roman plough of the present day to pieces, and tell us that it is made precisely according to VIRGIL'S description; from that description there is no means of ascertaining much; yet the plough here, as in other parts of Italy, is so uncouth in shape, and shows so little refinement in the art of the wheelwright, that we may without flattery conclude that the Pagan farmers had implements quite as handy as those of any of their Christian successors. In some of the light soils there are ploughs used that consist of *nothing but wood*, having not a bit of iron even in the share or the coulter. At hay-cart I observe a singular custom of Catholic origin. The draught work is done mostly by oxen, with long raved carts drawn by a couple of oxen with a pole. The hay, when made, is immediately put into a loft or housed in some way. A number of carts follow each other in a line; attached to the pole of the foremost is a large bell, which the motion keeps ringing; an upright, like a stake, about three feet long, is fastened in the pole just between the necks of the oxen, and to it hangs a picture of the Madonna and the infant Christ. The oxen here are large and very beautiful. Their colour is generally of a light grey, but some are quite white. It is supposed that the *colour* of the race may be attributed to the *ancients*, who took pains to breed white bulls for the purpose of their sacrifices.

11*th*. ROME.—Fair and hot (78).—The present *popu-*

of the whole of the Pope's territory is 2,590,000: *revenue* amounts to 1,250,000 pounds sterling: the y consists of 6,000 men.

2*th*.—Same weather (79).

3*th*.—Same weather (82).—The *feet* of the Romans roverbially *large*. I was told at Florence that nevr saw a Roman woman with a *small foot*; which ld seem to be a *fact*; the feet of these people are so arkably large that I must have noticed them if I had been aware of the circumstance beforehand. The ll foot of our king, as painted in Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE's picture of him (which picture has a distinished situation in the Vatican), are ridiculed by the mans, and justly, as a *personal deformity*. The feet the women are hardly ever *pretty*; but that does not y that none of them are *handsome*.

The least charming thing about the Italian women is *the sound of their voices*. How much does a sweetness of voice heighten all the other charms of the fair —how much that is wanted will the sound of it prevent you from missing—how much are all other defects exaggerated when the absence of this charm is among them! I am sorry to say that the women of Rome in particular, otherwise the most to be admired, are the least pleasing in their *voices*. The beauty of the English ladies is here looked upon as of the most enviable kind. The people being naturally very dark, think those the handsomest who the least resemble themselves in complexion.

14*th*.—Same weather (84) : at ten o'clock at night (78).—There is not so much gardening here as in England; the gardens not so many in number, yet very well cultivated. Horticulture and agriculture are more alike than with us. As to gardens that consist of nothing but walks and hedges and statues and fountains, I leave them out of the question. All the kitchen-gardens, in which grow abundant crops of culinary vegetables, are ornamented by the vine, the fig, the apricot, and the peach. Oranges and lemons ripen in Rome, the trees being stood out in large pots or tubs in the open air. The lemons of Rome are large, and considered to be very good; but I believe there are no oranges of any fine flavour in Italy. The cultivated flowers produce more blossom than I should have expected to see in so warm a climate; but after all there is too much sun for these; the flower-garden will not wear out the summer as in England.

15*th*.—Very fine and warm : what we call a *smoking-hot* day (85).—A steam-boat is now lying in the Tiber, on its way from Naples to Marseilles, touching at Leghorn and Genoa. This boat goes the trip, to and fro round the coast, to carry passengers. It is too small; but a better packet-boat of the kind is likely to be established. I dare say there will shortly be the means of going all the way from London to Palermo by steam.

Peaches have been in the market in plenty for some days past. They are cheap and large, but nothing like so good as the fruit produced on our walls.

16*th*.—Same weather (84).

—Same weather (85).

—Same weather (85).

h.—Same weather (85).—The Jesuits have a beau-
church here, immediately attached to their college.
e men, undoubtedly the most wonderful body of men
he world ever produced, are famous preachers; it
tful to listen to their sermons, which are so many
as at once in logic and in rhetoric. They preach
in the streets, in the open air, as well as in the
t of the church. There are certain parts of the city
d for this out-o'-door preaching. The preacher,
ed in the black gown and cap of his order, stands in
nvenient spot upon a stone or something to elevate
a little above the crowd which forms his audience;
a man stands on the ground just beneath him, hold-
up a crucifix.

20*th*.—Same weather (85).

21*rst*.—Same weather (84).—The great sport of the commonalty in Rome is their *giostra*, or bull-baiting, which they have every summer. They have a public game also, at this time, called *pallone*, one in which the players show great strength and activity. The *giostra* is somewhat after the manner of the Spanish bull-baiting that we hear so much talked of, very inferior, however, in all respects, to the same sort of thing in Spain: not so magnificent, nor so barbarous, nor so respectable. Gentlemen, and persons of both sexes in the lower classes, go to the *giostra*, but ladies are not seen there. It takes place on the arena of an amphi-

theatre, which stands on the site of the tomb of AUGUSTUS. The wall around the arena is about six feet high, with a low bar or rail of iron on the top of it for the men engaged in the sport to lay hold of in retreating from the enemy. The beasts that are brought to be worried here are bulls, oxen, and buffaloes, which have to encounter men or dogs, or both at once. They are brought into Rome very early in the morning when the streets are clear, put into a stable underneath the amphitheatre, and are introduced, one at a time, through large folding doors, to the arena, where the men, dressed in thin white jackets and breeches, stand ready to enter the lists with them. The dogs are the only actors that ever suffer in the tragic scenes of the *giostra*. The men have places to dodge behind, and often get among the spectators by scaling the wall, when closely pursued. It is generally a mere sham fight. I saw one man to-day lay hold of the bull by the horns, and throw himself so as to lie with his body right between them; but the beast was evidently peaceable in disposition, and seemed to be reconciled to the trick by former experience. The game of *pallone* is played with a large wind-ball; this is a beautiful game; it is much finer than our rackets, and requires even more strength and agility than cricket-playing. These sports are always well attended by the Romans, who are very fond of them, particularly of the *giostra*, which, though the government does not openly allow it, is suffered to be kept up for the common people's amusement. The *theatres* at Rome are comparatively dull: such things are

not encouraged by the government, and are here less popular than in other places.

22nd.—Same weather (85).

23rd.—Same weather (83).

24th.—Same weather: Hot all the while, both night and day (84). I have felt the heat as great in England, or greater; but not for so many days together. For those who love clear sunshine and heat, the summer here, as far as we have experienced it, has been pleasant.

25th. CIVITA-CASTELLANA (*on our way back to Florence*).—Same weather (83).—We left Rome this morning at four o'clock, in the carriage of a *vetturino*, who, having two other passengers besides ourselves, drives four in hand and strides the near wheeler, after the manner of many of his calling. The road by which we are returning to Florence lies through the heart of the country. We passed by *Monte-Rosi*, and then turned off to the right, coming to this place through *Nepi*.

26th. TERNI.—Same weather (87).—We baited at *Narni*, after passing through *Borghetto* and *Otricoli*. Just by *Narni*, on the river *Nera*, there are the remains of a bridge called *Ponte d' Augusto*, which was built by AUGUSTUS. We arrived here early, in time to see the celebrated water-fall of Terni, which is five miles out of the town. We are here amongst the Apennine mountains.

27th. FOLIGNO.—Same weather (85).—Come through *Spoleto*. *Foligno* is most charmingly situated. There is a promenade round within the wall of the town, com-

manding one of the finest landscapes of cultivated country that I have ever seen.

28*th*. PASSIGNANO.—Shady (77).—This is a very small place, on the border of the *Lake of Perugia*. Just by this is the spot on which HANNIBAL fought FLAMINIUS. We came by *Assisi* and *Perugia*. *Assisi* is a picturesque little town on an eminence at about a mile on the right from our road. It contains some fine churches and a beautiful convent. This is the birth-place of ST. FRANCIS, from whom the Franciscans take the name of their order. Immediately at that part of the road where you turn off to *Assisi*, there stands a large church alongside of the highway, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and called *Madonna degli Angioli*. The roof of this church has been raised over the original little chapel which belonged to ST. FRANCIS, and the chapel now stands in the centre of the church. Attached to the church is a convent of Franciscans. On the 1st of August there is a great festival celebrated here, the *festa* of the *Madonna degli Angioli*. Pilgrims come from distant parts of Italy: we have seen large companies of them, yesterday and the day before, travelling along on foot in this direction. We saw some who had come all the way from Campi-Bassi in the Neapolitan territory, on purpose to be present at this festival. There were both men and women of all ages; some of them very old. The costume of these poor people, who are supported on their journey by the charity of the places through which they pass, is of the coarsest kind. The women that we saw coming

ipi-Bassi were walking quite barefooted, having
r stockings nor shoes. A coarse white napkin,
a long fringe to it, was folded as a covering for their
a part of it left hanging behind. They wore
, descending about half-way down the leg, of a
red colour, made of the stoutest linen, and appear-
a the innumerable patchings and darnings about
to have been worn for an age. Each pilgrim carried
ff with a cross on the top of it, and a rosary of beads;
the women all bore bundles containing their little
ts upon their heads, and the men bore theirs slung
their shoulders. As each party of pilgrims ap-
ached a town or village they formed themselves into
ngle line, the men first and the women following, and
s walked through the streets, all chanting a hymn
ether as they went along. We saw some of them arrive at the church. They all came to the front door of the building, there knelt down in the same order, and began to chant as we had before heard them, while some men, officers belonging to the church, came and took the bundles from the heads of the women and the shoulders of the men, and laid them aside. Then the pilgrims entered the place of holy destination, proceeding, *on their knees* all the way, from the door of the great church up to that of the chapel of ST. FRANCIS, a distance of forty or fifty paces.

29*th*. LEVANE.—Beautiful hot summer day (83).—Come through *Toriella* and *Arezzo*, leaving *Cortona* on our right. Between *Arezzo* and this place we

entered the extensive and rich plain called *Val di Chiana.*

30*th.* FLORENCE. — Same weather (83). — Come through *San-Giovanni, Figline,* and *Incisa,* and arrive at Florence this afternoon. We have travelled from thirty to thirty-five miles each day during the six days of our journey from Rome.

It is impossible to imagine a finer district of country than that which we have seen on this road. Many of the towns and villages are delightfully situated. Our road from Nice to Genoa was more grand, but not more beautiful than this. *Nepi, Civita-Castellana, Narni, Terni, Spoleto, Foglino, Assisi, Perugia, Cortona, Arezzo:* all these, besides other inferior places, seem to have been built in spots chosen for their beauty: the towns for their situation, and the country through which they are scattered, are equally delightful. The towns are the cleanest that I have seen since we left England, and the inns are much the best that I have yet met with in Italy. We have seen almost as great a variety in shape as a country can have: lofty mountains, fine oak timber, a succession of hill and dale, and perfectly level plains. There is less barren land than I have seen any where in the same distance. Vegetation in general is now about at its height; and the brightest sun is shining on the richest scenery of cultivation. The *Val di Chiana,* for miles and miles, is a tract of land covered with vines, Indian corn, and crops or stubbles of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and beans.

t of the country as it now is, is enough to satisfy
y body; yet I should imagine that it must be still
beautiful in the autumn. Water-melons, grown in
pen ground, are now ripe. The foliage of the vines
perfectly green, and the bunches of grapes are
half-grown.—The neighbourhood of *Arezzo* is
us for a breed of large cream-coloured oxen, which
very handsome cattle.

t.—Same weather: we do not get into the *cool*
oming to *Florence* (81).—We pay our *vetturino*
s. 6*d.* English money apiece for bringing us here
Rome, and 4*s.* 6*d.* apiece for *buonamano*, as they
c t, the compliment to the coachman. This is, surely,
money enough, being *six days* on the road, with a
t convenient and comfortable carriage, drawn by four
ses, and our lodging and board being all paid for by
the *vetturino*. There were only four passengers, in a carriage fit to carry six. Very little could have been *gained* by us; I dare say not more than *thirty shillings* clear profit to the proprietor of the carriage. As most people in this country travel by the carriages of the *vetturini*, there are large establishments in all the cities whence these men are constantly starting. If it be considered an inferior mode of conveyance for the public, the inconvenience to travellers is not greater than that which is suffered by the furnisher of the vehicle, who, when he has engaged with two or three persons to carry them a certain distance, has to run about the town to find others to make up a load. The man who drives you is

sometimes the proprietor of the carriage and horses: if he be the servant of another, he sets off from home to do, at his own discretion and on his own speculation, the best he can. The employment requires a good deal of enterprise, and the *vetturini* are at all times prepared and ready to go to *any distance* in *any direction*. The risk is great; the accidental death or lameness of one of the team, occurring at a great distance from home, not unfrequently ruins the man if he have no capital; he has to sell all off, and endeavour to begin again. There is so much competition between persons of this calling, they are so numerous, and it is the custom to pay them so little, that they make hard bargains; and, having once agreed with you, their economy is to give you as little for your money as they can, and this they certainly do. The travelling by *vetturino* is precisely the same as that by the French *voiturin*; only that the Frenchman does not think of starving his passengers on the road, and charges them, accordingly, more than the Italian does. The *vetturino* fare is sometimes pretty well, but more often seriously insufficient. They have a *fixed price* with the innkeepers, for the lodging and board of passengers at so much the head. The meals which French and Italian travellers agree for are usually two, breakfast at a certain distance on the road, when the horses are put up to bait and rest for two or three hours, and dinner or supper at the place of lodging at night. If English travellers be not well enough fed and attended to, at the cost of the driver, they have only to pay a little more

for whatever they want; and, in other respects, e advantages of this mode of travelling over that of the t are very great to those who are not in haste: the veyance is as cheap as it can possibly be; you are rly all day on the road, but do not pass over the try too rapidly to see it; and you have opportunity learning the language and of observing the habits the people. One person may go, in this manner, the way from Paris to Rome for from 18*l.* to 22*l.* ling.—The Italian drivers, like the French, are remely gentle in the treatment of their horses, and the greatest care of them. Their ordinary pace is g-trot; when there are mountains it is a mere creep, d then an extra horse or two, or a pair of oxen, ac- ding to the load, are put on at every very long and p ascent. Small tinkling bells are always hung round the horses' necks, whether most for the music, or to give notice of approach, I know not. In the middle of each day's journey there is always a long rest, besides other haltings to bait, when each animal has a bit of hay or some bread to eat. The horses are cleaned in the middle of the day, the same as at night; and their mouths, when the bit is taken out of them, are washed with vinegar and water. A triumphant tory, whig, or radical reformer candidate, when carried or dragged round town by those whom he means to help hold in slavery, does not feel half so much solicitude for the carcases of his constituents as a *voiturin* does for those of his horses.

AUGUST.

1*rst.*—Same weather (80).

2*nd.*—Shady (79).—The living at hotels in Italy may be generally said to cost *very much* less than the same in England. The hotels at Naples, Rome, Florence, and other great cities, are as fine as any we have in London. *Schneider's Hotel* at Florence is the finest house and the dearest that I have seen in this country. He gives nobody a dinner for less than 10 pauls (4*s.* 6*d.*); but then it is always a better dinner than any body should *wish to have.* The Hotel *Nuova-York* at Florence is nearly the same, in its accommodations and its changes. At the *Pelicano* here, which may be called a second-rate house, we had two bedrooms and a parlour, and the charges were as follow (in English money):—

FOR TWO PERSONS.

Lodging, per day.....	3*s.* 8*d.*
Breakfast.....	3*s.* 2½*d.*
Dinner.....	6*s.* 5*d.*
Tea	2*s.* 3½*d.*
	15*s.* 7*d.*

We are now at the hotel of *Madame Hombert,* the best house, take it altogether, that we have found any where. It is a large house, and, like that of *Schneider,* facing the *Lung' Arno. Madame H.* has a *table d'hote* at

two different hours, an early dinner and a late one; and her charges are as follow:—

FOR TWO PERSONS.

Lodging, per day	2*s.* 11*d.*
Breakfast.....	1*s.* 10*d.*
Dinner, with coffee.....	5*s.* 6*d.*
Tea.....	2*s.* 3½*d.*
	11*s.* 7½*d.*

Pelican, therefore, one person may live for *d.* sterling the day, and at *Madame Hombert's* 9¼*d.*—I decidedly give the preference to the e of *Madame*. As to what they give you to eat and k, it consists of bread and butter, tea or coffee, meat ll kinds that come to market, and all sorts of fruit, and good wine; and of all these just as much as you choose to ask for. I need not be more particular. There may be some persons who would require *higher living* than may be obtained here for the sum of 5*s.* 9¼*d.* the day; but when such persons indulge their appetite, all the food they consume is but so much thrown away.

3*rd.*—Very fine and clear (82).

4*th.*—Same weather (81).—There are hardly any *newspapers* in this whole country. The *Notizie del Giorno* and the *Diario di Roma*, the two Roman papers, are printed on a sheet which measures, being once folded, *ten inches and a half* by *eight*. They contain smatterings of foreign politics, but very little else. They bear

a *stamp*: the reader pays *twopence three farthings* English money for the paper, and the stamp costs a fraction more than *a halfpenny*. The Florence *Gazzetta* is much about of the same description. The *almanack* published here has sixty small pages of print, and costs a fraction more than *one penny and a farthing* of our money. This is a less imposing work, in appearance as well as in price, than the conjuring book of Moore, but it is a more entertaining piece of absurdity. A great part of it relates to the *love-affairs* that are to take place; and at the end of each prognostication the subject is enlivened or illustrated by a few lines of doggrel poetry:—

10 *Feb.*—An old man poisons himself for love: his death is the diversion of society: here is the cause of it:

"Un vecchio gentiluomo di Comacchio,
"Paese assai famoso per le Anguille,
"Qual pesce fu da Amore preso al giacchio, &c."

20 *Mar.*—Unexpected surprise of a jealous wife, who finds her husband in conversation with his fair one:

"La moglie di Geppino il pelo arriccia,
"Che a discorrer lo trova con la bella; &c."

3 *May.*—Perils for youth—the sympathetic force of love—it draws them, even against their will, to the precipice—trust to this little story:

"Entro d' un bosco ascoso, &c."

July.—The heat is having its way—people's brains are in the air—a lady runs away from her husband for jealousy:

"Vittima sventurata dell' amore,
"Perchè senza ragion, senza consiglio, &c."

Aug.—Elopement of a girl, who is seduced by a young libertine—tears and despair of the mother, and death of the father in a few hours after:

"Volgiti addietro, scellerata figlia:
"Morte arricasti a chi ti die la vita," &c.

&c.—Curious adventure of a Florentine mantua-maker, who, on account of jealousy, has a sanguinary quarrel with an embroiderer.

As to "LIBERTY OF THE PRESS," as it is called, there is nothing of the kind in Italy. Perhaps the people of this country are, as relates to the Press, in the next best state to that of being *completely free:* they have *no freedom at all.* The only liberty of the Press any where contended for is that of saying what men think about the conduct of those who govern them. Of this liberty the people here are wholly deprived. But there is no *delusion* about the matter. They know that they are permitted to say *nothing.* They are not amused by the false semblance of a milk-and-water discussion of political subjects; they are not made to believe that their tongues are free while the gag is actually sticking be-

tween their teeth and stretching their jaws; there can be no *sham-fights* of newspaper warfare here; if the persons who compose their governments are guarded against all danger from ball, the ears of the people are not stunned, and they are not led astray, deceived, distracted with various shades of opinion, urged on to exert themselves, and then neutralized in their attempts, by a fire of powder and wadding from innumerable quarters of diversified treachery. In England there is so much *said*, that it seems almost impossible to believe that there can be any want of *liberty to say* amongst us. Of all things John Bull dotes upon his *Press*, which cheats him into the conviction that nobody is so free as himself. Our Press, our newspapers, magazines, and reviews, the band of leaders in the many ways of thinking, are like a numerous ill-sorted pack of hounds; as various in their tongues, every dog running riot upon any but the true scent, all equally what huntsmen call "liars;" and, right or wrong, Old England is the land for a *national cry*. The amount of what our bodies are made to feel is lessened in our minds by what we allow ourselves to be taught to think. We are taught to be proud of our "*Palladium*," as it is called, even when it is modified by the law which transports a man for the second offence of publishing any thing *having a tendency to bring the inventors of the law into contempt;* the most "liberal" in profession have been the most profligate in motive, ready and willing to justify and insist upon any act of oppression towards the people whenever the doing so could further their

own mercenary ends. Those who place their faith in
at part of the English Press which calls itself *popular*,
ch never speaks out till it is sure of what is going to
pen, which leads astray when the people submit to be
led, and follows them when they will go the wrong
should remember that it was the greatest of all
rors to vulgar prejudice which dragged innocent
AHMAN to the gallows. It is, I think, at least a
estion, whether the being *left to think for ourselves*
ld not be better than the "LIBERTY OF THE
SS" as enjoyed in England: whether the great
e of political puttings up and pullings down be
ter all, more mischievous than useful: whether
be not difficult to decide to which party, as far
the *Press* is concerned, it is most discreditable
belong.

5th.—Same weather (81).—The Italians have peculiar ways of burying their dead. The body is carried to the church, where it is exposed to public view; persons stand around holding lighted candles, while the priest, sprinkling holy-water around, performs the burial service; and then the corpse, if not deposited in the church itself, is borne away to the place of interment. At Naples there is one general receptacle for the bodies of indigent persons; it is a great pit, closely covered over, with three hundred and sixty-five holes, every hole having a separate covering, to put the bodies in at. The holes are taken in regular rotation; each, consequently, is opened but once during the course of twelve months, and receives no

more than just all the bodies that are interred on one certain day of the year. In funerals at Rome, the bodies of the dead of all classes of persons are carried through the streets to the church on a bier, with a procession of persons bearing lighted candles, the corpse being attired in the dress that was worn by the deceased person while living, the face uncovered, and in that state exposed to the view of the public. A wealthy nobleman, a duke, who lately died in Rome, was thus drawn through the city in his carriage, the corpse dressed in regimentals, and decked with orders, a cocked hat on the head, and a drawn sword placed in the hand.

6*th*.—Same weather (82).—The state of Tuscany is 6,324 miles square. Its present population is about 1,300,000. I am told that the population is greater by 150,000 persons than it was in 1818.—There are 800 monks in this state, and 3,600 nuns, who have independent revenues: 1,500 mendicant monks, who depend entirely on free alms; 9,000 secular priests, most of whom are paid in various ways, directly or indirectly, by the people. Much of what the secular priests have is given them in voluntary offerings from individuals, such as the bequests of dying persons, money given by the living to have masses said for the souls of their deceased relations, &c. The Bishopric of PISA is a rich one, and the bishop, I hear, expends a very large part of his annual income in the way of charity. Of the estates formerly belonging to the church, 300,000 pounds sterling worth was taken from it during the reign of LEOPOLD I.; and the French,

when they came, lessened its amount by no less than £.1,000,000. I am told that in those parts of the country in which the church lands were sold, the population has been since nearly doubled in numbers, that the soil is better cultivated than it was before, and that the inhabitants have been much benefited by the change.—The present annual revenue of the Tuscan government is 680,000 pounds sterling.

This people have, like the French, a good share of *amour-propre*; they are not at all ashamed to relate stories in which *self* is made to act the most brilliant part. The empty bragging of John Bull is about as insolent as can be; the conceit of the Scotch coolly assumes that the best of all that is good is to be found in Scotland; Paddy lies in his own praise as if from pure love of lying. I have heard an Irishman talk of his "domain" in Ireland, at the same time when I firmly believe that all his estate in this world (the clothes upon his back excepted, and any *cash* out of the question) was included within the limits of one long travelling trunk. Our three little countries are all equally great, in their different ways, in this species of vanity. Now, the people of this continent are not *big* in their boasting, but, on the contrary, they will condescend to be *little*; and this littleness, the very temperance they show in the indulgence of their vanity, draws upon them our contempt when they would claim our applause. The praising of oneself for a trifle is always in danger of a mere "*Well, what of that?*" while pretenders to

merit incredible, undaunted by the chance of "*What a lie!*" have the credit, at least, for greatness in falsehood, besides all that credulity would grant them "if it *should* be true." I was introduced to an Italian *cavalier* to-day, who, as the introducer said, had been in the French army during the reign of BONAPARTE, and had served under the Emperor. A deal was said about *battles*, but nothing about *wounds* received or *deeds* performed. Yet he listened to all that was said of himself in his own presence with a complacency that could scarcely be called decent. The hero of the tale was sitting between me and its relator, at a dinner-table, the latter looking across to me and telling all the wonderful sights that his friend had seen, while the *cavaliere* kept nodding his head in confirmation of each fact, and making large eyes as if in astonishment at himself. "Yes, Sir," said he, when I was in hopes that enough had been said about nothing, "and I once had my horse *killed under me!*" No living horse, I dare say, was ever harder ridden than the dead one of this military officer.—When we were at Marseilles, we saw a man dining at the *table-d'hôte*, who openly made much of himself for being *grandson of* MARSHAL BLUCHER. He was a coarse-looking fellow, overbearing in his manners, travelling towards Italy from Montpellier, and giving himself the same airs, for the same reason, at every place in which he stopped. This, to be sure, was a sort of person which, to the honour of all nations alike, is seldom to be met with any where; and he was neither Italian nor

man, but German, or Prussian, or something of kind. His presence was quite loathsome to any one ing a drop of English blood in their veins: he boasted LUCHER as one who had assisted *England* to thrust Bourbons down the throats of the people of France, swelled with pride in describing how "les dames aises" (the English *ladies*) ran out in crowds into open streets of our towns to kiss the grizzly muzzle his grandfather!—*Titles of honour* are very numerous e, and they are all to be obtained *by purchase*. To ome a *cavaliere*, the rendering of some public service, he possession of some peculiar talent, is necessary; almost any thing in the way of either of these is sufficient: I have heard of a man at Rome who was knighted for being an uncommonly good fiddler. The nch, when in Italy, did much towards abolishing the superfluous language of *title*. But a great deal of it remains in use. The mayor of the city of PISA lately refused to receive a communication which came to him by post, because all the offices he filled in the state and all the titles that belong to him were not expressed in its direction. The usual superscription of a letter to any gentleman here is, "*All' onorevole Signore, il Signor* ——," or, "*Al garbatissimo Signore, il Signor* ——," or, "*All' ornatissimo*, or, *Illustrissimo Signore, Signore Padrone colendissimo, il Signor* ——" (words which cannot possibly be translated without turning reverence into ridicule).

Persons belonging to the higher orders in Italy have,

I think, a good deal more of *gentility* about them, in their dress and general exterior appearance, than the same part of society in France. They are more comely and more commanding in person. Italian ladies and gentlemen are also more careful than the French to have clean faces and hands.

7th.—Same weather (82).

8th. PIETRA-MALA (*on our road to Bologna*).—Same weather (81).—We are now going right across the Apennines, and *Pietra-Mala*, a little town or *borgo*, is at about half-way over them.—We have here got into quite a new country already, and quite a new climate: *Florence* in a hole, and *Pietra-Mala* comparatively on a pinnacle; the air of the former really hot, that of the latter having some of the freshness of autumn.—There is a singular kind of volcano in a barren field at about a mile from this place; it is a small heap of stones and gravel, over the surface of which there is a constant and clear flame of fire. The heap, I suppose, has been made by artificial means. There is not the least appearance of eruption any further than the flame that proceeds from the ground.

I see the people here bleaching their wheat-straw for the making of bonnets. The wheat is cut, or pulled up by the roots, while quite green; then tied, at the lower end of the stem, in grips or very small bundles; and then, with the straw spread apart in fan-shape, it is laid out upon the grass, and becomes bleached by the alternate effects of the dew and the sun.

9th. BOLOGNA.—Same weather (80).—There are no towns of any importance between this and *Florence*. There are *borgos*, however, and post-houses, very pleasantly situated; *Pietra-Mala* is particularly so. The distance from Florence here is about forty miles. We entered the Bolognese territory on quitting *Pietra-Mala*. It was Apennine mountains the whole way from Florence, till very near this city, which stands in a fine well-cultivated country, but a short distance clear of the mountains. Our road, for almost the whole way, was delightful for a hilly country: a constant succession of agreeable ups and downs. A good deal of the country is sterile, but the boldness of the views makes amends for this. The woodland is principally of chesnut and oak. Much of the country is quite destitute as to olives and vines, instead of which the traveller is regaled with the sight of verdure on the tops of the hills, occasioned by the moderation of the climate in heat. Some situations, particularly that part of the road lying between *Pietra-Mala* and *Poggioli*, are exposed to great cold and cutting winds during winter.—The sheep on the mountains are comparatively very good.

10th.—Same weather (82).—We are more pleased with this city, regarding it merely as an assemblage of streets and houses, than with any other we have seen. The buildings, both within the city itself, and in the country round about it, are beyond all comparison more neat, and what we should term more *respectable*, than those we left in Tuscany. This observation

applies especially to the *farm* or *country houses*, which are here more like those of England than any thing I have seen to the South. The striking appearance of cleanliness in the dwellings of the citizens is to be attributed to a custom of *white-washing* the outsides every year at the time of the festival of *Corpus Domini*. The churches, and other public edifices, are very fine.

BOLOGNA is considered a *dull* city. All the houses have *piazzas* in front of them, and to these much of the dullness is attributed. The city, however, has the look of wealth and prosperity, solidity and comfort about it, and there is no appearance of *falling off* in any way. The shops are fine; the market large, clean, and most abundantly supplied with all kinds of provisions. There was absolutely no butter to be had in Rome when we left that place: here it is excellent and in plenty. The people here are good-looking, and seem to be industrious and bustling in their business.

The territory of the Pope is divided into twenty *Delegations*, as they are called. This city is the capital of the one called *Bologna*. The Delegation of *Bologna* is 570 miles square in extent, and its population is 379,000, of which about 75,000 are inhabitants of the capital. *Bologna* furnishes the Pope with a large part of his revenue.

In the *Academy of Fine Arts* here there is a collection of pictures, not numerous, but some of them, as I am told, are of the best in all Italy. There are beautiful and ancient churches, one of them fourteen hundred years old.

The Italian word *roba* has nearly as many meanings

as has the word *thing* in all languages. All that is eaten and drunk here is *roba*; the clothes you wear are *roba*; merchandise of every description is *roba*; household furniture is *roba*; materials for making all kinds of things are *roba*; the luggage of travellers is their *roba*, and travellers themselves are but the *roba* of those who have to carry them; every thing is *roba*. I asked the coachman who was driving us about the town to-day, to tell me what was an old tomb that we saw supported upon pillars: "*Eh*," said he, "*roba antica*"! (ancient *roba*.) I asked an Italian if he was acquainted with a certain family in Rome: "*Si, si, conosco bene tutta questa roba:*" (Yes, yes, I know all that *roba* well.)

Among the theatres of *Bologna* there is one called *Teatro del Giorno*, or *Day-Theatre*. It is open, like any amphitheatre, having no roof over it, and the dramatic representations take place here *by day-light*. The theatre is opened in the cool of the afternoon, and the play is over before sunset. So much do the habits of nations depend upon fair or foul weather! I should have supposed it almost impossible for any play-goers to endure a stage full of wretched comedians in the light of the sun. Yet the Bolognesi have evidently a different way of thinking. I dare say that they would find as little to console them in our *fire-side* as I did to entertain me in their *Teatro del Giorno*. Alas, "John Bull's fire-side"! the *comfort* of which arises from the discomfort of being any where but at the side of the fire.

11*th*. FERRARA.—Same weather (82).—The road

hither is through a perfectly flat, but fine, country; a country of rich corn-land and vineyards, the vines trained to poplars and elms. Much hemp is grown here. I have seen more green *grass* within these last three days than I have seen before ever since we came into Italy.

Ferrara is another *Delegation* of the Church. This city has the appearance of being greatly sunk in importance. It has 23,000 inhabitants. The air is said to be bad, on account of the marshy land in its neighbourhood.

Here, in the public library, are to be seen manuscripts (said to be the originals) of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* and the *Pastor Fido*. Beneath the Hospital of *Sant' Anna* is the cell to which the unfortunate TASSO was doomed. It is a confined damp apartment, with a low ceiling, a narrow entrance, and a window-place sufficient to admit but a little light through a strong grating. The walls and door-way of this abode of genius bear the name of many a traveller scratched upon them. The tomb of ARIOSTO is also here, and they show you the chair and the inkstand of, as VOLTAIRE calls him, *the greatest of them all*. He was, to say the least, the greatest in the art of making verses.

12*th*. MONSELICE.—Rather cloudy (84).—Soon after quitting *Ferrara* we came to the river *Po*, across which our carriage was brought on a large boat, called a *flying bridge*, which, being attached to a rope on a long string of small boats, was impelled by the current of the river. The *Po* is of great width, and so subject to swell and to overflow its banks, that travellers are not

always certain of being able to get over it. On this side of the river we were in the dominions of the *Austrians*, and had to stop to have our luggage well rummaged at the custom-house of their government. The officers, however, though scrupulous in turning every atom of what we had topsy-turvy, were very civil. *Books* are the things here looked at with the most suspicion, and all those which relate to any thing like *politics* are narrowly examined. There were some copies of the "*Protestant Reformation*" in my portmanteau, on which the superior officer pounced with piercing eye. I soon began to repent the having any such *roba* about me; the officer would not, at first, undertake to allow it to pass upon his own authority, and said that it would require us to be accompanied all the way to Venice by a *military escort!* But he was a good-natured sort of a man, and, I suppose, did not apprehend much mischief in the way of "*liberalism*" from what he saw of me: I coaxed him so far as to get free of the company he promised us. The *language* was, luckily, his own; so that he could make out the meaning of the title-page; otherwise we should certainly have had the *gens-d'arme*.

There are several places (one near *Ferrara*) along this road, at which travellers may get on board a boat, and go, by river or canal and the sea, all the way to Venice.

We stopped at *Rovigo*, on the river *Adigetto*, a town of considerable size, and soon after quitting that place crossed the river *Adige*, a large stream.—The rivers are full of floating corn-mills.—The road here is very sandy.

The little town of *Monselice*, a manufacturing place, is situated in a remarkably beautiful and picturesque spot. The buildings stand at the base and round the sides of a lofty peeked hill, which is finely ornamented by evergreens, and on the top of which there is an old castle. At a short distance off, to the left of the road, is another mountain, a perfect pyramid in form, called *Monte-Ricco*.—The inns become better in this direction: more clean; that is to say, *less dirty*.

13*th*. VENICE. (In Italian, *Venezia*). Beautiful day (83).—From *Monselice* to *Padua* the road is almost perfectly straight, and runs alongside of a canal. *Padua*, which now contains about 31,000 inhabitants, tells you what it once was, a large and important city. At present there is little to admire about it. The edifice of its formerly magnificent university, the school-house of PETRARCH, COLUMBUS, and GALILEO, is the greatest of its sights. This is the country of LIVY.—Here is an excellent hotel: the *Stella d'Oro* (Golden Star) at Padua is really a constellation of convenience and comfort to all who have been within the talons of the *Black Eagle* at Viterbo.

The province of *Padua* (population 288,000) abounds in fertility of soil. It is watered by the *Brenta* and the *Bacchiglione*, besides the canals which run from these rivers in various directions. After leaving *Padua* we came, on a fine road, through several little towns and villages, by the side of the *Brenta* to *Fusina*, a very small place on the shore. For miles towards Venice the

river-side is adorned with neat country houses and pretty gardens, and summer villas of the Venetian gentry; a country greatly different from that of the mountains and plains between Florence and Rome. All here is as flat as a pancake: no olives at all, but vines trained to high trees. Fine corn-land; plenty of green pasturage, grass, and lucerne; much Indian corn (a crop now ripe); fields inclosed with banks and hedges; live hedges round the gardens, of the *althea frutex*, which, neatly cropped and in blossom, makes a very ornamental fence. There is no more *luxuriance* here than on the other side of the Apennines; but what you see here corresponds more with our idea of the *fat of the land*. There is more that is *green*, more *succulence* in vegetation in general.—Sedge grows here in great quantities, in places where the land is watered. It is used for litter, and also for thatching: many of the roofs of the farm-houses are *thatched*, just as in England.

Between *Monselice* and *Padua*, to the left of our road, is the little town of *Arqua*, at which PETRARCH lived, and where his tomb is to be seen.

More show in *flower-gardens* here than I have seen elsewhere. We observe that it is a fashion with the country-women to wear little nosegays stuck in their hair. Coming near to *Fusina* we caught sight of *Venice* at the Adriatic. For the two or three last miles the country was a marshy and bleak tract of land, looking as if the sea had only lately retreated from it. The perfect flatness of the land from which Venice is seen on

approaching the shore, makes this city appear to be actually floating on the water, and has caused her to be called *a siren rising from the sea*. There is no looking *down* upon Venice, as upon Genoa, Florence, and Naples. From the main land to the city, the clear expanse of sea is four miles or more in distance; and, till you come very near, nothing like land is to be seen, nothing but the houses, cupolas of churches, towers, and spires. One who should come here without ever having heard of such a sight, would suppose, on a distant view, that the city must be set afloat upon a raft, or that the foundations of it were established at the very bottom of the sea.

14th.—Very warm: thunder this afternoon (85). The *scirocco* is distressing at this time. The Venetians, I hear, are much visited with the *scirocco*; it renders the city disagreeable in summer-time.

As soon as we were seen to approach *Fusina* last night, a noise arose amongst many paddlers of *gondolas*, as to which should have us for his fare. There was a public-house just on the shore, in which numbers of them were dancing to a merry tune. Declamation still louder afterwards took place on the question of how much was *to pay*; and we learned, before we had been an hour with the Venetians, that, with a dialect more tolerable than those of Genoa and Naples, they are as formidable in the war of words as any of their neighbours. We landed at the *Europa* hotel, the steps of the front-door of which run down into the sea. The sun had gone down some time before we got here, there was not a

cloud in the sky, the air was in a complete calm, and the sea as quiet as a duck-pond. The moon, shining on the domes of the churches, and through the rigging of the ships, and making a long streak upon the water before our windows, had additional brightness from the novelty of what it shined upon—a scene really novel, for it seems like being both *in town* and *at sea* at one and the same time.

A great number of the houses in Venice are built upon piles, having no *terra firma* to support them. The ground above water originally consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight small islands. None of these were many feet from the surface of the sea: so that much labour must have been expended in making foundations, and all of them are on the same level. Most of the islands are contiguous to one another, and have been consolidated, as it were, by the building of houses, there being only a few standing quite separate, and at any distance, from the main body. All the streets, excepting only one, are so narrow as to be mere *alleys*, and they are all paved with flat stones. The city is divided into two equal parts by the sea, which flows through it in the form of a small strait or wide canal. Besides the alleys, there are smaller canals, wide enough only to admit two or three *gondolas* abreast, which run in all directions through the city; and the course of the alleys is continued over the canals by means of innumerable little bridges. The houses, which are high, are mostly built of stone. Many of them are square, having open courts within them; and those which stand close upon the canals have two

entrances, one door leading into the street, and another from which the inhabitants may step into their *gondola.*

15th.—Fine, with a little rain (80).—Venice has a population of 110,000 inhabitants. *Trieste* is now before this city in respect to commerce; but the trade of Venice is still pretty large. A great deal is imported, and sent from here by the *Po*, the *Adige*, and the canals, into the interior of Italy.—For *churches*, Venice ranks next alone to Rome, both as to the number of them, and their splendour. There are 51 *piazze*, or open spaces, in the city; the city is divided into 30 parishes; there are 23 hospitals, 59 convents, 12 abbeys, 8 theatres, and the children of Israel here have 3 synagogues.

The grand *piazza* called *San Marco*, with the church of *San Marco* at one end of it, is a spacious oblong, measuring 303 feet by 109. The square tower of the church, at the top of which GALILEI used to make his observations in astronomy, stands out in the *piazza*, and is 332 feet high. The buildings around the *piazza* are lofty, uniform, and remarkably fine. The ground floors are occupied as coffee-houses, or by shopkeepers, who make a fine show with their wares: the promenade around is wide, and roofed with a colonnade. The *Piazza di San Marco* has much of the *Eastern* about it. The open space, with the buildings, are, take all their parts together, by far the finest sight of the kind that I have ever seen; the church, with its many domes, is after the style of *St. Sophia's* at Constantinople; and in the *piazza* you see, among the people of many nations that walk about

there, great numbers of Greeks and Turks, dressed in their crimson caps and white turbans, big breeches, and crimson jackets and leggins embroidered with gold. Every coffee-house or house of refreshment, and the colonnade, were crowded this evening with ladies and gentlemen, the women eating ices and the men drinking coffee or smoking tobacco. The Turks, Greeks, and Dutchmen, keep somewhat distinct from one another in their coffee-houses; every man of them has a pipe from one to four feet long stuck in his mouth, and all seem to be contending who shall make most smoke. In the evenings the people are entertained by the performance of a grand musical band of Austrian military, who make a most ostentatious display of their art in the middle of the *piazza*, and aid, by their "damnable music," to lull the poor Venetians into a forgetfulness of former independance.

Venice is a treat to all lovers of the fine arts: the walls of the *Academy* are richly decked with the productions of Venetian painters, and the public buildings, the churches, and the palaces, have all more or less of painting or sculpture in them. One cannot help feeling regret, on reflecting that canvas and colours are not as durable as marble—that either of the two should be doomed to last less long than the other, when both have been made so far deserving to be eternal!

The interior decorations of some of the churches are wonderfully beautiful. The church of the Jesuits is very fine in this respect. Its marble pulpit is the handsomest

I have seen, and the steps leading up to the altar are wrought with marble in such a way as to make you believe that they are spread with a rich carpet.—The church of *San Marco*, almost every inch of the building both within and without, is all ornament and gorgeousness. Its pillars and walls are of the rarest oriental marbles, granite, and porphyry. The floor is all in mosaic made of the same materials. On its principal facade, fronting the *piazza*, are the four bronze gilt horses, as large as life, which stood on a triumphal arch at Paris for eighteen years, and which were originally brought to Italy from Corinth. From these horses, which BONAPARTE carried off to Paris, are made the ones which now stand in the *Place Carrousel* of that city. The brass doors of the church were brought from Constantinople. Some of the ceiling is so finely wrought in mosaic and gilt as to look like the most beautiful tapestry.*—In this church is said to be preserved the

* The principal manufactory of mosaic is conducted, on a grand scale, in the Vatican at Rome. Mosaic in general, and that which produces the finest effect, as in the imitations of painting in St. Peter's, consists, as to the *material*, in nothing more than *glass*. In the manufactory at Rome the material to work upon is so prepared as for there to be varieties of shades in colour to the number of *eighteen thousand*. It is always in one form, in square pieces, uniform in both shape and size, only larger or smaller according to the scale of what is to be produced. The little pieces are all put together in a block, with, I believe, some kind of cement, and then the surface of the whole is ground off and polished. The art consists in a just arrangement of the dif-

manuscript Gospel of the Saint to whom it is dedicated, and *written in St. Mark's own hand.*

Immediately adjoining the church stands the *Palazzo Ducale,* a beautiful Gothic building, once the palace of the *Doges* of Venice. It is square, with a large court in the centre; and at the top of a flight of steps leading up to a gallery which runs around the building over this court, they show you the spot on which MARINO FALIERO lost his head. A few feet from that spot there is a small hole in the wall, said to be the medium by which the *political informers,* the OLIVERS and CASTLESES and EDWARDSES of Venice, used to make their written communications. There are magnificent halls in the palace, and round the walls of the largest of these are the portraits of all the *Doges* of Venice. FALIERO's alone is omitted: in place of a picture for him there is a square black blank, with an inscription upon it to his dishonour. This palace contains a large council-chamber or senatorial hall, fitted up with benches and a

ferent parts, and in the choice of colours. When a fac-simile of a painting has to be made, a mere mechanic in the business first puts the pieces together; and then an artist comes over it to make nice alterations. In making mosaics on a very small scale, such as the rings, ear-rings, brooches, and other trinkets that are sold in the shops at Rome, the pieces of different colour put together are so minute, and they are so closely joined, that it requires a strong light and a good eye to discover the ingenious delusion. This art is of very ancient origin: but it is one in which the moderns have outdone the ancients beyond comparison.

throne, which still remain in their original state; and you see the apartments that used to be occupied by the high officers of state, and those in which the tribunals were held. Immediately under these latter are the *prisons* so much talked of, called *Pozzi degl' Inquisitori*, or Wells of the Inquisitors. These prisons consist of very small and perfectly dark apartments. They are hardly more than high enough for a man to stand upright in them. There are the remains of some rotting plank which was laid just clear of the floor as a bed for the prisoners; and air enough to preserve life was admitted through a small strongly-barred aperture at one side of the door. The passages leading to these apartments are very narrow, and quite dark, so that little circulation of air, and no light at all, could find their way into the dungeons. On one of the walls, near the air-hole, there are stains evidently of blood, occasioned, as we were told, at the death of a prisoner who, according to the custom of the *Inquisitors*, was strangled against the window-bars, a rope being put round his neck, and drawn through the grating. We were shown these sights by a guide, whose interest it is to make them as well worth seeing, that is, as frightful, as he can; but you see enough here, without listening to the *cicerone*, to make you shudder. If the treatment of those who were condemned to inhabit these places were only consistent with the form and situation of the dungeons themselves, the atrocity of it cannot be exaggerated. The prisons are on three stories, one above the other; they

are all damp; the lowest are beneath the level of the canal which runs between the outer wall of the palace and that of a palace-like prison, and over which, to form a secret communication between the two buildings, *is* thrown a strong covered way, called *Il ponte de' Sospiri*, or, the Bridge of Sighs. In the lower cells there is so much water as to make them literally *wells*; and these, it is said, the inquisitors had to drown their victims in. There are many inscriptions, partly in the dialect of Venice, made with black chalk or coal, or by scratching, on the walls and ceilings of some of the cells; besides rough sketches, amongst which is that of a church and belfry, supposed to have been made by a person belonging to the church. The following are, for the meaning of the words, the most interesting of the inscriptions:—

Non ti fidar di alcuno, pensa e taci,
Se fugir vuoi de spioni, insidie, e lacci:
Il pentirti, il pentirti nulla giova;
Ma ben del valor tuo fa vera prova.

De chi me fido guardami Iddio.
De chi no me fido me guarderò io.
W. La Sta Cha Ka Rna *

* From those whom I trust may God defend me:
From those whom I trust not I shall defend myself.
Long live the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

Un parlar peco,
Et un negar pronto,
Et un pensar al fine,
Sol dar la vita a noi altri meschini. 1605.
Ego Joanes Baptista. AP.
Ecclesiam Cortelarius.

Viva Andrea Tardivello, Orese da Padoa, bon compagno;
Viva Lorenzo: no posso tornar in drio—ma spero.
Odie mihi,
Cras tibi. *

23 Agosto, 1795 G. M. B. fu messo in questo camerotto ingiustissimamente, e se Dio non vi ripiega sarà l'ultima desolazione di una povera, numerosa, ed onesta famiglia.†

These inscriptions, of men who have tasted persecution, contain some sound maxims for those who make themselves busy in the opposing of tyrants. The necessity of being slow to confide, and the danger of being betrayed, are the subjects of most of them. It is possible

* Long life to Andrew Tardivello, goldsmith of Padua, a good companion;
Long life to Lorenzo: I cannot come back—but I hope.
For me to-day,
For thee to-morrow.

† 23 August, 1795 G. M. B. was most unjustly put into this dungeon; and if God do not help him, it will be the complete destruction of a poor, numerous, and honest family.

that they may not all have been left by the prisoners themselves, who must, at any rate, have been furnished with some artificial light to make them by. "Thank God, there are no such dungeons, no such tortures in the dark and for the untried, in England!" must be our involuntary exclamation here: thus I was about to exclaim, when I happened to think of Mr. CANNING'S "*revered and ruptured* OGDEN."

Venice is famous for its typographical trade. It is one of the greatest book-marts in the world.—The island of *San Lazaro*, which is at a little distance clear of the city, is one of the curiosities of Venice. It is inhabited by a society of Armenians, who have a monastery there, and who teach the oriental languages. They educate Armenian youth, and the Armenian language is that of the island. The society have a printing-press of their own, and make books in all languages. This society was founded in 1717, by MECHITAR, an Armenian *Doctor* of Divinity, whose life was spent in endeavours to instruct the people of his own country, and whose adventures, with the history of the society here, are very interesting.

There is a public garden, or small park, at one extremity of the city, which was made by BONAPARTE. Great numbers of the citizens were there this evening (Sunday), some going and coming on foot along a fine quay, a mile and a half long, others by water in the little boats of Venice. A *gondola* would be the prettiest thing of the kind in the world, if it were not for the dolefulness

of its *colour*. It is absolutely prohibited by the government to have any colour but one alone, and this prohibition arose from the extravagant rivalship amongst the inhabitants in the costliness and finery of their *gondolas*. These boats are, seemingly, all exactly of one size, and they are quite uniform in construction. They measure about 36 feet long, and 4 feet 9 inches across at the middle. The thing is very much in the shape of an Esquimaux Indian's canoe, looking so light, and drawing so little water, that you might think it were made of cork. It turns up considerably at each end, and, what adds much to its elegance, the keel, both in front and at the stern, is for some feet in length clear out of the water. There is a large piece of flat polished steel on the prow, of singular shape; it resembles a cleaver, and at the lower part of it are six deep notches, exhibiting as many dentelli, or oblong teeth. I cannot find out what the origin of this ornament is. The boat is partly decked, and, nearly in the middle of it, is a little apartment under roof, with a door fronting the prow, and only high enough to be entered by stooping. This has a long window on each side, with sliding sashes, and silk and Venetian blinds; and the interior, which will contain four persons, is nicely fitted up with cushions to sit upon and a carpet for the feet. The outside of this cabin has a hanging of black cloth, and the whole of the vessel is painted jet black; so that, elegant as the thing is in shape, it has altogether the look of a hearse going by water. There is but one thole-pin on either side, and

the two are at unequal distances, one before the other behind it. The *gondolier* stands up to row; if there be but one man, he stands near the stern, and with a long oar, rowing only on one side, and having no rudder, he sends the bark along at a swift rate and holds it within its course to the greatest nicety. People go out visiting here in the *gondola*, as those of other cities do with their carriages and horses. The Venetian ladies and gentlemen go out for an airing moved by their own footman in livery.

16th.—Fine. *Sirocco* very disagreeable.—The *Rialto* is a bridge of no considerable length, which crosses the main canal with one arch. It has a row of small shops on each side of it, and is now, I suppose, a piece of business about in proportion to what the whole city is, compared with its state during the time of the *Shylocks* and the *Antonios*. The manufactures of Venice are very various. The shops are well stocked and showy. The people have the character of affability and gayety. They rank next to the Neapolitans in the gift of speech, to aid which by the making of *signs* appears to be more or less necessary in all parts of Italy. When an Italian speaks of numbers, of any not exceeding ten, it is a common habit with him to hold up so many fingers: it is said of the Neapolitans, that it would be awkward for them to talk about riding on horseback, without accompanying the words "*a cavallo*" by putting the fore and middle fingers of one hand astride over the fore-finger of the other.—The poor

of this city are in great numbers: I am informed that out of the whole population (110,000) not less than 20,000 may be reckoned as *paupers*.

Our hotel is the best situated one in the city. We pay 5*s*. the day for two large rooms, 1*s*. 8*d*. apiece for breakfast, and 2*s*. 6*d*. apiece for dinner at the *table d' hote*.

17*th*. VICENZA.—Fair (74).—The same *vetturino* who brought us from Bologna is taking us on to Milan. We retraced our steps to *Padua*, and then turned off in a new direction to come hither. *Vicenza* is a nice city, walled in, with about 23,000 inhabitants, and situated, between mountains, on the river *Bacchiglione*. The streets are spacious, and there is a fine *piazza*.

The country is of rich soil. There is some *rice* grown here. Much of the land is irrigated by the canals, and by large ditches which branch from them. Here are willows and alders, and grass-land. Good Indian corn, grown on ridges at about four feet asunder. Much corn, judging by the stubble, all the corn harvest, except that of Indian corn, being finished long ago. Vines grown in rows, trained to walnut-trees, mulberry-trees, and willows. The wine here is good; but not equal to the French.

18*th*. VERONA.—Fair. This morning was quite chilly (73).—We came through *Montebello*, *Caldiera*, and *San-Martino*, three little towns, at the two former of which BONAPARTE gained victories over the Austrians. We had the Alps in view on the right of our road.

Verona contains 50,000 inhabitants. The situation of the city is very picturesque: the river *Adige*, over which there are four stone bridges, divides it into two parts.—In the immense *Piazza* stands the *Amphitheatre*, said to have been built in the time of Trajan. It is almost perfect, and capable of containing nearly one half the inhabitants of the city. The tombs of the *Scaligers*, in a small church-yard, are very curious. The marble sarcophagus, called the *Tomb of Juliet*, is to be seen in the garden of an old convent just outside the city. *Verona*, though a fine old town, and, like all such places on this side, infinitely superior to those on the other side of the Apennines, is more to be admired for its situation than for any thing besides. Here, between Venice and Milan, we are in one of the richest parts of the rich country of Lombardy. It is, I suppose, the most productive district of all Italy: fertile land, yielding corn, wine, silk, rice, hemp and flax, green pasturage, and (upon the hills and mountains) olive-oil.

19*th*. BRESCIA.—Fine clear day (75).—The climate of this part of Italy, as far as we have felt it, is extremely pleasant.—We come through *Peschiera* and *Desengano*.

Brescia, like *Padua*, *Vicenza*, and *Verona*, is the capital of one of the provinces into which this part of Italy is divided. It is another fine city, situated at the foot of a mountain, and having 34,000 inhabitants. *Peschiera* is on the Mincio, very near to where that river flows out of the Lake of *Garda*. This place is a fortress,

one of the strong-holds of the Austrians in Italy, and has a large barrack, apparently well filled with Austrian soldiers.

There is a great deal of *verdure* in this country, even at this season of the year, when it seems, at the same time, to be wanting in none of those fine fruits that heat is required to produce. The fig, peach, &c., are certainly not seen in such abundance here as further to the south; yet we find quite enough of them. Water-melons are in great plenty.

After passing *Peschiera*, we came, for about seven miles, on a level road, alongside of the *Lake of Garda*, the finest of the three great lakes of this part of Italy which have been celebrated by VIRGIL and CATULLUS. We stopped and dined at the village of *Desenzano*, in a very good inn, the windows and balcony at the back of which are close on the brink of the lake. The view of *Garda* from this situation is exceedingly beautiful. It is still called by its original name also, *Benaco* (*Benacus*). VIRGIL extols *Benacus* above the other two, attributing to it a *sea-like surge*. The water is as clear as crystal. On the opposite side from *Desenzano* the lake continues up between Alpine mountains in the direction of the country called Tyrol. None of the encomiums, many and high as they are, that have been passed on this lake, are beyond its due. I am not much experienced in lakes; but this is by far the finest piece of inland water that I have ever seen. It would be comparatively nothing without the lofty mountains: but with these it

is truly grand. The lake is long in form, measuring fourteen miles in length, in a nearly straight line, from *Peschiera* to *Riva*, at which latter place it terminates just on the frontiers of the Tyrol. The borders and the waters of *Garda* produce almost all that man can wish for; the plains are fertile in corn, vineyards, and pasturage; both the vine and the olive-tree grow upon the mountains; and in the lake itself are some of the best fish that can be, a sort of white trout, resembling our salmon-peal, large in size, and fine in flavour.

I was very sorry to come away from *Desenzano* in a state of mind not of perfect good will towards our host. His trout were of the kind that Gil Blas describes—that is, to be well paid for; and for some white wine of the country which we had to drink the charge was enormous, enormous for this country, being about 3*s.* sterling the bottle. The wine (I forget its name) was some of the best I have tasted in Italy. We, however, and our travelling companions, could not help exclaiming at the price, and, what I liked least, the landlord, perceiving that he had over-stepped the mark a little too far, was at once willing to take about two-thirds of what he had asked. We parted with expressions towards each other of the most uncourteous kind, I admonishing the vetturino not again to lead travellers into the houses of sharpers, and the landlord, who had more of the Austrian than of the Italian about him, answering my words by telling me that I was *da mangiare la polenta* (one that should live on polenta). This was the most serious wrangle that I

have had any where, happening to be, too, in the most agreeable place. I cannot bear the necessity of bargaining beforehand for your entertainment, a thing that is done as much in France as in Italy. But, at the same time, I must do this country, generally speaking, a piece of justice as to the *honesty* of the people: I have been invited by what I have heard many travellers say to speak ill of the Italian inn-keepers, as well as of other dealers here; and this I never have done, and never will do, as far as relates to *exorbitant prices*. We have now travelled a good distance through Italy, and are competent to judge; and I must say that *we* have no charges of dishonesty to allege against the people that we have had to do with. Excepting in a very few instances, I do believe that we have been asked to pay not a farthing more than was just, and if the charge made has been sometimes too great, it was so in a degree so small as not to be worth disputing about. Taking into consideration the comparative *value of money* in the two countries, I sincerely think that a stranger travelling in England would be likely to be overcharged half a crown where one similarly situated would not lose more than sixpence in Italy. Everybody says, I know, that the Italians *make a harvest of the English*. They must, indeed, be insensible to the charms of gold if they were not to do so! How can they *avoid* doing it? We are not to conclude, because thousands of rich English people, proud of their money and of the name which we have here for possessing that article in such abundance, choose

to be squanderers, that the Italians, for being willing to pick up what is thrown away, are dishonest and thievish. If they do impose upon some of the ill-taught English, which I dare say is the case, they have, at least, the best excuse for the sin; the temptation is more than any people can reasonably be expected to resist.

Another thing, too, which all travellers must observe: there is no place that I have seen on the Continent where your luggage is not almost as safe in your carriage as it would be in a dwelling-house. The French *voiturin* who took us to Pisa, and whose countrymen are most strictly honest in this respect, told us that we must look sharp after our things when we should get amongst "*ces gens*" (the Italians). But I have met with nothing which would render such caution necessary in Italy, any more than in France. This says not a little in favour of the people for *honesty*, and is what no *writing* traveller can omit to notice without doing injustice to the *nation*.

20*th*. TRIVIGLIO.—Beautiful weather (76).—There is much more travelling on this road than any where else in Italy. The public roads are excellent. They are good in all parts of this country that I have seen. The road here, over the level plains of Lombardy, is the very best I have ever seen in any part of the world. There are no *turnpike-gates* in Italy. The post-bags are carried by a courier, who goes, night and day, at a quick rate, and with a carriage that will carry several passengers. But stage-coaches, or diligences, are not the fashion in Italy. I know of but one, from Rome to Naples; and that, for

from 12 to 15 *scudi* (2*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* to 3*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*) takes you through the distance in one day and a night, or in two days if you choose to sleep on the road.

Triviglio is a large *borgo*, to which we come through other places, *Chiaci*, *Calcio*, *Ospedaletto*, and *Caravaggio*. The latter of these is the birth-place of the great artist whose two names the poet separates so happily:

> ——— quel, che a par sculpe e colora,
> Michel, più che mortale, Angel divino.

Great lots of mulberry-trees grow here: silk in abundance. At *Triviglio* there are manufactures of silk and wool. Lucerne hay here very fine; and we see them now mowing grass for hay. The grass fields looking as fresh as they do in England in the month of May. The whole of this part of Italy is artificially watered to an extent quite surprising. We continually see nice clear streams of water running by the road-side and across the land in all directions. The streams are, at this time of the year, led in many different courses into grass-fields, gardens, fields of rice and of Indian corn. When the landholder possesses no water-way himself, he pays so much for the irrigation of his land, there being ditches cut through every farm, and great numbers of floodgates to turn the water off by. The various effects produced by the warmth of the climate, and the great deal of watering at the same time, renders the agriculture of this country rich in a peculiar way: to see rows of tall vines, with their luxuriant shoots covered with grapes, hanging

[illegible] almost the transition of every town, [illegible] finds the verdure of the English meadows. The vines are trained [illegible] the olive only [illegible] of Pisa. Nevertheless they [illegible] of [illegible] usually called *piantata*, but here [illegible] [illegible] are all the beauties [illegible] [illegible] with those of England, [illegible] The meat is better, and better cooked, throughout all this part of Italy, than further south.

We have now and then long distances of perfectly straight road: the road always quite [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and having stone posts all the way [illegible] [illegible] of it. The forests, I observe, around the Apennines, [illegible] and the population of this part are evidently distinct [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] are easily distinguished in [illegible] and by no means add to the *charms* of the country. The white-mustachioed soldiery are a remarkably ugly set of fellows.—The whole way from about *Verona* we have seen many beggars in the road. They come from their dwellings, or from the hedges, when they see a carriage, and kneel down, and rise as it approaches and run alongside, crying out, *Per l' amor di Dio, carità, buon viaggio*, &c.

A good deal of *Indian corn* is now ripe. This plant grows finely hereabouts, and the grain forms a large part of the food of the labouring people, who make bread of it. It is eaten, also, and here more especially, in the shape of what is called *polenta*, the consistency of

which is something between porridge and pudding. Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG, who calls it "a noble plant," says that the people in all the Indian corn provinces live upon it, and find it by far more nourishing than any other bread, that of wheat alone excepted, and that wherever it is cultivated no lean oxen are to be seen, but all are in high order. He tells us that a real *sugar* has been made from it. But Mr. YOUNG took it for granted that *all idea of introducing it into England, except as a matter of curiosity, would be vain:* a notion which has been completely refuted by recent experience. In some parts of Italy the people mix the Indian corn meal with potatoes when they make it into bread. I cannot account for the general custom of *watering* this plant on the lands of Lombardy. No farmer here thinks of having Indian corn without opening the sluices upon it. Such a thing is never done in the southern parts of this country; nor in America, where I have seen Indian corn ten feet high in a light loam, the leaves all curled up at the end of every day's hot sun, and expanded the next morning, green and fresh as ever, with large drops of dew standing along their edges like rows of pearl.

21*rst*, MILAN. (In Italian *Milano*.)—Same weather: thunder and rain at night.—Our ride to-day, was over a country pretty much the same, only more and more cultivated as we came near *Milan*. Some very pretty villas, with gardens full of flowers.

22*nd*.—I am glad that *Milan* is to be the *last* Italian city through which we are to pass; for, taking it altogether,

re is something about *Milan*, the city itself and the country around it, and the appearance of the people, which will leave with us a more agreeable last impression, as to Italian cities or towns, than, I am sure, any other place we have been in would have done. I have seen very few cities any-where having a finer entrance or a finer main street than this. The main street, or *Corso* as they call it, here, is very much in the English style; the houses are moderate in height, the street wide and airy, and with flags on both sides of it.

It is a pity that the air of such a fine place as *Milan* should not be perfectly healthy. They say that it is damp and cold during some months of the year, and liable to great heat in the summer. For miles around the land is perfectly flat, and two or three rivers, besides the canals, run close by the city.

There is an activity among the trading part of the people here, a business-like stir, which does not appear in other inland Italian cities. In this respect *Milan* is more like a French city than any one I have seen in Italy.—The population is nearly 130,000.—As to the *sights* of Milan, they are insignificant, after you have seen those of Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice. The most interesting of the pictures is the "*Last Supper*" of LEONARDO DA VINCI, the copies from which are every-where so much admired. The remains of this painting are to be seen upon the wall at one end of the dining-hall of an old convent. The Cathedral here is one of the most magnificent churches in the world. It is Gothic,

and built of white marble. Though begun several centuries back, this grand edifice was nothing like nearly finished until the time of BONAPARTE, who did a great deal to it. There are no less than four thousand marble statues, all of considerable size, round the exterior of this church; the roof is covered by a perfect crowd of beautiful spires, each of which has a colossal statue on its point. The interior is dirtier than that of any other church we have ever been in *out of France.* I suppose that this cathedral, in size, is somewhere between our St. Paul's and the next largest of our cathedrals. Its elegant Gothic form is not more striking to us than its *colour,* for that is so white as to make one look upon the building, at first, as altogether new; and the colour is, in my humble opinion, by no means suitable to the style of architecture. It may, perhaps, be mere prejudice in us to say so: but surely our dark-brown or black, or even coal-smoked old churches have in their very *hue* a claim to reverend regard which the whiteness of this splendid edifice makes it want.

23*rd.*—Fine, and warm.—As far as we can judge from experience, the Milanese are the best-looking people of Italy, those of *Rome* only excepted. The women here are very handsome; they resemble the Romans a good deal in figure, though they are much less dark in complexion. Among the middling classes the women wear a black veil when they go out, as a head-dress, the same fashion that we observed at Genoa; and a very pretty fashion it is. The women too, here, are allowed the liberty

[illegible] they are true to *one lover*? Divorce is never sought, that being permitted under no circumstances by the Catholic church, excepting as a special dispensation from the Pope, which is granted only for the convenience of kings or princes or some very highly favoured persons.*

* Experience should make us tremble at the thought of *facilitating* the means of divorce, though it is regarded as a great grievance by some that one cannot slip his head clean out of the

The consequence has been, that society does not set its face against adultery, but the error is rather admitted as one of the characteristics of genteel life. To talk of the *want of education*, the want of *book-learning*, the neglect of *the mind* with Italian young women as the source of this evil, as many people do, is to be either foolish or unjust. It would be hard to make us believe

matrimonial yoke even in *our* free country, excepting at an enormous expense. Is not the principle of the Catholic church, in this respect, the best, after all the experiments that have been made in deviation from it? Divorce is too difficult to be had with us for it to produce much mischievous effect; but if the spirit of our law be good, how little proof of that goodness is to be inferred from the partial manner in which the law is administered.

We have some edifying *illustrations* in the practice of France and America. The revolutionists of France threw society into utter confusion by their divorce-law. During the time of the Jacobins, and in the *three first months* of the year 1793, the number of divorces in Paris alone amounted to 562, while the marriages, during the same time, were 1785, the proportion of divorces to marriages being not much less than one to three!

When BONAPARTE came to be a law-giver, he admitted the *principle* of divorce too, but modified the practice of it in *his* way, and that by one of the most shameful laws that ever were passed. This law was repealed about five or six years ago, and now the French are left again to the law of the church, and no divorce is allowed.

An old Scotchman, who lived a few years ago in Philadelphia, and who was notoriously a very hard drinker, married a young wife. She followed his example; and he, having himself taught her to get tipsy, petitioned the patriotic legislature of Pensylvania to be separated from her on the plea of her *drunkenness*, and obtained the divorce!

that all the mischief is done through pure ignorance, for want of knowing better by the means of any-thing like *scholastic* aid.* The Italian ladies are pitied on account of their alleged intellectual barbarism. The men, however, of this country, must think the force of a board-

* What doctrine is there at bottom more irrational and more unbecoming in men to hold, than that for the extension of *woman-learning*, or, as cant calls it, "*the improvement of the female mind*"? Frenchmen affect to have been much more gallant than Englishmen in admitting the capabilities of the softer sex; *the mental equality* of the two sexes is their "liberal" notion; and with what sort of disinterestedness have the men inculcated this in France, the society of which country differs from that of England in no way so strikingly as in the circumstance of the French women having to attend to such matters of business, perform such hard work, and undergo such anxieties as, with us, it would be shameful to suffer a woman to be concerned in. There are men who pretend to find something charming in the idea of "a woman of *masculine mind*." The phrase must have been invented by some wretchedly hen-pecked fellow, if a man, or by some no very *feminine* person, if belonging to the sex on which such an idea is a libel. The injunction of the great St. Paul cannot be too much admired for its wisdom. To be sure, Mrs. Hannah Moore has almost emulated the Apostle himself: but how often can we expect to see a lady of her description? But there are other *literary ladies*, besides those who are readers in all manners of literature—there are not only clerks who pen a stanza when they should engross, but ladies who write a novel when they should be mending a stocking, or doing any-thing else but that writing; nay, there are ladies who can even talk or write politics. Oh, what pleasure in prospect, to be buckled on for one's probable whole lifetime to an authoress with a masculine mind, or to a vigorous politician in petticoats!

ing-school education great indeed, if they suppose it can ever ensure the fidelity of wives in a state of society like this, where men, as relates to marriage, are so unprincipled and profligate in their conduct.

I observed in the streets this afternoon that *horse-soldiers* were stationed to preserve order among the carriages driving backwards and forwards. Here the soldier is, in fact, the peace officer in time of peace. There is a peculiar deference paid to every-thing in the *military* shape on the continent which renders the peace-soldier's situation very different from what it is with us; for, though we are obliged to support a large standing army in England, it does not obtain that respect from our people which the people here never fail to show towards a soldier. In going from Rome to Naples, I was quite shocked to witness the awe with which my Roman companion seemed to regard every shabby regimentaled police-officer that came near us. These men asked money of us at several places on the road, where they had, as we both well knew, no right to do any such thing. The Roman was for giving them something, *some trifle at least*, as he said, in every case. He appeared to be impressed with a conviction that it was necessary to conciliate and keep friends with the *militaire*; and when he found that I made it a point to resist all such imposition to the utmost, he made me an ironical compliment on my "*generosity*," to which I replied by referring him to his own pocket if he felt any alarms that money might be wanted to relieve. Even in France, "*Monsieur le Capitaine*" is a high title in

society; any-thing above a lieutenant is there looked up to as much as a lord is in England.

24*th*. Como.—Same weather.—This is about twenty miles to the south-west from *Milan*.—The country all the way exceedingly rich. The water-meadows are as green and the clover as fresh as possible.

25*th*. Milan.—The town of *Como* is a sort of little watering-place, situated at one end of the lake of the same name. The lake is not less than from fifty to sixty miles in length. A steam-boat runs, every day I believe, from here to the other end of the lake, and by this many travellers pursue their way into Switzerland from Italy. Want of time has prevented our seeing much of the lake of Como, which is considered by the Milanese to be the most beautiful in this country. Here the nobles and rich of *Milan* have their country houses, built along on the edges of the water and at the feet of very steep wooded or vine-covered mountains, which run up from both sides of the lake. While out upon the lake this morning, I was entertained by a part of the history of our late Queen, as detailed to me by the boatman. "There," said he, pointing to a nice little palace on the border of the lake, "lived your Queen Caroline." Then he went on to describe some of the operations of the memorable *Milan Commission*. He said that, while the commissioners were at work here, *four couriers* were constantly employed in going backwards and forwards between this place and *Milan*; and what told most for the purity of the proceeding, that great numbers of *Nape-*

lioni (20-franc pieces) were brought to *Como* by different expresses. He spoke of an English *Colonel*, and of *un certo Signor Avvocato* LEESH, as he called him (LEECH), as discovering ferret-like activity and aptness at rummaging. This boatman told me that he had happened to be a witness of some disturbance among the people of the Queen's kitchen, and that the commissioners, who wanted him to go to England to give evidence, offered him *eight francs* per day for the maintenance of his family during the time he should be away, and *ten francs* per day for himself (all his expenses being to be defrayed by his employers). "But I did not like it," said the boatman, "and I am now glad that I did not go. Those "who went were about *fifty* in number: one got *twenty* "*francs* a day, and another as much as *thirty francs*, "while they were away; and now they are *all as poor* "*as rats*." I asked him how they came now to be so badly off. "*Hanno detto troppo*," (They said *too much*) was his answer, accompanied by a significant look. That is, said I, you mean they *told lies*. "*Già*" (Just so), replied the boatman, who really did not tell his story as if it were a lie.—It is an important fact, that MAJOCCHI is now a *master-coachmaker* in *Milan*, where he lives in the street called *Contrada Larga*. As to whence he derived the *capital* to set up shop with, I do not think it necessary to make any inquiry.

26th. ARONA.—Here we are in a little town on the border of the lake called *Maggiore*. We crossed the river *Ticino* at *Lesto Calende*, another small town, near

where the river leaves the lake and runs on dividing, by its course, the territories of Lombardy and Piedmont.—Country much the same as that about *Milan*. If any difference, the land is richer, and with still more verdure upon it.

27th. DOMO-D'OSSOLA.—This place, a very small *bourg*, is situated amongst mountains, just where the rise of the *Simplon* begins.—We coasted the *Lago Maggiore* this morning for the first seven or eight miles, stopping at *Gravellona*, a village close on the lake, to take a trip in a boat to see the islands of *Borromeo*, of which there are three. At a short distance from the road-side, between *Arona* and *Gravellona*, is the bronze statue raised to *Borromeo:* it is said to be upwards of seventy-five feet high. The island called *Isola Bella*, on which is the palace now possessed by the family of this saint, is the most fanciful thing that ever was. The greater part of the ground, now growing orange-trees, flowering shrubs, &c., has been carried from the main land and supported upon piles.

From *Gravellona* we ascended all the way between mountains, through a green valley watered by the river *Tosa*, which pours down from the Alps. Fine meadows, good Indian corn still, and plenty of lucerne and hemp. The people here are now making meadow hay. The women, many of whom have swelled necks, are very hard worked: we see them carrying immense loads of hay upon their backs from the field to the stack or barn. Countenances and dress of the population cease to have any-thing of the Italian about them.

28th. BRYG.—The change in both climate and scenery that we have experienced between setting out for the last morning in Italy, and arriving the first night in Switzerland, is as great as the difference in sound between the names of *Domo d'Ossola* and *Bryg*.

A very tedious day of it: sixteen hours and a half just coming over the *Simplon*, a distance of about thirty-seven miles. This passage, however, is frequently made in from ten to twelve hours. The highest point of the Simplon is calculated to be 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. Less than thirty years ago there was no road over this immense mountain, or rather, this heap of immense mountains one piled upon another. The little village called *Simplon* is at something less than mid way, and there are, besides this, several miserable-looking houses, at a distance from each other by the road, places of refuge for travellers in distress. We cannot describe this as any-thing less than a sublime day's journey: we have been high enough, at all events, to speak of it in such high-flown terms. Our road was generally very good; quite wide enough, and in good repair. The torrent of the river *Tosa* kept a continual racket in our ears, falling down into caverns and running between rugged rocks almost all the way up. A headlong fall for hundreds of yards was in some parts a thing too possible not to force itself on our imagination. There is a parapet on the edge of the precipice; but it is in no place high, and in spots altogether wanting. It is not enough to say that the land above us reached the clouds, for that

[illegible]

[illegible] The Reine d'Angleterre at this place is a very good inn, and the people are very civil.

20th, Sion (in the canton of Haut Valais).—Cold rain all day. Adieu, *Italy*, for we have none of thy charms *here!*

NOTA BENE, for the special edification of all young gentlemen who may have undertaken, or whose desire it may be to undertake, the "*cure of souls*:" this place (SION) is a small episcopal town, and a Catholic bishop, who crossed the Simplon at the same time with us, and who is on his way to England, *got up this morning* (Sunday) *at* FOUR O'CLOCK, *to officiate in the cathedral.*

There were three Italian gentlemen at the *table-d'hôte* this evening, on their return into Italy from England. They talked in much praise of the lakes of Westmore-

land. Their general judgment of *England* was expressed in *six words*, which said at once more for and more against our country than perhaps the same number of words in any language can say: "*Non vi manca che il sole.*" (Nothing is wanted there but *the sun*.)

30*th*. MARTIGNY.—Damp and cold day.—We stop at this place with the intention of going to *Mount St. Bernard*.

31*rst*.—Rain all day. The weather prevents us from going up the mountain.

SEPTEMBER.

1*rst*. CONVENT OF THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD. —Snow all around, and every-thing like the dead of winter in England.—This Convent, or House of Charity, is situated on the summit of the Alps, between the Canton of *Vallais* and the *Vale of Aoste*. The rivers *Durance* and *Doria* have their sources hard by here. The Convent, founded as far back as the year 968, by BERNARD de MENTON,* who afterwards became a saint, is at

* ST. BERNARD (called *de Menton*, from his native place in Savoy), was born in 923. He became an ecclesiastic contrary to the wishes of his parents, and, to pursue his intentions unmolested by their interference, he retired to Aoste, and there took holy orders. Being nominated archdeacon in the church at that place, he set about converting the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, who still retained the superstitions of the ancients, and preserved monuments of paganism, which BERNARD succeeded

8974 feet above the level of the sea. The monks, as they are called, are some of the regular canons of the order of St. AURELIUS AUGUSTIN, whose life was remarkable for both sinful and saintly conduct. From Martigny we have come about twenty-two miles, and we were nine hours travelling. We came the first twelve miles in a little carriage drawn by a pair of mules, on one of which our guide rode as postilion. When we stopped to bait, at a poor little village called Liddes, our mules were saddled, as it is impracticable to come any further this way on wheels. There are about seventy mules, and thirty guides, constantly in readiness at this time of the year, to take travellers up and down the mountain. The road was, to be sure, much more difficult than any we have ever experienced; an English horse would be sprawling ten times on one mile of it;

in abolishing. He took compassion on the German and French pilgrims who had to encounter great hardships and perils in their journeys to Rome, whither they went to pay homage at the tombs of the Apostles; and it was for these people that he founded two hospitals, or houses of entertainment, both on the Alps, the one on Mount Joïen (or *Mons Jovis*), so called because there was at that time a temple on it dedicated by the Pagans to Jupiter; and the other on the Joïen Column (or *Columna Jovis*), so called from a column of Jupiter. Those two spots were what are now called, the first, *Great Mount St. Bernard*, and the second, *Little Mount St. Bernard*. The canons of St. Augustin became the ministers of charity in these two establishments; and ST. BERNARD himself was their first superior, under the title of *prevôt*, a title instituted by him.

yet it is hardly so bad as we had apprehended. We were surprised to find such very comfortable quarters here. The bed-rooms are all neatly wainscotted; great attention is paid to all travellers who come here. "*An out-of-the-way place*" is a common country phrase in England: this is the place, of all that I have ever seen, to be called so. We are here in a hole, as it were, high as we have ascended; the convent does not stand on the highest point of this part of the Alps; the mountains rise still much above it on either side, the highest of their points being about 3000 feet higher than where we now are; and the tracks leading down to Martigny the one way and to the Vale of Aoste on the other, are two outlets, winding off in such a way as to offer no view for any distance from this spot. The convent is a pretty large house, but plain in appearance even for a dwelling of its kind. There is a large pond at the back of it, formed by the occasional melting of the snow. Snow covers the ground in all directions at this time, a season when there is as little of it as ever. For miles on this side of *Liddes* there is no cultivation of the land: yet there is grass, and horned cattle are grazed at not more than three miles beneath the convent. The *campanula*, the *dandelion*, and the *daisy*, assert their hardiness even here, for here these little flowers grow upon the almost bare rocks and blossom amongst the snow.

2nd. MARTIGNY.—There was a hardish frost last night at *St. Bernard.* It was only the other day at Milan that a single blanket was too much to sleep under,

and last night we were glad to hang two bonfires above our guilt upon the rocks there.—Now vanishing beams mock heaven soon after day-light this morning chantings in the little chapel attached to their dwelling. In this chapel is the tomb of GENERAL DESAIX, whose body was brought here from the field of *Marengo*. BONAPARTE has a marble monument to his memory erected in the chapel, which bears the inscription, "*A Desaix, mort à Marengo.*" BONAPARTE's feat in leading an army across St. *Bernard* is looked upon as a wonderful thing: surely it was so; but after seeing the ground here to be passed over, one must suppose that the snow cannot but have done a monstrous deal towards his success.*

The monks of St. Bernard are generally from eight to twelve in number. The air of the situation is so keen,

* "You will have seen accounts in the papers of the mode of "dragging their artillery up the snows in the excavated trunks "of trees; of the table spread with provisions for the exhausted "soldiers on the summit, at the distribution of which the pious "Canobites presided, who inhabit these eternal regions of winter, "and whose lives are spent in the severest acts of beneficence "and usefulness. In a letter written by a field officer, this last "circumstance is particularly mentioned. The impression made "on the mind of this officer by the meekness and admirable "patience of those meritorious fathers, leads him to the follow-"ing apostrophe:—'Sublime religion! the practice of which "'forms heroes, as its abuse creates monsters: of what a weight "'of crime are those guilty who pervert thy essence!' A sin-"gularly pious conclusion for the *Etat major* of a French athei-"tical army."—HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

that it requires strong lungs to breathe it for years together; so that the same persons rarely remain there long without coming away for a change. Their dress is a black gown, with a white band over the shoulder; and they wear a high cap, which, though black in colour, has more of the military undress in it than the regular costume of a religious order. There were eight or nine English people, besides ourselves, as temporary inmates of the convent last night. At this season of the year there have, of late, been great numbers of English visitors to this ancient and justly-famed institution.—The *dogs* so much spoken of are originally either of Spanish or Hungarian breed. The anecdotes of their sagacity are almost incredible. They are sometimes dispatched as guides to lead strangers up or down the mountain. During the season of snow they are sent out to search for persons that may have chanced to lose their way, or to find those who may be buried in the snow-drifts.

People are fed and lodged for the night at the convent without being required to pay any-thing for the accommodation. We were startled last evening on going into the dining-room of the monks: any-thing so much like the neat parlour of a rich old-fashioned English farmer, I have never seen out of England. The cloth was laid for dinner on a long table; all was set out in a style that might almost be called elegant; there was a fine fire to warm us; and really it seemed, on looking around, as if the *gentility* had been studied as much as the *comfort*

of the place. We had a nice dinner, and several kinds of excellent wine. Those of the monks who dined with us were very gentlemanly men, and entertained us, who came to see them out of mere curiosity and without giving any notice of the visit, as if we had been invited and had done them an honour in accepting the invitation. In a little parlour, next to the dining-room, they have a collection of pictures and other things, which have been sent to them as presents from the English nobility and gentry who have visited the spot. One of these is a piano-forte, presented by some English ladies.

We were the more likely to be astonished at seeing this convent from the description given of it by a traveller who has recently been here. In the book of — HOGG, "*Esquire, Barrister at Law*" as he styles himself, there is language used in speaking of St. Bernard and the monks, which is so gross that I can hardly credit my memory, after having, by experience, known how completely unjust every word of it is. Mr. HOGG calls the monks "*greasy*," if I recollect rightly. I remember, in particular, that he finds fault with the *food* that they set before him. Mr. HOGG's title of "*Esquire*" is no justification of his abuse on the monks of St. Bernard; but as we are told that he is a *lawyer*, he may find some apology on that score. Lawyers are notoriously the most bilious of men; and I dare say that all this gentleman's angry expressions towards the monks are to be attributed, not, as is the common excuse for weak good people, more to the *head* than to the *heart*, but more to the *belly* than

to the *brains*. If, however, the good jolting that Mr. Hogg must have had, and the many puffs of bracing Alpine air that he must have inhaled before he reached St. Bernard, were not enough to drive all thoughts of "the barrister's table" out of his head, and to fortify his stomach for monkish fare; if, having Burgundy and Hock before him, he *could* long for something more stimulating, and be disappointed in not finding *black-strap* (as we call Port-wine at Lincoln's Inn) on the table of monkish charity; still Mr. Hogg has done one thing which, as a member of a "*liberal* profession," was exceedingly unbecoming in him: his mere abuse of the Catholic religion and of all belonging to it that came in his way is nothing compared with one fact which he gives us to understand: he does not *assert the fact*; no; but he distinctly *insinuates*, which makes the attempt to make believe still less honourable than would have been the simple assertion; he distinctly insinuates and leaves it to be understood, that, while the food he ate was fit only for a dog, he *had to pay dearly* for it. Now, Mr. Hogg *had to pay* for *nothing* at St. Bernard; not only was nothing *demanded* of him, but, if he chose to put his hand in his pocket, he could have found no other *hand* to receive what he gave, and his *free offering* (for such alone is made at the convent) must have been dropped through the chink of a charity-box in the chapel; a box, too, by-the-by, as to their application of the contents of which for the relief of *meritorious* objects Mr. Hogg could not find any fault with the monks, since, much as

it may have gone against his stomach, he has confessed himself to have been a partaker of the bounty.

The game of this country consists of the *ptarmagan*, the *chamoix goat*, and the *marmotte* (*mus Alpinus* or *rat of the Alps*). Notwithstanding the relationship indicated in the proper name of the latter, the people here eat it; the monks had some of it at dinner last evening, so that I conclude (in spite of what Mr. Hogg might say) that it is looked upon as a delicacy.

Nothing can be more miserable than the agriculture of this country, as far as I have seen it. They are now cutting and carrying barley, and much of their wheat, which is very coarse in quality, is yet in the field. Grass and lucerne seem to be their best fodder. The climate is so damp, that the beans have to be hung up for some time to dry, after being carted, round the eaves of the buildings, strung upon poles. The tillable sides of the mountains are ploughed with a shallow plough drawn by a single mule or ass.

This part of Switzerland, *Valais*, is a valley of about ninety miles in length, and about twenty in breadth, between immensely high mountains. The *Rhone*, which rises still many miles beyond the upper end of the valley, flows all the way through this canton, and enters the lake of Geneva. The inhabitants of *Valais* are said to be 63,000 in number. They are, I believe, all Catholics. Their language is a patois of the German; though French is much spoken here. It is impossible to imagine any-thing more wretched than the state of the

labouring people here. A vast proportion of them are afflicted with the disease called *goiters*, a swelling of the glands of the throat to a monstrous size; while, at the same time, there appears to be hardly a family among the poor in which some of the children are *not born idiots*. These poor creatures (who are called *cretins*) are objects, however, of a sort of superstitious reverence among the people; for their mental vacancy is regarded as being intended by Providence to be a *blessing* to them. Most of them are dwarfs, or distorted in some way, short in stature and out of proportion; and their flat, big-featured, squalid countenances are really quite horrible to look at. In some of the houses you may see a whole family of idiots together, and one little brother or sister idiot nursing another, while their mother's looks are expressive of the same malady in herself. The goiters and the idiotcy are companions; they have each been attributed to different causes; some suppose that they must arise from the *poor food* of the people.

That scenery which is peculiarly Swiss, the high mountains, pointed rocks, wild hanging woods, deep narrow valleys, rapid bouncing torrents, &c.; this has, perhaps, been more correctly described in drawings than any other scenery in the world. There can be no scenery so easy for the artist to bring before us as this.

The manners of the people here are just what I should expect from all I have heard of them. Gentleness and simplicity have been remarkable in the manner and tone of every person that we have yet spoken to in this country.

GOLDSMITH's poetic picture of Swiss rustic life reconciles happiness with poverty to a degree far beyond what is probable. However, he was not describing the appearances of *Valais* in particular, or the picture must have been highly over-wrought.

*3*rd*. LAUSANNE.—Rainy cold day.—An industrious town of considerable size, situated on the edge of the Lake of Geneva, in the Canton of *Vaud*.

This country may, literally speaking, be called one of *milk* and *honey*, which Italy, more beautiful as *it is* than Switzerland, cannot. We came through VEVAY, a place also prettily situated near the lake. At our dinner there, we had occasion to remark the superiority of the meat over any-thing to be had in the warmer parts of Italy. They gave us some mutton, which was as fat as any I have seen from our richest grass-lands; a thing that, I dare say, was never yet had in Naples or Rome, shining as those cities have been in luxury. The sort of fare here met with is infinitely more suitable with English notions than that of Italy. The inns, too, are altogether more comfortable to us than the Italian. The smallest inn that we have entered in this country has been clean, with an arrangement and a neatness about it that we have had to miss in many large hotels on the other side of the Alps; and while indolence, and more or less of neglect of their customers, may be said to characterize all the people about Italian houses of entertainment, those people here are full of activity and attention. The Swiss are praised by many for their *fidelity* in situations of trust, and re-

proached, at the same time, by others, with being *mercenary* in their motives for attachment. It is certain that there is something to be said against either the country or its people; or why should the people be so content as they are in finding employment out of their own country?—To climb over the mountains of Switzerland, and all *on foot* too, is quite the rage with our countrymen, great numbers of whom we have seen plodding along with their knapsacks at their backs. They are much favoured by the coolness of the climate and the English-like comfort of every little inn or hovel that receives them.

4th. GENEVA.—Clear day, but not warm.—The Lake of Geneva is about fifty miles in length, and from seven to eight in width. We have come, from the vale of *Valais*, all the way along near to one side of it.—The land is by no means all good; but the grass-fields are of the greenest that can be, with beautiful walnut-trees growing in them. The farm-houses are very much after the English style, large, well-built, exceedingly neat, and not stuck together in small dirty villages, but scattered about over the country. The country houses inhabited by genteel people are numerous towards *Geneva*. They are precisely similar to country gentlemen's houses in England. There are vineyards in some places: we saw plenty yesterday, and looking to great advantage on land sloping down to the lake. The vines are grown close to the ground, as in France. There is a white wine grown here, called *de la Côte*, which is good (when not

our, as it is too apt to be in this climate).—A second y-making is now going on. Potatoes are abundant ery-where in this country; the poor people depend eatly on these for their sustenance.

5th.—Warmer, with rain.—GENEVA, with all its affic, and although such a thoroughfare, is but a dull place to be in. There are upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, almost the whole of whom are Calvinists. Much of the town stands high, and is very picturesque, seen from the lake. The fine expanse of water, the moderation of the climate as to heat, and the eternal *verdure* about the neighbourhood, render this spot agreeable to English people during the height of summer. But all this is too much like England to make it worth while to come here for *novelty's* sake; and there is a *chilliness* withal, about here, which makes us exclaim, "Let me "be half-broiled, if I must, under the sun of FLORENCE "or NAPLES, but give me something more *rich and* "*glowing* than all that Geneva and its lake afford."

6th.—Rain and chill.

7th.—Miserable wet cold weather.—At *Geneva* the *Rhône* divides the town, rushing out at this end of the lake again in two separate streams, and flowing off with renewed vigour.

8th. MOREY (a small place in France).—To-day we have come over the mountain called *Jura*, a heavy pull, having to stop on the road and be almost turned inside outwards at a French custom-house, a troublesome circumstance, which we owe to the custom of smuggling

Genevese merchandize into France.—The view back upon the Lake of Geneva, and the Alps with Mont Blanc, is superb from the Jura; but we had such heavy torrents of rain all the way as almost to hide it from our sight.

9*th*. POLIGNY.

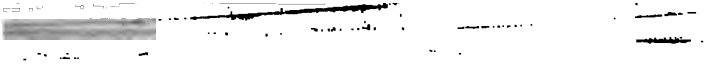
10*th*. AUXONNE.

11*th*. PONT-DE-PANNY.

12*th*. ROUVRAY.

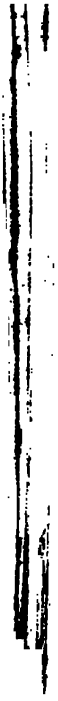
13*th*. AUXERRE.

14*th*. JOIGNY (The place which we left on the 23rd of last October).



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GOLDSMITH's poetic picture of Swiss rustic life reconciles happiness with poverty to a degree far beyond what is probable. However, he was not describing the appearances of *Valais* in particular, or the picture must have been highly over-wrought.

3rd. LAUSANNE.—Rainy cold day.—An industrious town of considerable size, situated on the edge of the Lake of Geneva, in the Canton of *Vaud*.

This country may, literally speaking, be called one of *milk* and *honey*, which Italy, more beautiful as it is than Switzerland, cannot. We came through VEVAY, a place also prettily situated near the lake. At our dinner there, we had occasion to remark the superiority of the meat over ny-thing to be had in the warmer parts of Italy. They ave us some mutton, which was as fat as any I have seen rom our richest grass-lands; a thing that, I dare say, was never yet had in Naples or Rome, shining as those cities have been in luxury. The sort of fare here met with is infinitely more suitable with English notions than that of Italy. The inns, too, are altogether more comfortable to us than the Italian. The smallest inn that we have entered in this country has been clean, with an arrangement and a neatness about it that we have had to miss in many large hotels on the other side of the Alps; and while indolence, and more or less of neglect of their customers, may be said to characterize all the people about Italian houses of entertainment, those people here are full of activity and attention. The Swiss are praised by many for their *fidelity* in situations of trust, and re-

proached, at the same time, by others, with being *mercenary* in their motives for attachment. It is certain that there is something to be said against either the country or its people; or why should the people be so content as they are in finding employment out of their own country?—To climb over the mountains of Switzerland, and all *on foot* too, is quite the rage with our countrymen, great numbers of whom we have seen plodding along with their knapsacks at their backs. They are much favoured by the coolness of the climate and the English-like comfort of every little inn or hovel that receives them.

4*th*. GENEVA.—Clear day, but not warm.—The Lake of Geneva is about fifty miles in length, and from seven to eight in width. We have come, from the vale of *Valais*, all the way along near to one side of it.—The land is by no means all good; but the grass-fields are of the greenest that can be, with beautiful walnut-trees growing in them. The farm-houses are very much after the English style, large, well-built, exceedingly neat, and not stuck together in small dirty villages, but scattered about over the country. The country houses inhabited by genteel people are numerous towards *Geneva*. They are precisely similar to country gentlemen's houses in England. There are vineyards in some places: we saw plenty yesterday, and looking to great advantage on land sloping down to the lake. The vines are grown close to the ground, as in France. There is a white wine grown here, called *de la Côte*, which is good (when not

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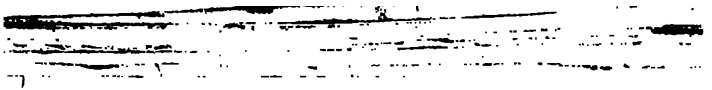
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PRINTED BY MILLS, JOWETT, AND MILLS,
BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET.




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